

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

by

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE
PH D, L H D, LL D

Introduction by

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



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INTRODUCTION

by

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MAMMA knew. Mamma always knew best. And the family, with a wholesome respect for Madame Mère, agreed that Mamma knew and that Mamma always knew best. Even the "problem child," who from the very beginning had been so different from the others and who had now started upon an absurd career of mad adventure (running France as if it had been no bigger than Corsica)—yes, even her beloved little Napoleon realized that Mamma was a very wise old lady. Or, if he did not, he was always most careful not to express his doubts in anything he either said or did when Mamma was around. The old lady had a sharp tongue in her head and her little boy, who never quite learned to speak French as it was supposed to be spoken by a cultivated Frenchman—he could follow her violent Corsican outbursts of fury much better than those absurd counts and dukes with whom he insisted upon surrounding her.

Mamma did not care at all for those animated puppets. But Mamma loved her brood. She loved every one of them. They were a quarrelsome handful. The girls, hopelessly spoiled by the glamour of little brother's success (Generalissimo, First Consul—whatever that

might mean, for politics was not their strong point—finally a full-fledged Emperor!) had started out upon their own little careers and they were playing their roles with an abandon that had not exactly brought great moral credit upon this eminently respectable family from a little provincial hole, way off in the Mediterranean, and they had been the cause of many a difficult hour between Mamma and dear Cousin Josephine.

Signor Fesch was not a very close cousin. Indeed, the relationship was rather vague, but in that wild land of clans and cliques and gangs, one must belong somewhere and Cousin Joseph had been clever enough to hitch his own clerical chariot to the star of Laetitia's brilliant son, and he was now a full-fledged Cardinal, the illustrious Cardinal Joseph Fesch, who would rather brave the disapproval of his spiritual master in Rome than incur the displeasure of that boy with the pasty face and the burning eyes who was now so gaily marching his soldiers from one end of the continent to the other and back again.

But Mamma was different and she remained different to that ever memorable day in the year 1821 when the mysterious stranger suddenly penetrated into her tomb-like Roman palazzo and told the mumbling Madame Mère (still sitting upright in her ancient chair) that her son was gone and that she would have to die without ever again hearing the voice of her dearly beloved little Napoleone.

Alas, even that gruesome incident could not kill the persistent spark of life in the old lady. She would still have to sit upright in that ancient chair in that cold

and forbidding Roman palazzo for another fourteen years, remembering all the time how, from the very beginning, she had warned her second born that this thing could not last, that it could not possibly come to any good end, that it was against the will of God and the laws of nature that one man should force his will upon all the rest of mankind

But of course, her headstrong Napoleone had known better than Mamma. Her little Napoleone (a terrible thing in a Corsican child) had not really believed Mamma. He had only pretended to do so. Now he lay dead on a lonely little island in the Atlantic Ocean and she, old Laetitia, must pray for his soul while she watched the cardboard structure of the family empire fall to pieces. When finally merciful death called her away from a world in which for the last twenty years she had been nothing but a pair of animated eyes, her son had already become a myth and was beginning to survive as the name of a particularly delicious but rather indigestible sort of pastry

In bringing these four volumes of Professor Sloane once more to the attention of a great many readers, the publishers are rendering what almost amounts to a public service. When the book first saw the light of day in the year 1896, it was accepted as a sort of literary curtain which descended upon the last and final act of an historical incident that was gone for good and all. Modern science and modern enlightenment, not to mention modern democracy, had made the career of such an upstart as this young Italian boy a complete impossibility. There was no use arguing about it.

As a matter of fact, during the first thirty years of

my life, I never heard anybody seriously argue about it. The day of the dictators was gone. Perhaps in some backward hinterland in South America or in Abyssinia, some dusky potentate or *presidente* might try his hand at that dangerous business, but the fate of the Negus Theodore and the Zulu King Cetywayo had shown that even in darkest Africa that sort of thing was no longer possible. And when Professor Sloane wrote *finis* to his monumental opus on Napoleon Bonaparte, he felt (as all of us did) that these were the last words that were ever going to be said upon the subject.

Here and there, further researches might reveal a few unimportant details and the diplomatic correspondence of some of the minor actors in the drama might show that we had got a few of our dates mixed or that Napoleon had pinched Goethe's right ear instead of his left one, but the idea of a little, insignificant looking, five-feet-one, in big black boots upsetting the peace of Europe for an entire generation—why, that incident belonged to the Museum of Historical Curiosities. It might gather dust there next to the torture racks of the Inquisition and the weighing scales of the witch-hunters. But it was of no further actual interest to any one.

To-day we know better. Instead of one Napoleon, there are half a dozen. Some of them are pretty bright, others not quite so bright, but all of them are little men with burning eyes and that indestructible belief in their own stars which makes them impervious to any ordinary consideration about every-day human happiness, about every-day human decency, about anything but their own burning ambitions.

At the very moment I am writing this, our own na-

tion is arming. God knows there is nothing we detest as cordially as the idea of war. But all of us distinctly feel the Menace. Just as a century and a half ago, every European who could still think for himself became conscious of the threat that reached out towards him from the little man with the raucous voice and the absurd Italian accent and the hopelessly vulgar family and the vile manners.

Yes, they felt it and some of them decided that they had better do something about it. But in the end, they had to spend twenty horrible years, filled with endless sacrifice of both blood and treasure, before they had the creature safely boxed and crated on board the *Bellcrophon*, bound for St. Helena. Twenty years of futile efforts because apparently in the beginning no one had sufficient imagination to see whither this whole absurd episode might lead them.

We can hardly blame them. For aren't we ourselves in exactly the same position? We know what is happening, but until America stepped forward and said, "Enough is enough!" we thought that we could stop the deluge with the angry shaking of a ministerial umbrella.

I had read Professor Sloane's monumental volumes (it is a very big book) thirty years ago while I was in college and now, having been asked to write an introduction, I decided to do the right thing by the publishers and to dip into those pages here and there, just to refresh my memory. But I could not merely "dip." I had to read every word, for suddenly this book has acquired a meaning which must have been entirely lost upon the public for whom it had been meant. Substitute the name of Adolf Hitler for that of Napoleon

Bonaparte and then you have the history of our own times. You must of course think in the terms of the year 1939 and let airplanes do the work of cavalry and introduce certain other modern innovations which have since then destroyed the time and space elements which played such a great role in the final destinies of the French Empire But *caeteris paribus*, here is the story of Adolf Hitler, except that now it is not England which will prove the impregnable bulwark against which the forces of the dictatorship will hurl themselves in vain, but that her oldest offspring, the United States of America, will have to act as the defender of the Rights of Man.

That is exactly what I mean. This is not the moment to argue about our own imperfections, to point with regret to our many shortcomings as a truly civilized nation. We can take care of that afterwards. For the moment we must realize that we ourselves, we the people of the United States of America, are the last and final and the only remaining hope of that part of mankind which puts the ideal of "Man" ahead of that of "the Man."

But this book will also give us courage to assume our unexpected burdens. For Mamma was right, as Mamma was always right. It could not last It could not possibly last! It was against the normal development of human society. It therefore was in direct conflict with the laws of nature. And anything that is in direct conflict with the laws of nature is against the will of God and is foredoomed to failure Yes, Mamma was right, but it took twenty years of stupendous effort

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on the part of the rest of the world to prove the wisdom of the old lady.

Maybe we can do it in less time. It depends entirely upon the clarity of our own vision in regard to the highly disturbing events of the day. Professor Sloane's mighty labors may prove of the utmost assistance in helping us to make up our minds. And the publishers are rendering us a signal service by once more placing these valuable volumes at the disposal of every one

Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

PREFACE

IN the closing years of the eighteenth century European society began its effort to get rid of benevolent despotism, so called, and to secure its liberties under forms of constitutional government. The struggle began in France, and spread over the more important lands of continental Europe; its influence was strongly felt in England, and even in the United States. Passing through the phases of constitutional reform, of anarchy, and of military despotism, the movement seemed for a time to have failed, and to outward appearances absolutism was stronger after Waterloo than it had been half a century earlier.

But the force of the revolution was only checked, not spent; and to the awakening of general intelligence, the strengthening of national feeling, and the upbuilding of a sense of common brotherhood among men, produced by the revolutionary struggles of this epoch, Europe owes whatever liberty and free government its peoples now enjoy. At the close of this period national power was no longer in the hands of the aristocracy, nor in those of kings, it had passed into the third social stratum, variously designated as the middle class, the burghers or bourgeoisie, and the third estate, a body of men as little willing to share it with the masses as the kings had been. Nevertheless, the transition once begun could not be stopped, and the advance of manhood suffrage has ever since been proportionate to the capacity of the laboring

classes to receive and use it, until now, at last, whatever may be the nominal form of government in any civilized land, its stability depends entirely upon the support of the people as a whole. That which is the basis of all government — the power of the purse — has passed into their hands.

This momentous change was of course a turbulent one — the most turbulent in the history of civilization, as it has proved to be the most comprehensive. Consequently its epoch is most interesting, being dramatic in the highest degree, having brought into prominence men and characters who rank among the great of all time, and having exhibited to succeeding generations the most important lessons in the most vivid light. By common consent the eminent man of the time was Napoleon Bonaparte, the revolution queller, the burgher sovereign, the imperial democrat, the supreme captain, the civil reformer, the victim of circumstances which his soaring ambition used but which his unrivaled prowess could not control. Gigantic in his proportions, and satanic in his fate, his was the most tragic figure on the stage of modern history. While the men of his own and the following generation were still alive, it was almost impossible that the truth should be known concerning his actions or his motives; and to fix his place in general history was even less feasible. What he wrote and said about himself was of course animated by a determination to appear in the best light; what others wrote and said has been biased by either devotion or hatred.

Until within a very recent period it seemed that no man could discuss him or his time without manifesting such strong personal feeling as to vitiate his judgment

and conclusions. This was partly due to the lack of perspective, but in the main to ignorance of the facts essential to a sober treatment of the theme. In this respect the last quarter of a century has seen a gradual but radical change, for a band of dispassionate scientific scholars have during that time been occupied in the preparation of material for his life without reference to the advocacy of one theory or another concerning his character. European archives, long carefully guarded, have been thrown open, the diplomatic correspondence of the most important periods has been published, family papers have been examined, and numbers of valuable memoirs have been printed. It has therefore been possible to check one account by another, to cancel misrepresentations, to eliminate passion — in short, to establish something like correct outline and accurate detail, at least in regard to what the man actually did. Those hidden secrets of any human mind which we call motives must ever remain to other minds largely a matter of opinion, but a very fair indication of them can be found when once the actual conduct of the actor has been determined.

This investigation has mainly been the work of specialists, and its results have been published in monographs and technical journals; most of these workers, moreover, were continental scholars writing each in his own language. Its results, as a whole, have therefore not been accessible to the general reader in either America or England. It seems highly desirable that they should be made so, and this has been the effort of the writer. At the same time he claims to be an independent investigator in some of the most important portions of the field he covers. His researches have extended over many years,

and it has been his privilege to use original materials which, as far as he knows, have not been used by others. At the close of the book will be found a short account of the papers of Bonaparte's boyhood and youth which the author has read, and of the portions of the French and English archives which were generously put at his disposal, together with a short though reasonably complete bibliography of the published books and papers which really have scientific value. The number of volumes concerned with Napoleon and his epoch is enormous; outside of those mentioned very few have any value except as curiosities of literature.

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SI QUID NOVISTI RECTIUS ISTIS,
CANDIDUS IMPERTI: SI NON, HIS UTERE MECUM

Horace

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The Revolutionary Epoch in Europe—Its Dominant Personage—The State System of Europe—The Power of Great Britain—Feebleness of Democracy—The Expectant Attitude of the Continent—Survival of Antiquated Institutions—The American Revolution—Philosophical Sophistries—Rousseau—His Fallacies—Corsica as a Center of Interest—Its Geography—Its Rulers—The People—Sampiero—Revolutions—Spanish Alliance—King Theodore—French Intervention—Supremacy of Genoa—Paoli—His Success as a Liberator—His Plan for Alliance with France—The Policy of Choiseul—Paoli's Reputation—Napoleon's Account of Corsica and of Paoli—Rousseau and Corsica.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE was the representative man of the epoch which ushered in the nineteenth century. Though an aristocrat by descent, he was in life, in training, and in quality neither that nor a plebeian; he was the typical plain man of his time, exhibiting the common sense of a generation which thought in terms made current by the philosophy of the eighteenth century. His period was the most tumultuous and yet the most fruitful in the world's history. But the progress made in it was not altogether direct; rather was it like the advance of a traveler whirled through the spiral tunnels of the St. Gotthard. Flying from the inclemency of the north, he is carried by the

ponderous train due southward into the opening. After a time of darkness he emerges into the open air. But at first sight the goal is no nearer; the direction is perhaps reversed, the skies are more forbidding, the chill is more intense. Only after successive ventures of the same kind is the climax reached, the summit passed, and the vision of sunny plains opened to view. Such experiences are more common to the race than to the individual; the muse of history must note and record them with equanimity, with a buoyancy and hopefulness born of larger knowledge. The movement of civilization in Europe during the latter portion of the eighteenth century was onward and upward, but it was at times not only devious, slow and laborious, but fruitless in immediate results.

We must study the age and the people of any great man if we sincerely desire the truth regarding his strength and weakness, his inborn tendencies and purposes, his failures and successes, the temporary incidents and the lasting, constructive, meritorious achievements of his career. This is certainly far more true of Napoleon than of any other heroic personage; an affectionate awe has sometimes lifted him to heaven, a spiteful hate has often hurled him down to hell. Every nation, every party, faction, and cabal among his own and other peoples, has judged him from its own standpoint of self-interest and self-justification. Whatever chance there may be of reading the secrets of his life lies rather in a just consideration of the man in relation to his times, about which much is known, than in an attempt at the psychological dissection of an enigmatical nature, about which little is known, in spite of the fullness of our information. The abundant facts of his career are not facts at all unless considered in the light not only of a great national life, but of a continental

movement which embraced in its day all civilization, not excepting that of Great Britain and America.

The states of Europe are sisters, children of the Ho'y Roman Empire. In the formation of strong nationalities with differences in language, religion, and institutions the relationship was almost forgotten, and in the intensity of later rivalry is not always even now remembered. It is, however, so close that at any epoch there is traceable a common movement which occupies them all. By the end of the fourteenth century they had secured their modern form in territorial and race unity with a government by monarchy more or less absolute. The fifteenth century saw with the strengthening of the monarchy the renaissance of the fine arts, the great inventions, the awakening of enterprise in discovery, the mental quickening which began to call all authority to account. The sixteenth was the age of the Reformation, an event too often belittled by ecclesiastics who discern only its schismatic character, and not sufficiently emphasized by historians as the most pregnant political fact of any age with respect to the rise and growth of free institutions.

The seventeenth century saw in England the triumph of political ideas adapted to the new state of society which had arisen, but subversive of the tyrannical system which had done its work, a work great and good in the creation of peoples and the production of social order out of chaos. For a time it seemed as if the island state were to become the overshadowing influence in all the rest of Europe. By the middle of the century her example had fired the whole continent with notions of political reform. The long campaign which she and her allies waged with varying fortune against Louis XIV, commanding the conservative forces of the Latin blood, and the Roman religion ended unfavorably to the

latter. At the close of the Seven Years' War there was not an Englishman in Europe or America or in the colonies at the antipodes whose pulse did not beat high as he saw his motherland triumphant in every quarter of the globe.

But these very successes, intensifying the bitterness of defeat and everything connected with it, prevented among numerous other causes the triumph of constitutional government anywhere in continental Europe. Switzerland was remote and inaccessible; her beacon of democracy burned bright, but its rays scarcely shone beyond the mountain valleys. The Dutch republic, enervated by commercial success and under a constitution which by its intricate system of checks was a satire on organized liberty, had become a warning rather than a model to other nations.

The other members of the great European state family presented a curious spectacle. On every hand there was a cheerful trust in the future. The present was as bad as possible, but belonged to the passing and not to the coming hour. Truth was abroad, felt the philosophers, and must prevail. Feudal privilege, oppression, vice and venality in government, the misery of the poor — all would slowly fade away. The human mind was never keener than in the eighteenth century; reasonableness, hope, and thoroughness characterized its activity. Natural science, metaphysics and historical studies made giant strides, while political theories of a dazzling splendor never equaled before nor since were rife on every side. Such was their power in a buoyant society, awaiting the millennium, that they supplanted entirely the results of observation and experience in the sphere of government.

But neither lever nor fulcrum was strong enough as yet to stir the inert mass of traditional forms. Monarchs

still flattered themselves with notions of paternal government and divine right; the nobility still claimed and exercised baseless privileges which had descended from an age when their ancestors held not merely these but the land on which they rested; the burgesses still hugged, as something which had come from above, their dearly bought charter rights, now revealed as inborn liberties. They were thus hardened into a gross contentment dangerous for themselves, and into an indifference which was a menace to others. The great agricultural populations living in various degrees of serfdom still groaned under the artificial oppressions of a society which had passed away. Nominally the peasant might own certain portions of the soil, but he could not enjoy unmolested the airs which blew over it nor the streams which ran through it nor the wild things which trespassed or dwelt on it, while on every side some exasperating demand for the contribution of labor or goods or money confronted him.

In short, the civilized world was in one of those transitional epochs when institutions persist, after the beliefs and conditions which molded them have utterly disappeared. The inertia of such a rock-ribbed shell is terrible, and while sometimes the erosive power of agitation and discussion suffices to weaken and destroy it, more often the volcanic fires of social convulsion are alone strong enough. The first such shock came from within the English-speaking world itself, but not in Europe. The American colonies, appreciating and applying to their own conditions the principles of the English Revolution, began, and with French assistance completed, the movement which erected in another hemisphere the American republic. Weak and tottering in its infancy, but growing ever stronger and therefore milder, its example began at once to suggest the great and peace-

ful reforms of the English constitution which have since followed. Threatening absolutism in the strong contrasts its citizens presented to the subjects of other lands, it has been ever since the moral support of liberal movements the world around. England herself, instead of being weakened, was strengthened by the child grown to independent maturity, and a double example of prosperity under constitutional administration was now held up to the continent of Europe.

But it is the greatest proof of human weakness that there is no movement however beneficent, no doctrine however sound, no truth however absolute, but that it can be speciously so extended, so expanded, so emphasized as to lose its identity. Coincident with the political speculation of the eighteenth century appeared the storm and stress of romanticism and sentimentalism. The extremes of morbid personal emotion were thought serviceable for daily life, while the middle course of applying ideals to experience was utterly abandoned. The latest nihilism differs little from the conception of the perfect regeneration of mankind by discarding the old merely because it was old which triumphed in the latter half of the eighteenth century among philosophers and wits. To be sure, they had a substitute for whatever was abolished and a supplement for whatever was left incomplete.

Even the stable sense of the Americans was infected by the virus of mere theories. In obedience to the spirit of the age they introduced into their written constitution, which was in the main but a statement of their deep-seated political habits, a scheme like that of the electoral college founded on some high-sounding doctrine, or omitted from it in obedience to a prevalent and temporary extravagance of protest some fundamental truth like that of the Christian character of their govern-

ment and laws. If there be anywhere a Christian Protestant state it is the United States; if any futile invention were ever incorporated in a written charter it was that of the electoral college. The addition of a vague theory or the omission of essential national qualities in the document of the constitution has affected our subsequent history little or not at all.

But such was not the case in a society still under feudal oppression. Fictions like the contract theory of government, exploded by the sound sense of Burke; political generalizations like certain paragraphs of the French Declaration of Rights, every item of which now and here reads like a platitude but was then and there a vivid revolutionary novelty; emotional yearnings for some vague Utopia — all fell into fruitful soil and produced a rank harvest, mostly of straw and stalks, although there was some sound grain. The thought of the time was a powerful factor in determining the course and the quality of events throughout all Europe. No nation was altogether unmoved. The center of agitation was in France, although the little Calvinistic state of Geneva brought forth the prophet and writer of the times.

Rousseau was a man of small learning but great insight. Originating almost nothing, he set forth the ideas of others with incisive distinctness, often modifying them to their hurt, but giving to the form in which he wrote them an air of seductive practicability and reality which alone threw them into the sphere of action. Examining Europe at large, he found its social and political institutions so hardened and so unresponsive that he declared it incapable of movement without an antecedent general crash and breaking up. No laws, he reasoned, could be made because there were no means by which the general will could express itself,

such was the rigidity of absolutism and feudalism. The splendid studies of Montesquieu, which revealed to the French the eternal truths underlying the constitutional changes in England, had enlightened and captivated the best minds of his country, but they were too serious, too cold, too dry to move the quick, bright temperament of the people at large. This was the work of Rousseau. Consummate in his literary power, he laid the ax at the root of the tree in his fierce attack on the prevailing education, sought a new basis for government in his peculiar modification of the contract theory, and constructed a substitute system of sentimental morals to supplant the old authoritative one which was believed to underlie all the prevalent iniquities in religion, politics, and society.

His entire structure lacked a foundation either in history or in reason. But the popular fancy was fascinated. The whole flimsy furniture in the chambers of the general mind vanished. New emotions, new purposes, new sanctions appeared in its stead. There was a sad lack of ethical definitions, an over-zealous iconoclasm as to religion, but there were many high conceptions of regenerating society, of liberty, of brotherhood, of equality. The influence of this movement was literally ubiquitous; it was felt wherever men read or thought or talked, and were connected, however remotely, with the great central movement of civilization.

No land and no family could to all outward appearance be further aside from the main channel of European history in the eighteenth century than the island of Corsica and an obscure family by the name of Buonaparte which had dwelt there since the beginning of the eighteenth century. Yet that isolated land and that unknown family were not merely to be drawn into the movement, they were to illustrate its most character-

istic phases. Rousseau, though mistakenly, forecast a great destiny for Corsica, declaring in his letters on Poland that it was the only European land capable of movement, of law-making, of peaceful renovation. It was small and remote, but it came near to being an actual exemplification of his favorite and fundamental dogma concerning man in a state of nature, of order as arising from conflict, of government as resting on general consent and mutual agreement among the governed. Toward Corsica, therefore, the eyes of all Europe had long been directed. There, more than elsewhere, the setting of the world-drama seemed complete in miniature, and, in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, the action was rapidly unfolding a plot of universal interest.

A lofty mountain-ridge divides the island into eastern and western districts. The former is gentler in its slopes, and more fertile. Looking, as it does, toward Italy, it was during the middle ages closely bound in intercourse with that peninsula, richer in its resources than the other part, it was more open to outside influences, and for this reason freer in its institutions. The rugged western division had come more completely under the yoke of feudalism, having close affinity in sympathy, and some relation in blood, with the Greek, Roman, Saracenic, and Teutonic race-elements in France and Spain. The communal administration of the eastern slope, however, prevailed eventually in the western as well, and the differences of origin, wealth, and occupation, though at times the occasion of intestine discord, were as nothing compared with the common characteristics which knit the population of the entire island into one national organization, as much a unit as their insular territory.

The people of this small commonwealth were in the

main of Italian blood. Some slight connection with the motherland they still maintained in the relations of commerce, and by the education of their professional men at Italian schools. While a small minority supported themselves as tradesmen or seafarers, the mass of the population was dependent for a livelihood upon agriculture. As a nation they had long ceased to follow the course of general European development. They had been successively the subjects of Greece, Rome, and the Califate, of the German-Roman emperors, and of the republic of Pisa. Their latest ruler was Genoa, which had now degenerated into an untrustworthy oligarchy. United to that state originally by terms which gave the island a "speaker" or advocate in the Genoese senate, and recognized the most cherished habits of a hardy, natural-minded, and primitive people, they had little by little been left a prey to their own faults in order that their unworthy mistress might plead their disorders as an excuse for her tyranny. Agriculture languished, and the minute subdivision of arable land finally rendered its tillage almost profitless.

Among a people who are isolated not only as islanders, but also as mountaineers, old institutions are particularly tenacious of life: that of the vendetta, or blood revenge, with the clanship it accompanies, never disappeared from Corsica. In the centuries of Genoese rule the carrying of arms was winked at, quarrels became rife, and often family confederations, embracing a considerable part of the country, were arrayed one against the other in lawless violence. The feudal nobility, few in number, were unrecognized, and failed to cultivate the industrial arts in the security of costly strongholds as their class did elsewhere, while the fairest portions of land not held by them were gradually absorbed by the monasteries, a process favored by Genoa as likely

to render easier the government of a turbulent people. The human animal, however, thrived. Rudely clad in homespun, men and women alike cultivated a simplicity of dress surpassed only by their plain living. There was no wealth except that of fields and flocks, their money consequently was debased and almost worthless. The social distinctions of noble and peasant survived only in tradition, and all classes intermingled without any sense of superiority or inferiority. Elegance of manner, polish, grace, were unsought and existed only by natural refinement, which was rare among a people who were on the whole simple to boorishness. Physically they were, however, admirable. All visitors were struck by the repose and self-reliance of their countenances. The women were neither beautiful, stylish, nor neat. Yet they were considered modest and attractive. The men were more striking in appearance and character. Of medium stature and powerful mold, with black hair, fine teeth, and piercing eyes, with well-formed, agile, and sinewy limbs; sober, brave, trustworthy, and endowed with many other primitive virtues as well, the Corsican was everywhere sought as a soldier, and could be found in all the armies of the southern continental states.

In their periodic struggles against Genoese encroachments and tyranny, the Corsicans had produced a line of national heroes. Sampiero, one of these, had in the sixteenth century incorporated Corsica for a brief hour with the dominions of the French crown, and was regarded as the typical Corsican. Dark, warlike, and revengeful, he had displayed a keen intellect and a fine judgment. Simple in his dress and habits, untainted by the luxury then prevalent in the courts of Florence and Paris, at both of which he resided for considerable periods, he could kill his wife without a shudder when she

put herself and child into the hands of his enemies to betray him. Hospitable and generous, but untamed and terrible; brusque, dictatorial, and without consideration or compassion, the offspring of his times and his people, he stands the embodiment of primeval energy, physical and mental.

The submission of a people like this to a superior force was sullen, and in the long century which followed, the energies generally displayed in a well-ordered life seemed among them to be not quenched but directed into the channels of their passions and their bodily powers, which were ready on occasion to break forth in devastating violence. In 1729 began a succession of revolutionary outbursts, and at last in 1730 the communal assemblies united in a national convention, choosing two chiefs, Colonna-Ceccaldi and Giafferi, to lead in the attempt to rouse the nation to action and throw off the unendurable yoke. English philanthropists furnished the munitions of war. The Genoese were beaten in successive battles, even after they brought into the field eight thousand German mercenaries purchased from the Emperor Charles VI. The Corsican adventurers in foreign lands, pleading for their liberties with artless eloquence at every court, filled Europe with enthusiasm for their cause and streamed back to fight for their homes. A temporary peace on terms which granted all they asked was finally arranged through the Emperor's intervention.

But the two elected chiefs, and a third patriot, Raffaelli, having been taken prisoners by the Genoese, were ungenerously kept in confinement, and released only at the command of Charles. Under the same leaders, now further exasperated by their ill usage, began and continued another agitation, this time for separation and complete emancipation. Giafferi's

chosen adjutant was a youth of good family and excellent parts, Hyacinth Paoli. In the then existing complications of European politics the only available helper was the King of Spain, and to him the Corsicans now applied, but his undertakings compelled him to refuse. Left without allies or any earthly support, the pious Corsicans naively threw themselves on the protection of the Virgin and determined more firmly than ever to secure their independence.

In this crisis appeared at the head of a considerable following, some hundreds in number, the notorious and curious German adventurer, Theodore von Neuhof, who, declaring that he represented the sympathy of the great powers for Corsica, made ready to proclaim himself as king. As any shelter is welcome in a storm, the people accepted him, and he was crowned on April fifteenth, 1736. But although he spoke truthfully when he claimed to represent the sympathy of the powers, he did not represent their strength, and was defeated again and again in encounters with the forces of Genoa. The oligarchy had now secured an alliance with France, which feared lest the island might fall into more hostile and stronger hands, and before the close of the year the short-lived monarchy ended in the disappearance of Theodore I of Corsica from his kingdom and soon after, in spite of his heroic exertions, from history.

The truth was that some of the nationalist leaders had not forgotten the old patriotic leaning towards France which had existed since the days of Sampiero, and were themselves in communication with the French court and Cardinal Fleury. A French army landed in February, 1738, and was defeated. An overwhelming force was then despatched and the insurrection subsided. In the end France, though strongly tempted to hold what she had conquered, kept her promise to Genoa

and disarmed the Corsicans; on the other hand, however, she consulted her own interest and attempted to soothe the islanders by guaranteeing to them national rights. Such, however, was the prevalent bitterness that many patriots fled into exile, some, like Hyacinth Paoli, choosing the pay of Naples for themselves and followers, others accepting the offer of France and forming according to time-honored custom a Corsican regiment of mercenaries which took service in the armies of the King. Among the latter were two of some eminence, Buttafuoco and Salicetti. The half measures of Fleury left Corsica, as he intended, ready to fall into his hands when opportunity should be ripe. Even the patriotic leaders were now no longer in harmony. Those in Italy were of the old disinterested line and suspicious of their western neighbor; the others were charged with being the more ambitious for themselves and careless of their country's liberty. Both classes, however, claimed to be true patriots.

During the War of the Austrian Succession it seemed for a moment as if Corsica were to be freed by the attempt of Maria Theresa to overthrow Genoa, then an ally of the Bourbon powers. The national party rose again under Gaffori, the regiments of Piedmont came to their help, and the English fleet delivered St. Florent and Bastia into their hands. But the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) left things substantially as they were before the war, and in 1752 a new arrangement unsatisfactory to both parties was made with Genoa. It was virtually dictated by Spain and France, England having been alienated by the quarrels and petty jealousies of the Corsican leaders, and lasted only as long as the French occupation continued. Under the leadership of the same dauntless Gaffori who in 1740 had been chosen along with Matra to be a chief commander, the Genoese

were once more driven from the highlands into the coast towns. At the height of his success the bold guerrilla fell a victim to family rivalries and personal spite. Through the influence of his despairing foes a successful conspiracy was formed and in the autumn of 1753 he was foully murdered.

But the greatest of these national heroes was also the last — Pascal Paoli. Fitted for his task by birth, by capacity, by superior training, this youth was in 1755 made captain-general of the island, a virtual dictator in his twenty-ninth year. His success was as remarkable as his measures were wise. Elections were regulated so that strong organization was introduced into the loose democratic institutions which had hitherto prevented sufficient unity of action in troubled times. An army was created from the straggling bands of volunteers, and brigandage was suppressed. Wise laws were enacted and enforced — among them one which made the blood-avenger a murderer, instead of a hero as he had been. Moreover, the foundations of a university were laid in the town of Corte, which was the hearthstone of the liberals because it was the natural capital of the west slope, connected by difficult and defensible paths with every cape and bay and interval of the rocky and broken coast. The Genoese were gradually driven from the interior, and finally they occupied but three harbor towns.

Through skilful diplomacy Paoli created a temporary breach between his oppressors and the Vatican, which, though soon healed, nevertheless enabled him to recover important domains for the state, and prevented the Roman hierarchy from using its enormous influence over the superstitious people utterly to crush the movement for their emancipation. His extreme and enlightened liberalism is admirably shown by his invitation

to the Jews, with their industry and steady habits, to settle in Corsica, and to live there in the fullest enjoyment of civil rights, according to the traditions of their faith and the precepts of their law. "Liberty," he said, "knows no creed. Let us leave such distinctions to the Inquisition." Commerce, under these influences, began to thrive. New harbors were made and fortified, while the equipment of a few gunboats for their defense marked the small beginnings of a fleet. The haughty men of Corsica, changing their very nature for a season, began to labor with their hands by the side of their wives and hired assistants, to agriculture, industry, and the arts was given an impulse which promised to be lasting.

The rule of Paoli was not entirely without disturbance. From time to time there occurred rebellious outbreaks of petty factions like that headed by Matra, a disappointed rival. But on the whole they were of little importance. Down to 1765 the advances of the nationalists were steady, their battles being won against enormous odds by the force of their warlike nature, which sought honor above all things, and could, in the words of a medieval chronicle, "endure without a murmur, watchings and pains, hunger and cold, in its pursuit — which could even face death without a pang." Finally it became necessary, as the result of unparalleled success in domestic affairs, that a foreign policy should be formulated. Paoli's idea was an offensive and defensive alliance with France on terms recognizing the independence of Corsica, securing an exclusive commercial reciprocity between them, and promising military service with an annual tribute from the island. This idea of France as a protector without administrative power was held by the majority of patriots.

But Choiseul, the minister of foreign affairs under Louis XV, would entertain no such visionary plan.

It was clear to every one that the island could no longer be held by its old masters. He had found a facile instrument for the measures necessary to his contemplated seizure of it in the son of a Corsican refugee, that later notorious Buttafuoco, who, carrying water on both shoulders, had ingratiated himself with his father's old friends, while at the same time he had for years been successful as a French official. Corsica was to be seized by France as a sop to the national pride, a slight compensation for the loss of Canada, and he was willing to be the agent. On August sixth, 1764, was signed a provisional agreement between Genoa and France by which the former was to cede for four years all her rights of sovereignty, and the few places she still held in the island, in return for the latter's intervention to thwart Paoli's plan for securing virtual independence. At the end of the period France was to pay Genoa the millions owed to her.

By this time the renown of Paoli had filled all Europe. As a statesman he had skilfully used the European entanglements both of the Bourbon-Hapsburg alliance made in 1756, and of the alliances consequent to the Seven Years' War, for whatever possible advantage might be secured to his people and their cause. As a general he had found profit even in defeat, and had organized his little forces to the highest possible efficiency, displaying prudence, fortitude, and capacity. His personal character was blameless, and could be fearlessly set up as a model. He was a convincing orator and a wise legislator. Full of sympathy for his backward compatriots, he knew their weaknesses, and could avoid the consequences, while he recognized at the same time their virtues, and made the fullest use of them. Above all, he had the wide horizon of a philosopher, understanding fully the proportions and

relations to each other of epochs and peoples, not striving to uplift Corsica merely in her own interest, but seeking to find in her regeneration a leverage to raise the world to higher things. So gracious, so influential, so far-seeing, so all-embracing was his nature, that Voltaire called him "the lawgiver and the glory of his people," while Frederick the Great dedicated to him a dagger with the inscription, "Libertas, Patria." The shadows in his character were that he was imperious and arbitrary, so overmastering that he trained the Corsicans to seek guidance and protection, thus preventing them from acquiring either personal independence or self-reliance. Awaiting at every step an impulse from their adored leader, growing timid in the moment when decision was imperative, they did not prove equal to their task. Without his people Paoli was still a philosopher; without him they became in succeeding years a byword, and fell supinely into the arms of a less noble subjection. In this regard the comparison between him and Washington, so often instituted, utterly breaks down.

"Corsica," wrote in 1790 a youth destined to lend even greater interest than Paoli to that name — "Corsica has been a prey to the ambition of her neighbors, the victim of their politics and of her own wilfulness. . . . We have seen her take up arms, shake the atrocious power of Genoa, recover her independence, live happily for an instant; but then, pursued by an irresistible fatality, fall again into intolerable disgrace. For twenty-four centuries these are the scenes which recur again and again; the same changes, the same misfortune, but also the same courage, the same resolution, the same boldness. . . . If she trembled for an instant before the feudal hydra, it was only long enough to recognize and destroy it. If, led by a natural feeling, she kissed, like a slave, the chains of Rome, she was not

long in breaking them. If, finally, she bowed her head before the Ligurian aristocracy, if irresistible forces kept her twenty years in the despotic grasp of Versailles, forty years of mad warfare astonished Europe, and confounded her enemies."

The same pen wrote of Paoli that by following traditional lines he had not only shown in the constitution he framed for Corsica a historic intuition, but also had found "in his unparalleled activity, in his warm, persuasive eloquence, in his adroit and far-seeing genius," a means to guarantee it against the attacks of wicked foes.

Such was the country in whose fortunes the "age of enlightenment" was so interested. Montesquieu had used its history to illustrate the loss and recovery of privilege and rights, Rousseau had thought the little isle would one day fill all Europe with amazement. When the latter was driven into exile for his utterances, and before his flight to England, Paoli offered him a refuge. Buttafuoco, who represented the opinion that Corsica for its own good must be incorporated with France, and not merely come under her protection, had a few months previously also invited the Genevan prophet to visit the island, and outline a constitution for its people. But the snare was spread in vain. In the letter which with polished phrase declined the task, on the ground of its writer's ill-health, stood the words: "I believe that under their present leader the Corsicans have nothing to fear from Genoa. I believe, moreover, that they have nothing to fear from the troops which France is said to be transporting to their shores. What confirms me in this feeling is that, in spite of the movement, so good a patriot as you seem to be continues in the service of the country which sends them." Paoli was of the same opinion, and remained so until his rude awakening in 1768.

CHAPTER II

THE BONAPARTES IN CORSICA

The French Occupy Corsica — Paoli Deceived — Treaty between France and Genoa — English Intervention Vain — Paoli in England — British Problems — Introduction of the French Administrative System — Paoli's Policy — The Coming Man — Origin of the Bonapartes — The Corsican Branch — Their Nobility — Carlo Maria di Buonaparte — Maria Letizia Ramolino — Their Marriage and Naturalization as French Subjects — Their Fortunes — Their Children.

THE preliminary occupation of Corsica by the French was ostensibly formal. The process was continued, however, until the formality became a reality, until the fortifications of the seaport towns ceded by Genoa were filled with troops. Then, for the first time, the text of the convention between the two powers was communicated to Paoli. Choiseul explained through his agent that by its first section the King guaranteed the safety and liberty of the Corsican nation. But, no doubt, he forgot to explain the double dealing in the second section. Thereby in the Italian form the Corsicans were in return to take "all right and proper measures dictated by their sense of justice and natural moderation to secure the glory and interest of the republic of Genoa," while in the French form they were "to yield to the Genoese all 'they' thought necessary to the glory and interests of their republic." Who were the "they"? — the Corsicans or the Genoese? Paoli's eye was fixed on the acknowledgment of Corsican independence; he was hoodwinked completely as to the

treachery in this second section, the meaning of which, according to diplomatic usage, was settled by the interpretation which the language employed for one form put upon that in which the other was written. Combining the two translations, Italian and French, of the second section, and interpreting one by the other, the Genoese were still the arbiters of Corsican conduct and the promise of liberty contained in the first section was worthless.

Four years passed· apparently they were uneventful, but in reality Choiseul made good use of his time. Through Buttafuoco he was in regular communication with that minority among the Corsicans which desired incorporation. By the skilful manipulation of private feuds, and the unstinted use of money, this minority was before long turned into a majority. Toward the close of 1767 Choiseul began to show his hand by demanding absolute possession for France of at least two strong towns. Paoli replied that the demand was unexpected, and required consideration by the people, the answer was that the King of France could not be expected to mingle in Corsican affairs without some advantage for himself. To gain time, Paoli chose Buttafuoco as his plenipotentiary, despatched him to Versailles, and thus fell into the very trap so carefully set for him by his opponent. He consented as a compromise that Corsica should join the Bourbon-Hapsburg league. More he could not grant for love of his wild, free Corsicans, and he cherished the secret conviction that, Genoa being no longer able to assert her sovereignty, France would never allow another power to intervene, and so, for the sake of peace, might accept this solution.

But the great French minister was a master of diplomacy and would not yield. In his designs upon Corsica he had little to fear from European opposition. He

knew how hampered England was by the strength of parliamentary opposition, and the unrest of her American colonies. The Sardinian monarchy was still weak, and quailed under the jealous eyes of her strong enemies. Austria could not act without breaking the league so essential to her welfare, while the Bourbon courts of Spain and Naples would regard the family aggrandizement with complacency. Moreover, something must be done to save the prestige of France: her American colonial empire was lost; Catherine's brilliant policy, and the subsequent victories of Russia in the Orient, were threatening what remained of French influence in that quarter. Here was a propitious moment to emulate once more the English: to seize a station on the Indian highroad as valuable as Gibraltar or Port Mahon, and to raise high hopes of again recovering, if not the colonial supremacy among nations, at least that equality which the Seven Years' War had destroyed. Without loss of time, therefore, the negotiations were ended, and Buttafuoco was dismissed. On May fifteenth, 1768, the price to be paid having been fixed, a definitive treaty with Genoa was signed whereby she yielded the exercise of sovereignty to France, and Corsica passed finally from her hands. Paoli appealed to the great powers against this arbitrary transfer, but in vain.

The campaign of subjugation opened at once, Buttafuoco, with a few other Corsicans, taking service against his kinsfolk. The soldiers of the Royal Corsican regiment, which was in the French service, and which had been formed under his father's influence, flatly refused to fight their brethren. The French troops already in the island were at once reinforced, but during the first year of the final conflict the advantage was all with the patriots; indeed, there was one substantial victory on October seventh, 1768, that of Borgo, which caused

dismay at Versailles. Once more Paoli hoped for intervention, especially that of England, whose liberal feeling would coincide with his interest in keeping Corsica from France. Money and arms were sent from Great Britain, but that was all. This conduct of the British ministry was afterward recalled by France as a precedent for rendering aid to the Americans in their uprising against England.

The following spring an army of no less than twenty thousand men was despatched from France to make short and thorough work of the conquest. The previous year of bloody and embittered conflict had gone far to disorganize the patriot army. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the little bands of mountain villagers could be tempted away from the ever more necessary defense of their homes and firesides. Yet in spite of disintegration before such overwhelming odds, and though in want both of ordinary munitions and of the very necessities of life, the forces of Paoli continued a fierce and heroic resistance. It was only after months of devastating, heartrending, hopeless warfare, that their leader, utterly routed in the affair known as the battle of Ponte Nuovo, finally gave up the desperate cause. Exhausted, and without resources, he would have been an easy prey to the French; but they were too wise to take him prisoner. On June thirteenth, 1769, by their connivance he escaped, with three hundred and forty of his most devoted supporters, on two English vessels, to the mainland. His goal was England. The journey was a long, triumphant procession from Leghorn through Germany and Holland; the honors showered on him by the liberals in the towns through which he passed were such as are generally paid to victory, not to defeat. Kindly received and entertained, he lived for the next thirty years in London,

the recipient from the government of twelve hundred pounds a year as a pension.

The year 1770 saw the King of France apparently in peaceful possession of that Corsican sovereignty which he claimed to have bought from Genoa. His administration was soon and easily inaugurated, and there was nowhere any interference from foreign powers. Philanthropic England had provided for Paoli, but would do no more, for she was busy at home with a transformation of her parties. The old Whig party was disintegrating; the new Toryism was steadily asserting itself in the passage of contemptuous measures for oppressing the American colonies. She was, moreover, soon to be so absorbed in her great struggle on both sides of the globe that interest in Corsica and the Mediterranean must remain for a long time in abeyance.

But the establishment of a French administration in the King's new acquisition did not proceed smoothly. The party favorable to incorporation with France had grown, and, in the rush to side with success, it now probably far outnumbered that of the old patriots. At the outset this majority faithfully supported the conquerors in an attempt, honorable to both, to retain as much of Paoli's system as possible. But the appointment of an intendant and a military commander acting as royal governor with a veto over legislation was essential. This of necessity destroyed the old democracy, for, in any case, the existence of such officials and the social functions of such offices must create a quasi-aristocracy, and its power would rest not on popular habit and good-will, but on the French soldiery. The situation was frankly recognized, therefore, in a complete reorganization of those descended from the old nobility, and from these a council of twelve was selected to support and countenance the governor. The clergy

and the third estate were likewise formally organized in two other orders, so that with clergy, nobles, and commons, Corsica became a French *pays d'état*, another provincial anachronism in the chaos of royal administration. The class bitterness of the mainland could easily be and was transplanted to the island; the ultimate success of the process left nothing to be desired. Moreover, the most important offices were given into French hands, while the seat of government was moved from Corte, the highland capital, to the lowland towns of Bastia and Ajaccio. The primeval feud of highlanders and lowlanders was thus rekindled, and in the subsequent agitations the patriots won over by France either lost influence with their followers, or ceased to support the government. Old animosities were everywhere revived and strengthened, until finally the flames burst forth in open rebellion. They were, of course, suppressed, but the work was done with a savage thoroughness the memory of which long survived to prevent the formation in the island of a natural sentiment friendly to the French. Those who professed such a feeling were held in no great esteem.

It was perhaps an error that Paoli did not recognize the indissoluble bonds of race and speech as powerfully drawing Corsica to Italy, disregard the leanings of the democratic mountaineers toward France, sympathize with the fondness of the towns for the motherland, and so use his influence as to confirm the natural alliance between the insular Italians and those of the peninsula. When we regard Sardinia, however, time seems to have justified him. There is little to choose between the sister islands as regards the backward condition of both; but the French department of Corsica is, at least, no less advanced than the Italian province of Sardinia. The final amalgamation of Paoli's country with France,

which was in a measure the result of his leaning toward a French protectorate, accomplished one end, however, which has rendered it impossible to separate her from the course of great events, from the number of the mighty agents in history. Curiously longing in his exile for a second Sampiero to have wielded the physical power while he himself should have become a Lycurgus, Paoli's wish was to be half-way fulfilled in that a warrior greater than Sampiero was about to be born in Corsica, one who should, by the very union so long resisted, come, as the master of France, to wield a power strong enough to shatter both tyrannies and dynasties, thus clearing the ground for a lawgiving closely related to Paoli's own just and wise conceptions of legislation.

The coming man was to be a typical Corsican, moreover. Born in the agony of his fatherland, he was to combine all the important qualities of his folk in himself. Like them, he was to be short, with wonderful eyes and beautiful teeth; temperate; quietly, even meanly, clad; generous, grateful for any favor, however small; masterful, courageous, impassive, shrewd, resolute, fluent of speech; profoundly religious, even superstitious; hot-tempered, inscrutable, mendacious, revengeful sometimes and oftentimes forgiving, disdainful of woman and her charms; above all, boastful, conceited, and with a passion for glory. His pride and his imagination were to be barbaric in their immensity, his clannishness was to be that of the most primitive civilization. In all these points he was to be Corsican; other characteristics he was to acquire from the land of his adoption through an education French both in affairs and in books; but he was after all Corsican from the womb to the grave; that in the first degree, and only secondarily French, while his cosmopolitan disguise was to be scarcely more than a mask to be raised or lowered at pleasure.

This scion was to come from the stock which at first bore the name of Bonaparte, or, as the heraldic etymology later spelled it, Buonaparte. There were branches of the same stock, or, at least, of the same name, in other parts of Italy. Three towns at least claimed to be the seat of a family with this patronymic: and one of them, Treviso, possessed papers to prove the claim. Although other members of his family based absurd pretensions of princely origin on these insufficient proofs, Napoleon himself was little impressed by them. He was disposed to declare that his ancestry began in his own person, either at Toulon or from the eighteenth of Brumaire. Whatever the origin of the Corsican Buonapartes, it was neither royal from the twin brother of Louis XIV, thought to be the Iron Mask; nor imperial from the Julian gens, nor Greek, nor Saracen, nor, in short, anything which later-invented and lying genealogies declared it to be. But it was almost certainly Italian, and probably patrician, for in 1780 a Tuscan gentleman of the name devised a scanty estate to his distant Corsican kinsman. The earliest home of the family was Florence; later they removed for political reasons to Sarzana, in Tuscany, where for generations men of that name exercised the profession of advocate. The line was extinguished in 1799 by the death of Philip Buonaparte, a canon and a man of means, who, although he had recognized his kin in Corsica to the extent of interchanging hospitalities, nevertheless devised his estate to a relative named Buonacorsi.

The Corsican branch were persons of some local consequence in their latest seats, partly because of their Italian connections, partly in their substantial possessions of land, and partly through the official positions which they held in the city of Ajaccio. Their sympathies as lowlanders and townspeople were with the

country of their origin and with Genoa. During the last years of the sixteenth century that republic authorized a Jerome, then head of the family, to prefix the distinguishing particle "di" to his name, but the Italian custom was averse to its use, which was not revived until later, and then only for a short time. Nine generations are recorded as having lived on Corsican soil within two centuries and a quarter. They were evidently men of consideration, for they intermarried with the best families of the island; Ornano, Costa, Bozzi, and Colonna are names occurring in their family records.

Nearly two centuries passed before the grand duke of Tuscany issued formal patents in 1757, attesting the Buonaparte nobility. It was Joseph, the grandsire of Napoleon, who received them. Soon afterward he announced that the coat-armour of the family was "*la couronne de comte, l'écusson fendu par deux barres et deux étoiles, avec les lettres B. P. qui signifient Buona Parte, le fond des armes rougeâtres, les barres et les étoiles bleu, les ombrements et la couronne jaune!*" Translated as literally as such doubtful language and construction can be, this signifies: "A count's coronet, the escutcheon with two bends sinister and two stars, bearing the letters B. P., which signify Buonaparte, the field of the arms red, the bends and stars blue, the letters and coronet yellow!" In heraldic parlance this would be: Gules, two bends sinister between two estoiles azure charged with B P for Buona Parte, or, surmounted by a count's coronet of the last. In 1759 the same sovereign granted further the title of patrician. Charles, the son of Joseph, received a similar grant from the Archbishop of Pisa in 1769. These facts have a substantial historical value, since by reason of them the family was duly and justly recognized as noble in 1771 by the French authorities, and as a consequence, eight

years later, the most illustrious scion of the stem became, as a recognized aristocrat, the ward of a France which was still monarchical. Reading between the lines of such a narrative, it appears as if the short-lived family of Corsican lawyers had some difficulty in preserving an influence proportionate to their descent, and therefore sought to draw all the strength they could from a bygone grandeur, easily forgotten by their neighbors in their moderate circumstances at a later day. Still later, when all *ci-devant* aristocrats were suspects in France, and when the taint of nobility sufficed to destroy those on whom it rested, Napoleon denied his quality: the usual inquest as to veracity was not made and he went free. This escape he owed partly to the station he had reached, partly to the fact that his family claims had been based on birth so obscure at the time as to subject the claimants to good-natured railery.

No task had lain nearer to Paoli's heart than to unite in one nation the two factions into which he found his people divided. Accordingly, when Carlo Maria di Buonaparte, the single stem on which the consequential lowland family depended for continuance, appeared at Corte to pursue his studies, the stranger was received with flattering kindness, and probably, as one account has it, was appointed to a post of emolument and honor as Paoli's private secretary. The new patrician, according to a custom common among Corsicans of his class, determined to take his degree at Pisa, and in November, 1769, he was made doctor of laws by that university. Many pleasant and probably true anecdotes have been told to illustrate the good-fellowship of the young advocate among his comrades while a student. There are likewise narratives of his persuasive eloquence and of his influence as a patriot, but these sound mythical. In short, an organized effort of sycophantic admirers, who

would, if possible, illuminate the whole family in order to heighten Napoleon's renown, has invented fables and distorted facts to such a degree that the entire truth as to Charles's character is hard to discern. Certain undisputed facts, however, throw a strong light upon Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor, he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious, and has himself described in his doctor's diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato, and Ajaccio. His character is little known except by the statements of his own family. They declared that he was a spendthrift. He spent two years' income, about twelve hundred dollars, in celebrating with friends the taking of his degree. He would have sold not only the heavily mortgaged estates inherited by himself, but also those of his wife, except for the fierce remonstrances of his heirs. He could write clever verse, he was a devotee of belles-lettres, and a sceptic in the fashion of the time. Self-indulgent, he was likewise bitterly opposed to all family discipline. His figure was slight and lithe, his expression alert and intelligent, his eyes gray blue and his head large. He was ambitious, indefatigable as a place-hunter, suave, elegant, and irrepressible.

On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of eighteen, gallantly wedded a beautiful child of fifteen, Maria Letizia Ramolino. Her descent, though excellent and, remotely, even noble, was inferior to that of her husband, but her fortune was equal, if not superior, to his. Her father was a Genoese official of importance; her mother, daughter of a petty noble by a peasant wife, became a widow in 1755 and two years later was married again to Francis Fesch,

a Swiss, captain in the Genoese navy. Of this union, Joseph, later Cardinal Fesch, was the child. Although well born, the mother of Napoleon had no education and was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life — hardy, unsentimental, frugal, avaricious, and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet for all that, the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish and famous. Among the many guests who were regularly entertained there was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letizia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there has never been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous and unparalleled physical endurance.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte, waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband, though he had at first been drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli, and had displayed a momentary enthusiasm, was now, as he had been for more than a year, weary of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank, he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May twenty-third, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to Vaux, commander of the second army of occupation, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came,

and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes, and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. This at least is the generally accepted account of his desertion of Paoli's cause: there is some evidence that having followed Clement, a brother of Pascal, into a remoter district, he had there found no support for the enterprise, and had thence under great hardships of flood and field made his way with wife and child to the French headquarters. The result was the same in either case. It was the precipitate naturalization of the father as a French subject which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on August fifteenth, the fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio, the seat of French influence.

The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. Charles himself was the owner of a considerable estate in houses and lands, but everything was heavily mortgaged and his income was small. He had further inherited a troublesome law plea, the prosecution of which was expensive. By an entail in trust of a great-great-grandfather, important lands were entailed in the male line of the Odone family. In default of regular descent, the estate was vested in the female line, and should, when Charles's maternal uncle died childless, have reverted to his mother. But the uncle had made a will bequeathing his property to the Jesuits, who swiftly took possession and had maintained their ownership by occupation and by legal quibbles. Joseph, the father of Charles, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for a livelihood on the patri-

mony of his wife. Letitia Buonaparte, being an only child, had fallen heir to her father's property on the second marriage of her mother. The stepfather was an excellent Swiss, a Protestant from Basel, thoroughly educated, and interested in education, and for years a mercenary in the Genoese service. On his retirement he became a Roman Catholic in order to secure the woman of his choice. He was the father of Letitia's half brother, Joseph. The retired officer, though kindly disposed to the family he had entered, had little but his pension and savings. he could contribute nothing but good, sound common sense and his homely ideas of education. The real head of the family was the uncle of Charles, Lucien Buonaparte, archdeacon of the cathedral. It was he who had supported and guided his nephew, and had sent him to the college founded by Paoli at Corte. In his youth Charles was wasteful and extravagant, but his wife was thrifty to meanness. With the restraint of her economy and the stimulus of his uncle, respected as head of the family, the father of Napoleon arrived at a position of some importance. He practised his profession with some diligence, became an assessor of the highest insular court, and in 1772 was made a member, later a deputy, of the council of Corsican nobles.

The sturdy mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Maria-Anna, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Nabulione; in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them — three sons, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and three daughters, Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline — survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short-lived ancestors, — of

whom five had died within a century, — scarcely reached middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of eighty-six in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world as Madame Mère, a sobriquet devised by her great son to distinguish her as the mother of the Napoleons.

CHAPTER III

NAPOLEON'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD¹

Birth of Nabulione or Joseph — Date of Napoleon's Birth — Coincidence with the Festival of the Assumption — The Name of Napoleon — Corsican Conditions as Influencing Napoleon's Character — His Early Education — Childish Traits — Influenced by Traditions Concerning Paoli — Family Prospects — Influence of Marbeuf — Upheavals in France — Napoleon Appointed to a Scholarship — His Efforts to Learn French at Autun — Development of His Character — His Father Delegate of the Corsican Nobility at Versailles.

THE trials of poverty made the Buonapartes so clever and adroit that suspicions of shiftiness in small matters were developed later on, and these led

¹ The indispensable authority for the youth of Napoleon is the collection of his own papers edited, not always judiciously, by Frédéric Masson and published by him in cooperation with G. Biagi under the title *Napoléon inconnu*. The originals are now in the Laurentian Library at Florence. They were intrusted by the Emperor to Cardinal Fesch as a safe depositary, probably in the hope that they would eventually be destroyed. What the cardinal actually did with them remains obscure. Some time early in the nineteenth century they came into possession of a certain Libri, one of the French government library inspectors, an unscrupulous collector and dealer

From them he excerpted enough matter for an article which, before his disgrace, was published in an early number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but in the publication there was no statement of authority and the article was forgotten, important as it was. The originals were not found or known until in the sale catalogue of Lord Ashburnham's library appeared a lot entitled merely *Napoleon Papers*. This fact was brought to the author's attention by a friend, and when after a smart competition between agents of the French and Italian governments the manuscripts were deposited at Florence, he sought permission immediately to examine and study them. This

to an over-close scrutiny of their acts. The opinion has not yet disappeared among reputable authorities that Nabulione and Napoleone were one and the same, born on January seventh, 1768, Joseph being really the younger, born on the date assigned to his distinguished brother. The earliest documentary evidence consists of two papers, one in the archives of the French war department, one in those of Ajaccio. The former is dated 1782, and testifies to the birth of Nabulione on January seventh, 1768, and to his baptism on January eighth; the latter is the copy, not the original, of a government contract which declares the birth, on January seventh, of Joseph Nabulion. Neither is decisive, but the addition of Joseph, with the use of the two French forms for the name in the second, with the clear intent of emphasizing his quality as a Frenchman, destroys much of its value, and leaves the weight of authority with the former. The reasonableness of the suspicion seems to be heightened by the fact that the certificate of Napoleon's marriage gives the date of his birth as February eighth, 1768. Moreover, in the marriage con-

was promptly granted, they proved to be the lost Fesch papers, and for the first time it was possible to obtain a clear account of Napoleon's early years. The standard authorities hitherto had been the works of Nasica, Coston, and Jung: while they still have a certain value, it is slight in view of the reliable deductions to be drawn from the original boy papers of Napoleon Bonaparte. Later on and after the publication of the corresponding portion of this Life, they were edited, printed, and published. In the main there is no room for difference with the transcript of M. Masson, but in

some places where the writing is uncommonly bad the author's own transcript presents the facts as stated in these pages. Within a few years M. Chuquet has summed up admirably all our authentic knowledge of the subject — in a book entitled *La jeunesse de Napoléon*. His own researches have brought to light some further valuable material. I have not hesitated in this revision to make the freest use of the latest authorities, but it is a gratification that no substantial changes, except by way of slight additions, have been found necessary.

tract of Joseph, witnesses testify to his having been born at Ajaccio, not at Corte.

But there are facts of greater weight on the other side. In the first place, the documentary evidence is itself of equal value, for the archives of the French war department also contain an extract from the one original baptismal certificate, which is dated July twenty-first, 1771, the day of the baptism, and gives the date of Napoleone's birth as August fifteenth, 1769. Charles's application for the appointment of his two eldest boys to Brienne has also been found, and it contains, according to regulation, still another copy from the original certificate, which is dated June twenty-third, 1776, and also gives what must be accepted as the correct date. This explodes the story that Napoleon's age was falsified by his father in order to obtain admittance for him to the military school. The application was made in 1776 for both boys, so as to secure admission for each before the end of his tenth year. It was the delay of the authorities in granting the request which, after the lapse of three years or more, made Joseph ineligible. The father could have had no motive in 1776 to perpetrate a fraud, and after that date it was impossible, for the papers were not in his hands, moreover, the minister of war wrote in 1778 that the name of the elder Buonaparte boy had already been withdrawn. That charge was made during Napoleon's lifetime. His brother Joseph positively denied it, and asserted the fact as it is now substantially proved to be; Bourrienne, who had known his Emperor as a child of nine, was of like opinion; Napoleon himself, in an autograph paper still existing, and written in the handwriting of his youth, thrice gives the date of his birth as August fifteenth, 1769. If the substitution occurred, it must have been in early infancy. Besides, we know why Napoleon at

marriage sought to appear older than he was, and Joseph's contract was written when the misstatement in it was valuable as making him appear thoroughly French.

Among other absurd efforts to besmirch Napoleon's character is the oft-repeated insinuation that he fixed his birthday on the greatest high festival of the Roman Church, that of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, in order to assure its perpetual celebration! In sober fact the researches of indefatigable antiquaries have brought to light not only the documentary evidence referred to, but likewise the circumstance that Napoleon, in one paper spelled Lapulion, was a not uncommon Corsican name borne by several distinguished men, and that in the early generation of the Buonaparte family the boys had been named Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien as they followed one another into the world. In the eighteenth century spelling was scarcely more fixed than in the sixteenth. Nor in the walk of life to which the Buonapartes belonged was the fixity of names as rigid then as it later became. There were three Maria-Annas in the family first and last, one of whom was afterward called Elisa.

As to the form of the name Napoleon, there is a curious though unimportant confusion. We have already seen the forms Nabulione, Nabulion, Napoleone, Napoleon. Contemporary documents give also the form Napoloeone, and his marriage certificate uses Napolione. On the Vendôme Column stands Napolio. Imp, which might be read either Napolioni Imperatori or Napolio Imperatori. In either case we have indications of a new form, Napolion or Napolius. The latter, which was more probably intended, would seem to be an attempt to recall Neopolus, a recognized saint's name. The absence of the name Napoleon from the

calendar of the Latin Church was considered a serious reproach to its bearer by those who hated him, and their incessant taunts stung him. In youth his constant retort was that there were many saints and only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In after years he had the matter remedied, and the French Catholics for a time celebrated a St. Napoleon's day with proper ceremonies, among which was the singing of a hymn composed to celebrate the power and virtues of the holy man for whom it was named. The irreverent school-boys of Autun and Brienne gave the nickname "straw nose" — *paille-au-nez* — to both the brothers. The pronunciation, therefore, was probably as uncertain as the form, Napaille-au-nez being probably a distortion of Napouilloné. The chameleon-like character of the name corresponds exactly to the chameleon-like character of the times, the man, and the lands of his birth and of his adoption. The Corsican noble and French royalist was Napolcone de Buonaparté; the Corsican republican and patriot was Napoléone Buonaparté, the French republican, Napoléon Buonaparte; the victorious general, Bonaparte; the emperor, Napoléon. There was likewise a change in this person's handwriting analogous to the change in his nationality and opinions. It was probably to conceal a most defective knowledge of French that the adoptive Frenchman, as republican, consul, and emperor, abandoned the fairly legible hand of his youth, and recurred to the atrocious one of his childhood, continuing always to use it after his definite choice of a country.

Stormy indeed were his nation and his birthtime. He himself said: "I was born while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French, vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood — such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of

the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth."

These were the words he used in 1789, while still a Corsican in feeling, when addressing Paoli. They strain chronology for the sake of rhetorical effect, but they truthfully picture the circumstances under which he was conceived. Among many others of a similar character there is a late myth which recalls in detail that when the pains of parturition seized his mother she was at mass, and that she reached her chamber just in time to deposit, on a carpet or a piece of embroidery representing the young Achilles, the prodigy bursting so impetuously into the world. By the man himself his nature was always represented as the product of his hour, and this he considered a sufficient excuse for any line of conduct he chose to follow. When in banishment at Longwood, and on his death-bed, he recalled the circumstances of his childhood in conversations with the attendant physician, a Corsican like himself. "Nothing awed me; I feared no one. I struck one, I scratched another, I was a terror to everybody. It was my brother Joseph with whom I had most to do; he was beaten, bitten, scolded, and I had put the blame on him almost before he knew what he was about; was telling tales about him almost before he could collect his wits. I had to be quick: my mama Letizia would have restrained my warlike temper; she would not have put up with my defiant petulance. Her tenderness was severe, meting out punishment and reward with equal justice; merit and demerit, she took both into account."

Of his earliest education he said at the same time: "Like everything else in Corsica, it was pitiful." Lucien Buonaparte, his great-uncle, was a canon, a man of substance with an income of five thousand livres a year, and of some education — sufficient, at least, to permit

his further ecclesiastical advancement. "Uncle" Fesch, whose father had received the good education of a Protestant Swiss boy, and had in turn imparted his knowledge to his own son, was the friend and older playmate of the turbulent little Buonaparte. The child learned a few notions of Bible history, and, doubtless, also the catechism, from the canon, by his eleven-year-old uncle he was taught his alphabet. In his sixth year he was sent to a dame's school. The boys teased him because his stockings were always down over his shoes, and for his devotion to the girls, one named Giacomietta especially. He met their taunts with blows, using sticks, bricks, or any handy weapon.

According to his own story, he was fearless in the face of superior numbers, however large. His mother, according to his brother Joseph, declared that he was a perfect imp of a child. She herself described him as fond of playing at war with a drum, wooden sword, and files of toy soldiers. The pious nuns who taught him recognized a certain gift for figures in styling him their little mathematician. Later when in attendance at the Jesuit school he regularly encountered on his way thither a soldier with whom he exchanged his own piece of white bread for a morsel of the other's coarse commissary loaf. The excuse he gave, according to his mother, was that he must learn to like such food if he were to be a soldier. In time his passion for the simple mathematics he studied increased to such a degree that she assigned him a rough shed in the rear of their home as a refuge from the disturbing noise of the family. For exercise he walked the streets at nightfall with tumbled hair and disordered clothes. Of French he knew not a word; he had lessons at school in his mother tongue, which he learned to read under the instruction of the Abbé Recco. The worthy teacher arrayed his boys in

two bodies: the diligent under the victorious standard of Rome, the idle as vanquished Carthaginians. Napoleon of right belonged to the latter, but he was transferred, not because of merit, by the sheer force of his imperious temper.

This scanty information is all the trustworthy knowledge we possess concerning the little Napoleon up to his tenth year. With slight additions from other sources it is substantially the great Napoleon's own account of himself by the mouthpiece partly of his mother in his prosperous days, partly of Antommarchi in that last period of self-examination when, to him, as to other men, consistency seems the highest virtue. He was, doubtless, striving to compound with his conscience by emphasizing the adage that the child is father to the man — that he was born what he had always been.

In 1775, Corsica had been for six years in the possession of France, and on the surface all was fair. There was, however, a little remnant of faithful patriots left in the island, with whom Paoli and his banished friends were still in communication. The royal cabinet, seeking to remove every possible danger of disturbance, even so slight a one as lay in the disaffection of the few scattered nationalists, and in the unconcealed distrust which these felt for their conforming fellow-citizens, began a little later to make advances, in order, if possible, to win at least Paoli's neutrality, if not his acquiescence. All in vain: the exile was not to be moved. From time to time, therefore, there was throughout Corsica a noticeable flow in the tide of patriotism. There are indications that the child Napoleon was conscious of this influence, listening probably with intense interest to the sympathetic tales about Paoli and his struggles for liberty which were still told among the people

As to Charles de Buonaparte, some things he had

hoped for from annexation were secured. His nobility and official rank were safe, he was in a fair way to reach even higher distinction. But what were honors without wealth? The domestic means were constantly growing smaller, while expenditures increased with the accumulating dignities and ever-growing family. He had made his humble submission to the French; his reception had been warm and graceful. The authorities knew of his pretensions to the estates of his ancestors. The Jesuits had been disgraced and banished, but the much litigated Odone property had not been restored to him; on the contrary, the buildings had been converted into school-houses, and the revenues turned into various channels. Years had passed, and it was evident that his suit was hopeless. How could substantial advantage be secured from the King?

His friends, General Marbeuf in particular, were of the opinion that he could profit to a certain extent at least by securing for his children an education at the expense of the state. While it is likely that from the first Joseph was destined for the priesthood, yet there was provision for ecclesiastical training under royal patronage as well as for secular, and a transfer from the latter to the former was easier than the reverse. Both were to be placed at the college of Autun for a preliminary course, whatever their eventual destination might be. The necessary steps were soon taken, and in 1776 the formal supplication for the two eldest boys was forwarded to Paris. Immediately the proof of four noble descents was demanded. The movement of letters was slow, that of officials even slower, and the delays in securing copies and authentications of the various documents were long and vexatious.

Meantime Choiseul had been disgraced, and on May tenth, 1774, the old King had died; Louis XVI

now reigned. The inertia which marked the brilliant decadence of the Bourbon monarchy was finally overcome. The new social forces were partly emancipated. Facts were examined, and their significance considered. Bankruptcy was no longer a threatening phantom, but a menacing reality of the most serious nature. Retrenchment and reform were the order of the day. Necker was trying his promising schemes. There was, among them, one for a body consisting of delegates from each of the three estates, — nobles, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, — to assist in deciding that troublesome question, the regulation of imposts. The Swiss financier hoped to destroy in this way the sullen, defiant influence of the royal intendants. In Corsica the governor and the intendant both thought themselves too shrewd to be trapped, and secured the appointment from each of the Corsican estates of men who were believed by them to be their humble servants. The needy suitor, Charles de Buonaparte, was to be the delegate at Versailles of the nobility. They thought they knew this man in particular, but he was to prove as malleable in France as he had been in Corsica.

Though nearly penniless, the noble deputy, with the vanity of the born courtier, was flattered, and accepted the mission, setting out on December fifteenth, 1778, by way of Italy with his two sons Joseph and Napoleon. With them were Joseph Fesch, appointed to the seminary at Aix, and Varesa, Letitia's cousin, who was to be sub-deacon at Autun. Joseph and Napoleon both asserted in later life that during their sojourn in Florence the grand duke gave his friend, their father, a letter to his royal sister, Marie Antoinette. As the grand duke was at that time in Vienna, the whole account they give of the journey is probably, though perhaps not intentionally, untrue. It was not to the Queen's inter-

cession but to Marbeuf's powerful influence that the final partial success of Charles de Buonaparte's supplication was due. This is clearly proven by the evidence of the archives. To the general's nephew, bishop of Autun, Joseph, now too old to be received in a royal military school, and later Lucien, were both sent, the former to be educated as a priest. It was probably Marbeuf's influence also, combined with a desire to conciliate Corsica, which caused the herald's office finally to accept the documents attesting the Buonapartes' nobility.

It appears that the journey from Corsica through Florence and Marseilles had already wrought a marvelous change in the boy. Napoleon's teacher at Autun, the Abbé Chardon, described his pupil as having brought with him a sober, thoughtful character. He played with no one, and took his walks alone. In all respects he excelled his brother Joseph. The boys of Autun, says the same authority, on one occasion brought the sweeping charge of cowardice against all inhabitants of Corsica, in order to exasperate him. "If they [the French] had been but four to one," was the calm, phlegmatic answer of the ten-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica; but when they were ten to one . . ." "But you had a fine general — Paoli," interrupted the narrator. "Yes, sir," was the reply, uttered with an air of discontent, and in the very embodiment of ambition; "I should much like to emulate him." The description of the untamed faun as he then appeared is not flattering: his complexion sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression lusterless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, his behavior was sullen, and at first, of course, he spoke broken French with an Italian accent. Open-mouthed and with sparkling eyes, however, he listened attentively to the first rehearsal of his task; repetition

he heartily disliked, and when rebuked for inattention he coldly replied: "Sir, I know that already" On April twenty-first, 1779, Napoleon, according to the evidence of his personal memorandum, left Autun, having been admitted to Brienne, and it was to Marbeuf that in later life he correctly attributed his appointment. After spending three weeks with a school friend, the little fellow entered upon his duties about the middle of May.

On New Year's day, 1779, the Buonapartes had arrived at Autun, and for nearly four months the young Napoleone had been trained in the use of French. He learned to speak fluently, though not correctly, and wrote short themes in a way to satisfy his teacher. Prodigy as he was later declared to have been, his real progress was slow, the difficulties of that elegant and polished tongue having scarcely been reached, so that it was with a most imperfect knowledge of their language, and a sadly defective pronunciation, that he made his appearance among his future schoolmates. Having, we may suppose, been assigned to the first vacancy that occurred in any of the royal colleges, his first destination had been Tiron, the roughest and most remote of the twelve. But as fortune would have it, a change was somehow made to Brienne. That establishment was rude enough. The instructors were Minim priests, and the life was as severe as it could be made with such a clientage under half-educated and inexperienced monks. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the place had an air of elegance; there was a certain school-boy display proportionate to the means and to the good or bad breeding of the young nobles, also a very keen discrimination among themselves as to rank, social quality, and relative importance. Those familiar with the ruthlessness of boys in their treatment of one another can

easily conceive what was the reception of the newcomer, whose nobility was unknown and unrecognized in France, and whose means were of the scantiest.

During his son's preparatory studies the father had been busy at Versailles with further supplications — among them one for a supplement from the royal purse to his scanty pay as delegate, and another for the speedy settlement of his now notorious claim. The former of the two was granted not merely to M. de Buonaparte, but to his two colleagues, in view of the "excellent behavior" — otherwise subserviency — of the Corsican delegation at Versailles. When, in addition, the certificate of Napoleon's appointment finally arrived, and the father set out to place his son at school, with a barely proper outfit, he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to meet his immediate and pressing necessities.

CHAPTER IV

NAPOLEON'S SCHOOL-DAYS¹

Military Schools in France — Napoleon's Initiation into the Life of Brienne — Regulations of the School — The Course of Study — Napoleon's Powerful Friends — His Reading and Other Avocations — His Comrades — His Studies — His Precocity — His Conduct and Scholarship — The Change in His Life Plan — His Influence in His Family — His Choice of the Artillery Service

IT was an old charge that the sons of poor gentlemen destined to be artillery officers were bred like princes. The institution at Brienne, with eleven other similar academies, had been but recently founded as a protest against the luxury which had reigned in the military schools at Paris and La Flèche. Both these had been closed for a time because they could not be reformed, the latter was, however, one of the twelve from the first, and that at Paris was afterward reopened as a finishing-school. The monasteries of various religious orders were chosen as seats of the new colleges, and their owners were put in charge with instructions to secure simplicity of life and manners, the formation of character, and other desirable benefits, each one in its own way in the school or schools intrusted to it. The result so far had been a failure; there were simply not twelve first-rate instructors in each branch to be found in France for the new positions; the instruction was therefore limited and poor, so that in the intellectual

¹ The authorities for the period are Masson. Napoléon inconnu. Chuquet: La jeunesse de Napoléon. Jung Bonaparte et son temps. Bohtlingk Napoleon Bonaparte seine Jugend und sein

stagnation the right standards of conduct declined, while the old notions of hollow courtliness and conventional behavior flourished as never before. In order to enter his boy at Brienne, Charles de Buonaparte presented a certificate signed by the intendant and two neighbors, that he could not educate his sons without help from the King, and was a poor man, having no income except his salary as assessor. This paper was countersigned by Marbeuf as commanding general, and to him the request was formally granted. This being the regular procedure, it is evident that all the young nobles of the twelve schools enjoying the royal bounty were poor and should have had little or no pocket money. Perhaps for this very reason, though the school provided for every expense including pocket money, polished manners and funds obtained surreptitiously from powerful friends indifferent to rules, were the things most needed to secure kind treatment for an entering boy. These were exactly what the young gentleman scholar from Corsica did not possess. The ignorant and unworldly Minim fathers could neither foresee nor, if they had foreseen, alleviate the miseries incident to his arrival under such conditions.

At Autun Napoleon had at least enjoyed the sympathetic society of his mild and emotional brother, whose easy-going nature could smooth many a rough place. He was now entirely without companionship, resenting from the outset both the ill-natured attacks and the playful personal allusions through which boys so often begin, and with time knit ever more firmly, their inexplicable friendships. To the taunts about Corsica which began immediately he answered coldly,

Emporkommen Las Cases· Mé-
morial de Sainte-Hélène An-
tommarchi Mémoires. Coston·

Premières années de Napoléon.
Nasica Mémoires sur l'enfance et
la jeunesse de Napoléon.

"I hope one day to be in a position to give Corsica her liberty." Entering on a certain occasion a room in which unknown to him there hung a portrait of the hated Choiseul, he started back as he caught sight of it and burst into bitter revilings; for this he was compelled to undergo chastisement

Brienne was a nursery for the qualities first developed at Autun. The building was a gloomy and massive structure of the early eighteenth century, which stood on a commanding site at the entrance of the town, flanked by a later addition somewhat more commodious. The dormitory consisted of two long rows of cells opening on a double corridor, about a hundred and forty in all: each of these chambers was six feet square, and contained a folding bed, a pitcher and a basin. The pupil was locked in at bed-time, his only means of communication being a bell to arouse the guard who slept in the hall. Larger rooms were provided for his toilet; and he studied where he recited, in still another suite. There was a common refectory in which four simple meals a day were served: for breakfast and luncheon, bread and water, with fruit either fresh or stewed; for dinner, soup with the soup-meat, a side-dish and dessert, for supper, a joint with salad or dessert. With the last two was served a mild mixture of wine and water, known in school slang as "abundance." The outfit of clothing comprised underwear for two changes a week, a uniform consisting of a blue cloth coat, faced and trimmed with red, a waistcoat of the same with white revers, and serge breeches either blue or black. The overcoat was of the same material as the uniform, with the same trimming but with white lining. The studies comprised Latin, mathematics, the French language and literature, English, German, geography, drawing, fencing, music, vocal as well as instrumental, and dancing.



In the Museum of Versailles

MARIE-LAETITIA RAMOLINO BONAPARTE
"MADAME MERE"—MOTHER OF NAPOLEON I

Perhaps the severe regimen of living could have been mitigated and brightened by a course of study nominally and ostensibly so rich and full, but in the list of masters, lay and clerical, there is not a name of eminence. Neither Napoleon nor his contemporary pupils recalled in later years any portion of their work as stimulating, nor any instructor as having excelled in ability. The boys seem to have disliked heartily both their studies and their masters. Young Buonaparte had likewise a distaste for society and was thrown upon his own unaided resources to satisfy his eager mind. Undisciplined in spirit, he was impatient of self-discipline and worked spasmodically in such subjects as he liked, disdaining the severe training of his mind, even by himself. He did learn to spell the foreign tongue of his adopted country, but his handwriting, never good, was bad or worse, according to circumstances. Dark, solitary, and untamed, the new scholar assumed the indifference of wounded vanity, despised all pastimes, and found delight either in books or in scornful exasperation of his comrades when compelled to associate with them. There were quarrels and bitter fights, in which the Ishmaelite's hand was against every other. Sometimes in a kind of frenzy he inflicted serious wounds on his fellow-students. At length even the teachers mocked him, and deprived him of his position as captain in the school battalion.

The climax of the miserable business was reached when to a taunt that his ancestry was nothing, "his father a wretched tipstaff," Napoleon replied by challenging his tormentor to fight a duel. For this offense he was put in confinement while the instigator went unpunished. It was by the intervention of Marbeuf that his young friend was at length released. Bruised and wounded in spirit, the boy would gladly have shaken

the dust of Brienne from his feet, but necessity forbade. Either from some direct communication Napoleon had with his protector, or through a dramatic but unauthenticated letter purporting to have been written by him to his friends in Corsica and still in existence, Marbeuf learned that the chiefest cause of all the bitterness was the inequality between the pocket allowances of the young French nobles and that of the young Corsican. The kindly general displayed the liberality of a family friend, and gladly increased the boy's gratuity, administering at the same time a smart rebuke to him for his readiness to take offense. He is likewise thought to have introduced his young charge to Mme Loménie de Brienne, whose mansion was near by¹ This noble woman, it is asserted, became a second mother to the lonely child: though there were no vacations, yet long holidays were numerous and these were passed with her; her tenderness softened his rude nature, the more so as she knew the value of tips to a school-boy, and administered them liberally though judiciously.

Nor was this, if true, the only light among the shadows in the picture of his later Brienne school-days. Each of the hundred and fifty pupils had a small garden spot assigned to him. Buonaparte developed a passion for

¹The sources of these statements are two letters of 5 April, 1781, and 8 October, 1783, first printed in the *Mémoires sur la vie de Bonaparte*, etc., etc., par le comte Charles d'Og. This pseudonym covers a still unknown author, the documents have been for the most part considered genuine and have been reprinted as such by many authorities, including Jung. Though this author was an official in the ministry of war and had its archives at his

disposal, he gives one letter without any authority and the other as in the "*Archives de la guerre*." Many searchers, including the writer, have sought them there without result. Latterly their authenticity has been denied on the ground of inherent improbability, since pocket money was by rule almost unknown in the royal colleges, and Corsican homesickness is as common as that of the Swiss. But rules prove nothing and the letters seem inherently genuine.

his own, and, annexing by force the neglected plots of his two neighbors, created for himself a retreat, the solitude of which was insured by a thick and lofty hedge planted about it. To this citadel, the sanctity of which he protected with a fury at times half insane, he was wont to retire in the fair weather of all seasons, with whatever books he could procure. In the companionship of these he passed happy, pleasant, and fruitful hours. His youthful patriotism had been intensified by the hatred he now felt for French school-boys, and through them for France. "I can never forgive my father," he once cried, "for the share he had in uniting Corsica to France." Paoli became his hero, and the favorite subjects of his reading were the mighty deeds of men and peoples, especially in antiquity. Such matter he found abundant in Plutarch's "Lives."

Moreover, his punishments and degradation by the school authorities at once created a sentiment in his favor among his companions, which not only counteracted the effect of official penalties, but gave him a sort of compensating leadership in their games. When driven by storms to abandon his garden haunt, and to associate in the public hall with the other boys, he often instituted sports in which opposing camps of Greeks and Persians, or of Romans and Carthaginians, fought until the uproar brought down the authorities to end the conflict. On one occasion he proposed the game, common enough elsewhere, but not so familiar then in France, of building snow forts, of storming and defending them, and of fighting with snowballs as weapons. The proposition was accepted, and the preparations were made under his direction with scientific zeal, the intrenchments, forts, bastions, and redoubts were the admiration of the neighborhood. For weeks the mimic warfare went on, Buonaparte, always in command, being some-

times the besieger and as often the besieged. Such was the aptitude, such the resources, and such the commanding power which he showed in either rôle, that the winter was always remembered in the annals of the school.

Of all his contemporaries only two became men of mark, Gudin and Nansouty. Both were capable soldiers, receiving promotions and titles at Napoleon's hand during the empire. Bourrienne, having sunk to the lowest depths under the republic, found employment as secretary of General Bonaparte. In this position he continued until the consulate, when he lost both fortune and reputation in doubtful money speculations. From old affection he secured pardon and further employment, being sent as minister to Hamburg. There his lust for money wrought his final ruin. The treacherous memoirs which appeared over his name are a compilation edited by him to obtain the means of livelihood in his declining years. Throughout life Napoleon had the kindest feelings for Bienne and all connected with it. In his death struggle on the battle-fields of Champagne he showed favor to the town and left it a large legacy in his will. No schoolmate or master appealed to him in vain, and many of his comrades were in their insignificant lives dependent for existence on his favor.

It is a trite remark that diamonds can be polished only by diamond dust. Whatever the rude processes were to which the rude nature of the young Corsican was subjected, the result was remarkable. Latin he disliked, and treated with disdainful neglect. His particular aptitudes were for mathematics, for geography, and above all for history, in which he made fair progress. His knowledge of mathematics was never profound; in geography he displayed a remarkable and excellent memory; biography was the department of history which fascinated him. In all directions, however, he

was quick in his perceptions; the rapid maturing of his mind by reading and reflection was evident to all his associates, hostile though they were. The most convincing evidence of the fact will be found in a letter written, probably in July, 1784, when he was fifteen years old, to an uncle, — possibly Fesch, more likely Paravicini, — concerning family matters.¹ His brother Joseph had gone to Autun to be educated for the Church, his sister (Maria-Anna) Elisa had been appointed on the royal foundation at Saint-Cyr, and Lucien was, if possible, to be placed like Napoleon at Brienne. The two younger children had already accompanied their father on his regular journey to Versailles, and Lucien was now installed either in the school itself or near by, to be in readiness for any vacancy. All was well with the rest, except that Joseph was uneasy, and wished to become an officer too.

The tone of Napoleon is extraordinary. Opening with a commonplace little sketch of Lucien such as any elder brother might draw of a younger, he proceeds to an analysis of Joseph which is remarkable. Searching and thorough, it explains with fullness of reasoning and illustration how much more advantageous from the worldly point of view both for Joseph and for the family would be a career in the Church: "the bishop of Autun would bestow a fat living on him, and he was himself sure of becoming a bishop." As an *obiter dictum* it contains a curious expression of contempt for infantry as an arm, the origin of which feeling is by no means clear. Joseph wishes to be a soldier: very well, but in what branch of the profession? He could not enter the navy, for he knows no mathematics; nor is his doubtful health suited to that career. He would have to

¹ Du Casse, Supplément à la Vol. X, p 50 Masson, I, 79-84.
Correspondance de Napoléon I^{er},

study two years more for the navy, and four if he were to be an engineer, however, the ceaseless occupation of this arm of the service would be more than his strength could endure. Similar reasons militate against the artillery. There remains, therefore, only the infantry. "Good. I see. He wants to be all day idle, he wants to march the streets all day, and besides, what is a slim infantry office? A poor thing, three quarters of the time; and that, neither my dear father nor you, nor my mother, nor my dear uncle the archdeacon, desires, for he has already shown some slight tendency to folly and extravagance." There is an utter absence of loose talk, or of enthusiasm, and no allusion to principle or sentiment. It is the work of a cold, calculating, and dictatorial nature. There is a poetical quotation in it, very apt, but very badly spelled, and while the expression throughout is fair, it is by no means what might be expected from a person capable of such thought, who had been studying French for three years, and using it exclusively in daily life.

In August, 1783, Buonaparte and Bourrienne, according to the statement of the latter, shared the first prize in mathematics, and soon afterward, in the same year, a royal inspector, M. de Keralio, arrived at Brienne to test the progress of the King's wards. He took a great fancy to the little Buonaparte, and declaring that, though unacquainted with his family, he found a spark in him which must not be extinguished, wrote an emphatic recommendation of the lad, couched in the following terms: "M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born August fifteenth, 1769. Height, four feet ten inches ten lines [about five feet three inches, English] Constitution: excellent health, docile disposition, mild, straightforward, thoughtful. Conduct most satisfactory; has always been distinguished for his application

in mathematics. He is fairly well acquainted with history and geography. He is weak in all accomplishments — drawing, dancing, music, and the like. This boy would make an excellent sailor, deserves to be admitted to the school in Paris." Unfortunately for the prospect, M. de Keralio, who might have been a powerful friend, died almost immediately.

By means of further genuflections, supplications, and wearisome persistency, Charles de Buonaparte at last obtained favor not only for Lucien, but for Joseph also. Deprived unjustly of his inheritance, deprived also of his comforts and his home in pursuit of the ambitious schemes rendered necessary by that wrong, the poor diplomatist was now near the end of his resources and his energy. Except for the short visit of his father at Brienne on his way to Paris, it is almost certain that the young Napoleon saw none of his elders throughout his sojourn in the former place. The event was most important to the boy and opened the pent-up flood of his tenderness: it was therefore a bitter disappointment when he learned that, having seen the royal physician, his parent would return to Corsica by Autun, taking Joseph with him, and would not stop at Brienne. Napoleon, by the advice of Marbeuf and more definitely by the support of his friend the inspector, had been designated for the navy, through the favor of the latter he hoped to have been sent to Paris, and thence assigned to Toulon, the naval port in closest connection with Corsica. There were so many influential applications, however, for that favorite branch of the service that the department must rid itself of as many as possible; a youth without a patron would be the first to suffer. The agreement which the father had made at Paris was, therefore, that Napoleon, by way of compensation, might continue at Brienne, while Joseph could either go

thither, or to Metz, in order to make up his deficiencies in the mathematical sciences and pass his examinations to enter the royal service along with Napoleon, on condition that the latter would renounce his plans for the navy, and choose a career in the army

The letter in which the boy communicates his decision to his father is as remarkable as the one just mentioned and very clearly the sequel to it. The anxious and industrious parent had finally broken down, and in his feeble health had taken Joseph as a support and help on the arduous homeward journey. With the same succinct, unsparing statement as before, Napoleon confesses his disappointment, and in commanding phrase, with logical analysis, lays down the reasons why Joseph must come to Brienne instead of going to Metz. There is, however, a new element in the composition—a frank, hearty expression of affection for his family, and a message of kindly remembrance to his friends. But the most striking fact, in view of subsequent developments, is a request for Boswell's "History of Corsica," and any other histories or memoirs relating to "that kingdom." "I will bring them back when I return, if it be six years from now."¹ The immediate sequel makes clear the direction of his mind. He probably did not remember that he was preparing, if possible, to strip France of her latest and highly cherished acquisition at her own cost, or if he did, he must have felt like the

¹ This letter, which is without date, is printed in Coston, as taken from the newspapers; again in a revised form in Nasica. *Mémoires sur l'enfance et la jeunesse de Napoléon*, p. 71, who claimed to have collated it with the original, and again in Jung. *Bonaparte et son temps*, who gives as his reference, Archives de la guerre, pre-

serving exactly the form given by Nasica. The Napoleon papers of the War Department were freely, and I believe entirely, put into my hands for examination. This letter was not among them; in fact, my efforts to confirm the references of Jung were sadly ineffectual.

archer pluming his arrow from the off-cast feathers of his victim's wing. It is plain that his humiliations at school, his studies in the story of liberty, his inherited bent, and the present disappointment, were all cumulative in the result of fixing his attention on his native land as the destined sphere of his activity.

Four days after the probable date of writing he passed his examination a second time, before the new inspector, announced his choice of the artillery as his branch of the service, and a month later was ordered to the military academy in Paris. This institution had not merely been restored to its former renown. it now enjoyed a special reputation as the place of reward to which only the foremost candidates for official honors were sent. The choice of artillery seems to have been reached by a simple process of exclusion, the infantry was too unintellectual and indolent, the cavalry too expensive and aristocratic; between the engineers and the artillery there was little to choose — in neither did wealth or influence control promotion. The decision seems to have fallen as it did because the artillery was accidentally mentioned first in the fatal letter he had received announcing the family straits, and the necessary renunciation of the navy. On the certificate which was sent up with Napoleon from Brienne was the note: "Character masterful, imperious, and headstrong."

CHAPTER V

IN PARIS AND VALENCE ¹

Introduction to Paris — Teachers and Comrades — Death of Charles de Buonaparte — His Merits — The School at Paris — Napoleon's Poverty — His Character at the Close of His School Years — Appointed Lieutenant in the Regiment of La Fère — Demoralization of the French Army — The Men in the Ranks — Napoleon as a Beau — Return to Study — His Profession and Vocation.

IT was on October thirtieth, 1784 that Napoleon left Brienne for Paris.² He was in the sixteenth year of his age, entirely ignorant of what were then called the "humanities," but fairly versed in history, geography, and the mathematical sciences. His knowledge, like the bent of his mind, was practical rather than theoretical, and he knew more about fortification and sieges than about metaphysical abstractions; more about the deeds of history than about its philosophy. The new surroundings into which he was introduced by the Minim father who had accompanied him and his four comrades from Brienne, all somewhat younger than himself, were different indeed from those of the rude convent

¹ Authorities as before for this and the five chapters following

² This is the date given by himself on the slip of paper headed "Époques de ma vie" and contained in the Fesch papers, now deposited in the Laurentian Library at Florence. Here and there the text is very difficult to decipher, but the line "Parti pour l'école de

Paris, le 30 Octobre 1784" is perfectly legible. Las Cases, in the *Mémorial*, Vol I, p 160, represents Napoleon as quoting Keralio in declaring that it was not for his birth or his attainments but for the qualities he discerned in the boy that he sent him with imperfect preparation to Paris.

he had left behind. The splendid palace constructed on the plans of Gabriel early in the eighteenth century still stands to attest the King's design of lodging his gentlemen cadets in a style worthy of their high birth, and of educating them in manners as well as of instructing them. The domestic arrangements had been on a par with the regal lodgings of the corps. So far had matters gone in the direction of elegance and luxury that as we have said the establishment was closed. But it had been reopened within a few months, about the end of 1777. While the worst abuses had been corrected, yet still the food was, in quantity at least, lavish; there were provided two uniforms complete each year, with underwear sufficient for two changes a week, what was then considered a great luxury, there was a great staff of liveried servants, and the officers in charge were men of polished manners and of the highest distinction. At the very close of his life Napoleon recalled the arrangements as made for men of wealth. "We were fed and served splendidly, treated altogether like officers, enjoying a greater competence than most of our families, greater than most of us were destined to enjoy" At sixteen and with his inexperience he was perhaps an incompetent judge. Others, Vaublanc for example, thought there was more show than substance.

Be that as it may, Bonaparte's defiant scorn and habits of solitary study grew stronger together. It is asserted that his humor found vent in a preposterous and peevish memorial addressed to the minister of war on the proper training of the pupils in French military schools! He may have written it, but it is almost impossible that it should ever have passed beyond the walls of the school, even, as is claimed, for revision by a former teacher, Berton. Nevertheless he found almost, if not altogether, for the first time a real friend

in the person of des Mazis, a youth noble by birth and nature, who was assigned to him as a pupil-teacher, and was moreover a foundation scholar like himself. It is also declared by various authorities that from time to time he enjoyed the agreeable society of the bishop of Autun, who was now at Versailles, of his sister Elisa at Saint-Cyr, and, toward the very close, of a family friend who had just settled in Paris, the beautiful Mme. Permon, mother of the future duchess of Abrantès. Although born in Corsica, she belonged to a branch of the noble Greek family of the Comneni. In view of the stringent regulations both of the military school and of Saint-Cyr, these visits are problematical, though not impossible.

Rigid as were the regulations of the royal establishments, their enforcement depended of course on the character of their directors. The marquis who presided over the military school was a veteran place-holder, his assistant was a man of no force, and the director of studies was the only conscientious official of the three. He knew his charge thoroughly and was recognized by Napoleon in later years as a man of worth. The course of studies was a continuation of that at Brienne, and there were twenty-one instructors in the various branches of mathematics, history, geography, and languages. De l'Esguille endorsed one of Buonaparte's exercises in history with the remark: "Corsican by nation and character. He will go far if circumstances favor." Domairon said of his French style that it was "granite heated in a volcano." There were admirable masters, seven in number, for riding, fencing, and dancing. In none of these exercises did Buonaparte excel. It was the avowed purpose of the institution to make its pupils pious Roman Catholics. The parish priest at Brienne had administered the sacraments to a number of the boys,

including the young Corsican, who appears to have submitted without cavil to the severe religious training of the Paris school: chapel with mass at half-past six in the morning, grace before and after all meals, and chapel again a quarter before nine in the evening, on holidays, catechism for new students; Sundays, catechism and high mass, and vespers with confession every Saturday, communion every two months. Long afterwards the Emperor remembered de Juigné, his chaplain, with kindness and overwhelmed him with favors. Of the hundred and thirty-two scholars resident during Buonaparte's time, eighty-three were boarders at four hundred dollars each; none of these attained distinction, the majority did not even pass their examinations. The rest were scholars of the King, and were diligent; but even of these only one or two were really able men.

It was in the city of Mme. Permon's residence, at Montpellier, that on the twenty-fourth of February, 1785, Charles de Buonaparte died. This was apparently a final and mortal blow to the Buonaparte fortunes, for it seemed as if with the father must go all the family expectations. The circumstances were a fit close to the life thus ended. Feeling his health somewhat restored, and despairing of further progress in the settlement of his well-worn claim by legal methods, he had determined on still another journey of solicitation to Versailles. With Joseph as a companion he started; but a serious relapse occurred at sea, and ashore the painful disease continued to make such ravages that the father and son set out for Montpellier to consult the famous specialists of the medical faculty at that place. It was in vain, and, after some weeks, on February twenty-fourth the heartbroken father breathed his last. Having learned to hate the Jesuits, he had become indifferent to all religion, and is said by some to have repelled with

his last exertions the kindly services of Fesch, who was now a frocked priest, and had hastened to his brother-in-law's bedside to offer the final consolations of the Church to a dying man. Others declare that he turned again to the solace of religion, and was attended on his death-bed by the Abbé Coustou. Joseph, prostrated by grief, was taken into Mme. Permon's house and received the tenderest consolation ¹

Failure as the ambitious father had been, he had nevertheless been so far the support of his family in their hopes of advancement. Sycophant and schemer as he had become, they recognized his untiring energy in their behalf, and truly loved him. He left them penniless and in debt, but he died in their service, and they sincerely mourned for him. On the twenty-third of March the sorrowing boy wrote to his great-uncle, the archdeacon Lucien, a letter in eulogy of his father and begging the support of his uncle as guardian. This appointment was legally made not long after. On the twenty-eighth he wrote to his mother. Both these letters are in existence, and sound like rhetorical school exercises corrected by a tutor. That to his mother is, however, dignified and affectionate, referring in a becoming spirit to the support her children owed her. As if to show what a thorough child he still was, the dreary little note closes with an odd postscript giving the irrelevant news of the birth, two days earlier, of a royal prince — the duke of Normandy! This may have been added for the benefit of the censor who examined all the correspondence of the young men.

Some time before, General Marbeuf had married, and the pecuniary supplies to his boy friend seem after that event to have stopped. Mme. de Buonaparte was left with four infant children, the youngest, Jerome, but

¹ *Mémoires du roi Joseph*, I, 29

three months old. Their great-uncle, Lucien, the arch-deacon, was kind, and Joseph, abandoning all his ambitions, returned to be, if possible, the support of the family. Napoleon's poverty was no longer relative or imaginary, but real and hard. Drawing more closely than ever within himself, he became a still more ardent reader and student, devoting himself with passionate industry to examining the works of Rousseau, the poison of whose political doctrines instilled itself with fiery and grateful stinging into the thin, cold blood of the unhappy cadet. In many respects the instruction he received was admirable, and there is a traditional anecdote that he was the best mathematician in the school. But on the whole he profited little by the short continuation of his studies at Paris. The marvelous French style which he finally created for himself is certainly unacademic in the highest degree; in the many courses of modern languages he mastered neither German nor English, in fact he never had more than a few words of either; his attainments in fencing and horsemanship were very slender. Among all his comrades he made but one friend, while two of them became in later life his embittered foes. Phéliepeaux thwarted him at Acre; Picot de Peccaduc became Schwarzenberg's most trusted adviser in the successful campaigns of Austria against France.

Whether to alleviate as soon as possible the miseries of his destitution, or, as has been charged, to be rid of their querulous and exasperating inmate, the authorities of the military school shortened Buonaparte's stay to the utmost of their ability, and admitted him to examination in August, 1785, less than a year from his admission.¹ He passed with no distinction, being forty-second in rank, but above his friend des Mazis, who was

¹ The examiner in mathematics was the great Laplace.

fifty-sixth. His appointment, therefore, was due to an entire absence of rivalry, the young nobility having no predilection for the arduous duties of service in the artillery. He was eligible merely because he had passed the legal age, and had given evidence of sufficient acquisitions. In an oft-quoted description,¹ purporting to be an official certificate given to the young officer on leaving, he is characterized as reserved and industrious, preferring study to any kind of amusement, delighting in good authors, diligent in the abstract sciences, caring little for the others,² thoroughly trained in mathematics and geography, quiet, fond of solitude, capricious, haughty, extremely inclined to egotism, speaking little, energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in repartee; having much self-esteem; ambitious and aspiring to any height. "the youth is worthy of protection." There is, unfortunately, no documentary evidence to sustain the genuineness of this report, but whatever its origin, it is so nearly contemporary that it probably contains some truth.

The two friends had both asked for appointments in a regiment stationed at Valence, known by the style of *La Fère Des Mazis* had a brother in it; the ardent young Corsican would be nearer his native land, and might, perhaps, be detached for service in his home. They were both nominated in September, but the appointment was not made until the close of October. Buonaparte was reduced to utter penury by the long delay, his only resource being the two hundred livres provided by the funds of the school for each of its pupils until they reached the grade of captain. It was prob-

¹ Taken from the apocryphal *Memoirs of the Count d'Og* . previously mentioned. See *Masson Napoléon inconnu*, I, 123, *Chuquet*, I, 260, *Jung*, I, 125

² *Las Cases*, I, 112 Napoleon confessed his inability to learn German, but prided himself on his historical knowledge

ably, and according to the generally received account, at his comrade's expense, and in his company, that he traveled. Their slender funds were exhausted by boyish dissipation at Lyons, and they measured on foot the long leagues thence to their destination, arriving at Valence early in November.

The growth of absolutism in Europe had been due at the outset to the employment of standing armies by the kings, and the consequent alliance between the crown, which was the paymaster, and the people, who furnished the soldiery. There was constant conflict between the crown and the nobility concerning privilege, constant friction between the nobility and the people in the survivals of feudal relation. This sturdy and wholesome contention among the three estates ended at last in the victory of the kings. In time, therefore, the army became no longer a mere support to the monarchy, but a portion of its moral organism, sharing its virtues and its vices, its weakness and its strength, reflecting, as in a mirror, the true condition of the state so far as it was personified in the king. The French army, in the year 1785, was in a sorry plight. With the consolidation of classes in an old monarchical society, it had come to pass that, under the prevailing voluntary system, none but men of the lowest social stratum would enlist. Barracks and camps became schools of vice. "Is there," exclaimed one who at a later day was active in the work of army reform — "is there a father who does not shudder when abandoning his son, not to the chances of war, but to the associations of a crowd of scoundrels a thousand times more dangerous?"

We have already had a glimpse of the character of the officers. Their first thought was social position and pleasure, duty and the practice of their profession being considerations of almost vanishing importance. Things

were quite as bad in the central administration. Neither the organization nor the equipment nor the commissariat was in condition to insure accuracy or promptness in the working of the machine. The regiment of La Fère was but a sample of the whole "Dancing three times a week," says the advertisement for recruits, "rackets twice, and the rest of the time skittles, prisoners' base, and drill. Pleasures reign, every man has the highest pay, and all are well treated." Buonaparte's income, comprising his pay of eight hundred, his provincial allowance of a hundred and twenty, and the school pension of two hundred, amounted, all told, to eleven hundred and twenty livres a year; his necessary expenses for board and lodging were seven hundred and twenty, leaving less than thirty-five livres a month, about seven dollars, for clothes and pocket money. Fifteen years as lieutenant, fifteen as captain, and, for the rest of his life, half pay with a decoration — such was the summary of the prospect before the ordinary commonplace officer in a like situation. Meantime he was comfortably lodged with a kindly old soul, a sometime tavern-keeper named Bou, whose daughter, "of a certain age," gave a mother's care to the young lodger. In his weary years of exile the Emperor recalled his service at Valence as invaluable. The artillery regiment of La Fère he said was unsurpassed in personnel and training; though the officers were too old for efficiency, they were loyal and fatherly; the youngsters exercised their witty sarcasm on many, but they loved them all.

During the first months of his garrison service Buonaparte, as an apprentice, saw arduous service in matters of detail, but he threw off entirely the darkness and reserve of his character, taking a full draught from the brimming cup of pleasure. On January tenth, 1786, he was finally received to full standing as lieutenant.

The novelty, the absence of restraint, the comparative emancipation from the arrogance and slights to which he had hitherto been subject, good news from the family in Corsica, whose hopes as to the inheritance were once more high — all these elements combined to intoxicate for a time the boy of sixteen. The strongest will cannot forever repress the exuberance of budding manhood. There were balls, and with them the first experience of gallantry. The young officer even took dancing-lessons. Moreover, in the drawing-rooms of the Abbé Saint-Ruf and of his friends, for the first time he saw the manners and heard the talk of refined society — provincial, to be sure, but excellent. It was to the special favor of Monseigneur de Marbeuf, the bishop of Autun, that he owed his warm reception. The acquaintances there made were with persons of local consequence, who in later years reaped a rich harvest for their condescension to the young stranger. In two excellent households he was a welcome and intimate guest, that of Lauberie and Colombier. There were daughters in both. His acquaintance with Mlle. de Lauberie was that of one who respected her character and appreciated her beauty. In 1805 she was appointed lady in waiting to the Empress, but declined the appointment because of her duties as wife and mother. In the intimacy with Mlle. du Colombier there was more coquetry. She was a year the senior and lived on her mother's estate some miles from the town. Rousseau had made fashionable long walks and life in the open. The frequent visits of Napoleon to Caroline were marked by youthful gaiety and budding love. They spent many innocent hours in the fields and garden of the château and parted with regret. Their friendship lasted even after she became Mme de Bressieux, and they corresponded intimately for long years. Of his fellow-officers he saw but little, though

he ate regularly at the table of the "Three Pigeons" where the lieutenants had their mess. This was not because they were distant, but because he had no genius for good-fellowship, and the habit of indifference to his comrades had grown strong upon him.

The period of pleasure was not long. It is impossible to judge whether the little self-indulgence was a weak relapse from an iron purpose or part of a definite plan. The former is more likely, so abrupt and apparently conscience-stricken was the return to labor. His inclinations and his earnest hope were combined in a longing for Corsica¹. It was a bitter disappointment that under the army regulations he must serve a year as second lieutenant before leave could be granted. As if to compensate himself and still his longings for home and family, he sought the companionship of a young Corsican artist named Pontornini, then living at Tournon, a few miles distant. To this friendship we owe the first authentic portrait of Buonaparte. It exhibits a striking profile with a well-shaped mouth, and the expression of gravity is remarkable in a sitter so young. The face portrays a studious mind. Even during the months from November to April he had not entirely deserted his favorite studies, and again Rousseau had been their companion and guide. In a little study of Corsica, dated the twenty-sixth of April, 1786, the earliest of his manuscript papers, he refers to the Social Contract of Rousseau with approval, and the last sentence is: "Thus the Corsicans were able, in obedience to all the laws of justice, to shake off the yoke of Genoa, and can do likewise with that of the French. Amen." But in

¹ For an amusing caricature by a comrade at Paris, see Chuquet. *La jeunesse de Napoléon, I*, 262. The legend is "Buonaparte,

cours, voie au secours de Paoli pour le tirer des mains de ses ennemis"

the spring it was the then famous but since forgotten Abbé Raynal of whom he became a devotee. At the first blush it seems as if Buonaparte's studies were irregular and haphazard. It is customary to attribute slender powers of observation and undefined purposes to childhood and youth. The opinion may be correct in the main, and would, for the matter of that, be true as regards the great mass of adults. But the more we know of psychology through autobiographies, the more certain it appears that many a great life-plan has been formed in childhood, and carried through with unbending rigor to the end. Whether Buonaparte consciously ordered the course of his study and reading or not, there is unity in it from first to last.

After the first rude beginnings there were two nearly parallel lines in his work. The first was the acquisition of what was essential to the practice of a profession — nothing more. No one could be a soldier in either army or navy without a practical knowledge of history and geography, for the earth and its inhabitants are in a special sense the elements of military activity. Nor can towns be fortified, nor camps intrenched, nor any of the manifold duties of the general in the field be performed without the science of quantity and numbers. Just these things, and just so far as they were practical, the dark, ambitious boy was willing to learn. For spelling, grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy he had no care; neither he nor his sister Elisa, the two strong natures of the family, could ever spell any language with accuracy and ease, or speak and write with rhetorical elegance. Among the private papers of his youth there is but one mathematical study of any importance; the rest are either trivial, or have some practical bearing on the problems of gunnery. When at Brienne, his patron had certified that he cared nothing for accom-

plishments and had none. This was the case to the end. But there was another branch of knowledge equally practical, but at that time necessary to so few that it was neither taught nor learned in the schools — the art of politics.

CHAPTER VI

PRIVATE STUDY AND GARRISON LIFE

Napoleon as a Student of Politics — Nature of Rousseau's Political Teachings — The Abbé Raynal — Napoleon Aspires to be the Historian of Corsica — Napoleon's First Love — His Notions of Political Science — The Books He Read — Napoleon at Lyons — His Transfer to Douay — A Victim to Melancholy — Return to Corsica

IN one sense it is true that the first Emperor of the French was a man of no age and of no country; in another sense he was, as few have been, the child of his surroundings and of his time. The study of politics was his own notion; the matter and method of the study were conditioned by his relations to the thought of Europe in the eighteenth century. He evidently hoped that his military and political attainments would one day meet in the culmination of a grand career. To the world and probably to himself it seemed as if the glorious period of the Consulate were the realization of this hope. Those years of his life which so appear were, in fact, the least successful. The unsoundness of his political instructors, and the temper of the age, combined to thwart this ambitious purpose, and render unavailing all his achievements.

Rousseau had every fascination for the young of that time—a captivating style, persuasive logic, the sentiment of a poet, the intensity of a prophet. A native of Corsica would be doubly drawn to him by his interest in that romantic island. Sitting at the feet of such

a teacher, a young scholar would learn through convincing argument the evils of a passing social state as they were not exhibited elsewhere. He would discern the dangers of ecclesiastical authority, of feudal privilege, of absolute monarchy; he would see their disastrous influence in the prostitution, not only of social, but of personal morality, he would become familiar with the necessity for renewing institutions as the only means of regenerating society. All these lessons would have a value not to be exaggerated. On the other hand, when it came to the substitution of positive teaching for negative criticism, he would learn nothing of value and much that was most dangerous. In utter disregard of a sound historical method, there was set up as the cornerstone of the new political structure a fiction of the most treacherous kind. Buonaparte in his notes, written as he read, shows his contempt for it in an admirable refutation of the fundamental error of Rousseau as to the state of nature by this remark: "I believe man in the state of nature had the same power of sensation and reason which he now has." But if he did not accept the premises, there was a portion of the conclusion which he took with avidity, the most dangerous point in all Rousseau's system; namely, the doctrine that all power proceeds from the people, not because of their nature and their historical organization into families and communities, but because of an agreement by individuals to secure public order, and that, consequently, the consent given they can withdraw, the order they have created they can destroy. In this lay not merely the germ, but the whole system of extreme radicalism, the essence, the substance, and the sum of the French Revolution on its extreme and doctrinaire side.

Rousseau had been the prophet and forerunner of the new social dispensation. The scheme for applying its

principles is found in a work which bears the name of a very mediocre person, the Abbé Raynal, a man who enjoyed in his day an extended and splendid reputation which now seems to have had only the slender foundations of unmerited persecution and the friendship of superior men. In 1770 appeared anonymously a volume, of which, as was widely known, he was the compiler. "The Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the Two Indies" is a miscellany of extracts from many sources, and of short essays by Raynal's brilliant acquaintances, on superstition, tyranny, and similar themes. The reputed author had written for the public prints, and had published several works, none of which attracted attention. The amazing success of this one was not remarkable if, as some critics now believe, at least a third of the text was by Diderot. However this may be, the position of Raynal as a man of letters immediately became a foremost one, and such was the vogue of a second edition published over his name in 1780 that the authorities became alarmed. The climax to his renown was achieved when, in 1781, his book was publicly burned, and the compiler fled into exile.

By 1785 the storm had finally subsided, and though he had not yet returned to France, it is supposed that through the friendship of Mme du Colombier, the friendly patroness of the young lieutenant, communication was opened between the great man and his aspiring reader¹ "Not yet eighteen," are the startling words

¹ Masson (Napoléon inconnu, Vol I, p 160) denies all the statements of this paragraph. He likewise proves to his own satisfaction that Bonaparte was neither in Lyons nor in Douay at this time. The narrative here given is based

on Coston and on Jung, who follows the former in his reprint of the documents, giving the very dubious reference, Mss Archives de la guerre. Although these manuscripts could not be found by me, I am not willing to discard Jung's

in the letter written by Buonaparte, "I am a writer: it is the age when we must learn. Will my boldness subject me to your raillery? No, I am sure. If indulgence be a mark of true genius, you should have much indulgence. I inclose chapters one and two of a history of Corsica, with an outline of the rest. If you approve, I will go on; if you advise me to stop, I will go no further." The young historian's letter teems with bad spelling and bad grammar, but it is saturated with the spirit of his age. The chapters as they came to Raynal's hands are not in existence so far as is known, and posterity can never judge how monumental their author's assurance was. The abbé's reply was kindly, but he advised the novice to complete his researches, and then to rewrite his pieces. Buonaparte was not unwilling to profit by the counsels he received: soon after, in July, 1786, he gave two orders to a Genevese bookseller, one for books concerning Corsica, another for the memoirs of Mme. de Warens and her servant Claude Anet, which are a sort of supplement to Rousseau's "Confessions."

During May of the same year he jotted down with considerable fullness his notions of the true relations between Church and State. He had been reading Rostan's reply to Rousseau, and was evidently overpowered with the necessity of subordinating ecclesiastical to secular authority. The paper is rude and incomplete, but it shows whence he derived his policy of dealing with the Pope and the Roman Church in France. It has very unjustly been called an attempted refutation of Christianity: it is nothing of the sort. Ecclesiasticism

authority completely nor to impugn his good faith. Men in office frequently play strange pranks with official papers, and these may yet be found. Moreover, there is

some slight collateral evidence. See *Vieux Napoléon à Lyon*, p. 4, and *Souvenirs à l'usage des habitants de Douay*. Douay, 1822.

and Christianity being hopelessly confused in his mind, he uses the terms interchangeably in an academic and polemic discussion to prove that the theory of the social contract must destroy all ecclesiastical assumption of supreme power in the state

Some of the lagging days were spent not only in novel-reading, as the Emperor in after years confessed to Mme. de Rémusat, but in attempts at novel-writing, to relieve the tedium of idle hours. It is said that first and last Buonaparte read "Werther" five times through. Enough remains among his boyish scribblings to show how fantastic were the dreams both of love and of glory in which he indulged. Many entertain a suspicion that amid the gaieties of the winter he had really lost his heart, or thought he had, and was repulsed. At least, in his "Dialogue on Love," written five years later, he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as harmful to mankind, a something from which God would do well to emancipate it. This may have referred to his first meeting and conversation with a courtesan at Paris, which he describes in one of his papers, but this is not likely from the context, which is not concerned with the gratification of sexual passion. It is of the nobler sentiment that he speaks, and there seems to have been in the interval no opportunity for philandering so good as the one he had enjoyed during his boyish acquaintance with Mlle. Caroline du Colombier. It has, at all events, been her good fortune to secure, by this supposition, a place in history, not merely as the first girl friend of Napoleon, but as the object of his first pure passion.

But these were his avocations; the real occupation of his time was study. Besides reading again the chief works of Rousseau, and devouring those of Raynal, his most beloved author, he also read much in the works

of Voltaire, of Filangieri, of Necker, and of Adam Smith. With note-book and pencil he extracted, annotated, and criticized, his mind alert and every faculty bent to the clear apprehension of the subject in hand. To the conception of the state as a private corporation, which he had imbibed from Rousseau, was now added the conviction that the institutions of France were no longer adapted to the occupations, beliefs, or morals of her people, and that revolution was a necessity. To judge from a memoir presented some years later to the Lyons Academy, he must have absorbed the teachings of the "Two Indies" almost entire.

The consuming zeal for studies on the part of this incomprehensible youth is probably unparalleled. Having read Plutarch in his childhood, he now devoured Herodotus, Strabo, and Diodorus; China, Arabia, and the Indies dazzled his imagination, and what he could lay hands upon concerning the East was soon assimilated. England and Germany next engaged his attention, and toward the close of his studies he became ardent in examining the minutest particulars of French history. It was, moreover, the science of history, and not its literature, which occupied him — dry details of revenue, resources, and institutions, the Sorbonne, the bull Unigenitus, and church history in general; the character of peoples, the origin of institutions, the philosophy of legislation — all these he studied, and, if the fragments of his notes be trustworthy evidence, as they surely are, with some thoroughness. He also found time to read the masterpieces of French literature, and the great critical judgments which had been passed upon them.¹

¹The volumes of Napoléon inconnu contain the text of these papers as deciphered for M.

Masson and revised by him. My own examination, which antedated his transcription by more than a

The agreeable and studious life at Valence was soon ended. Early in August, 1786, a little rebellion, known as the "Two-cent Revolt," broke out in Lyons over a strike of the silk-weavers for two cents an ell more pay and the revolt of the tavern-keepers against the enforcement of the "Banvin," an ancient feudal right levying a heavy tax on the sale of wine. The neighboring garrisons were ordered to furnish their respective quotas for the suppression of the uprising. Buonaparte's company was sent among others, but those earlier on the ground had been active, several workmen had been killed, and the disturbance was already quelled when he arrived. The days he spent at Lyons were so agreeable that, as he wrote his uncle Fesch, he left the city with regret "to follow his destiny." His regiment had been ordered northward to Douay in Flanders, he returned to Valence and reached that city about the end of August. His furlough began nominally on October first, but for the Corsican officers a month's grace was added, so that he was free to leave on September first.

The time spent under the summer skies of the north would have been dreary enough if he had regularly received news from home. Utterly without success in finding occupation in Corsica, and hopeless as to France, Joseph had some time before turned his eyes toward Tuscany for a possible career. He was now about to make a final effort, and seek personally at the Tuscan capital official recognition with a view to relearning his native tongue, now almost forgotten, and to obtaining subsequent employment of any kind that might offer in the land of his birth. Lucien, the archdeacon, was

year (1891), led me to trust their authenticity absolutely, as far as the writer's memory and good faith are concerned. I cannot rely as positively as Masson does

on the *Époques de ma vie*, which has the appearance of a casual scribbling done in an idle moment on the first scrap that came to hand.

seriously ill, and General Marbeuf, the last influential friend of the family, had died. Louis had been promised a scholarship in one of the royal artillery schools, deprived of his patron, he would probably lose the appointment. Finally, the pecuniary affairs of Mme de Buonaparte were again entangled, and now appeared hopeless. She had for a time been receiving an annual state bounty for raising mulberry-trees, as France was introducing silk culture into the island. The inspectors had condemned this year's work, and were withholding a substantial portion of the allowance. These were the facts and they probably reached Napoleon at Valence, it was doubtless a knowledge of them which put an end to all his light-heartedness and to his study, historical or political. He immediately made ready to avail himself of his leave so that he might instantly set out to his mother's relief.

Despondent and anxious, he moped, grew miserable, and contracted a slight malarial fever which for the next six or seven years never entirely relaxed its hold on him. Among his papers has recently been found the long, wild, pessimistic rhapsody to which reference has already been made and in which there is talk of suicide. The plaint is of the degeneracy among men, of the destruction of primitive simplicity in Corsica by the French occupation, of his own isolation, and of his yearning to see his friends once more. Life is no longer worth while; his country gone, a patriot has naught to live for, especially when he has no pleasure and all is pain — when the character of those about him is to his own as moonlight is to sunlight. If there were but a single life in his way, he would bury the avenging blade of his country and her violated laws in the bosom of the tyrant. Some of his complaining was even less coherent than this. It is absurd to take the morbid outpouring seriously,

except in so far as it goes to prove that its writer was a victim of the sentimental egoism into which the psychological studies of the eighteenth century had degenerated, and to suggest that possibly if he had not been Napoleon he might have been a Werther. Though dated May third, no year is given, and it may well describe the writer's feelings in any period of despondency. No such state of mind was likely to have arisen in the preceding spring, but it may have been written even then as a relief to pent-up feelings which did not appear on the surface; or possibly in some later year when the agony of suffering for himself and his family laid hold upon him. In any case it expresses a bitter melancholy, such as would be felt by a boy face to face with want

At Valence Napoleon visited his old friend the Abbé Saint-Ruf, to solicit favor for Lucien, who, having left Brienne, would study nothing but the humanities, and was determined to become a priest. At Aix he saw both his uncle Fesch and his brother. At Marseilles he is said to have paid his respects to the Abbé Raynal, requesting advice, and seeking further encouragement in his historical labors. This is very doubtful, for there is no record of Raynal's return to France before 1787. Lodging in that city, as appears from a memorandum on his papers, with a M. Allard, he must soon have found a vessel sailing for his destination, because he came expeditiously to Ajaccio, arriving in that city toward the middle of the month, if the ordinary time had been consumed in the journey. Such appears to be the likeliest account of this period, although our knowledge is not complete. In the archives of Douay, there is, according to an anonymous local historian, a record of Buonaparte's presence in that city with the regiment of La Fère, and he is quoted as having declared at Elba

to Sir Neil Campbell that he had been sent thither. But in the "Epochs of My Life," he wrote that he left Valence on September first, 1786, for Ajaccio, arriving on the fifteenth. Weighing the probabilities, it seems likely that the latter was doubtful, since there is but the slenderest possibility of his having been at Douay in the following year, the only other hypothesis, and there exists no record of his activities in Corsica before the spring of 1787. The chronology of the two years is still involved in obscurity and it is possible that he went with his regiment to Douay, contracted his malaria there, and did not actually get leave of absence until February first of the latter year.

CHAPTER VII

FURTHER ATTEMPTS AT AUTHORSHIP

Straits of the Buonaparte Family — Napoleon's Efforts to Relieve Them — Home Studies — His History and Short Stories — Visit to Paris — Renewed Petitions to Government — More Authorship — Secures Extension of his Leave — The Family Fortunes Desperate — The History of Corsica Completed — Its Style, Opinions, and Value — Failure to Find a Publisher — Sentiments Expressed in his Short Stories — Napoleon's Irregularities as a French Officer — His Life at Auxonne — His Vain Appeal to Paoli — The History Dedicated to Necker.

WHEN Napoleon arrived at Ajaccio, and, after an absence of eight years, was again with his family, he found their affairs in a serious condition. Not one of the old French officials remained, the diplomatic leniency of occupation was giving place to the official stringency of a permanent possession; proportionately the disaffection of the patriot remnant among the people was slowly developing into a wide-spread discontent. Joseph, the hereditary head of a family which had been thoroughly French in conduct, and was supposed to be so in sentiment, which at least looked to the King for further favors, was still a stanch royalist. Having been unsuccessful in every other direction, he was now seeking to establish a mercantile connection with Florence which would enable him to engage in the oil-trade. A modest beginning was, he hoped, about to be made. It was high time, for the only support of his mother and her children, in the failure to secure the promised subsidy for her mulberry plantations, was the

income of the old archdeacon, who was now confined to his room, and growing feebler every day under attacks of gout. Unfortunately, Joseph's well-meant efforts again came to naught.

The behavior of the pale, feverish, masterful young lieutenant was not altogether praiseworthy. He filled the house with his new-fangled philosophy, and assumed a self-important air. Among his papers and in his own handwriting is a blank form for engaging and binding recruits. Clearly he had a tacit understanding either with himself or with others to secure some of the fine Corsican youth for the regiment of La Fère. But there is no record of any success in the enterprise. Among the letters which he wrote was one dated April first, 1787, to the renowned Dr. Tissot of Lausanne, referring to his correspondent's interest in Paoli, and asking advice concerning the treatment of the canon's gout. The physician never replied, and the epistle was found among his papers marked "unanswered and of little interest." The old ecclesiastic listened to his nephew's patriotic tirades, and even approved; Mme de Buonaparte coldly disapproved. She would have preferred calmer, more efficient common sense. Not that her son was inactive in her behalf; on the contrary, he began a series of busy representations to the provincial officials which secured some good-will and even trifling favor to the family. But the results were otherwise unsatisfactory, for the mulberry money was not paid.

Napoleon's zeal for study was not in the least abated in the atmosphere of home. Joseph in his memoirs says the reunited family was happy in spite of troubles. There was reciprocal joy in their companionship and his long absent brother was glad in the pleasures both of home and of nature so congenial to his feelings and his tastes. The most important part of Napoleon's baggage

appears to have been the books, documents, and papers he brought with him. That he had collections on Corsica has been told. Joseph says he had also the classics of both French and Latin literature as well as the philosophical writings of Plato; likewise, he thinks, Ossian and Homer. In the "Discourse" presented not many years later to the Lyons Academy and in the talks at St. Helena, Napoleon refers to his enjoyment of nature at this time, to the hours spent in the grotto, or under the majestic oak, or in the shade of the olive groves, all parts of the sadly neglected garden of Milleli some distance from the house and belonging to his mother; to his walks on the meadows among the lowing herds; to his wanderings on the shore at sunset, his return by moonlight, and the gentle melancholy which unbidden enveloped him in spite of himself. He savored the air of Corsica, the smell of its earth, the spicy breezes of its thickets, he would have known his home with his eyes shut, and with them open he found it the earthly paradise. Yet all the while he was busy, very busy, partly with good reading, partly in the study of history, and in large measure with the practical conduct of the family affairs.

As the time for return to service drew near it was clear that the mother with her family of four helpless little children, all a serious charge on her time and purse, could not be left without the support of one older son, at least; and Joseph was now about to seek his fortune in Pisa. Accordingly Napoleon with methodical care drew up two papers still existing, a memorandum of how an application for renewed leave on the ground of sickness was to be made and also the form of application itself, which no doubt he copied. At any rate he applied, on the ground of ill health, for a renewal of leave to last five and a half months. It was granted, and the regular

round of family cares went on; but the days and weeks brought no relief. Ill health there was, and perhaps sufficient to justify that plea, but the physical fever was intensified by the checks which were set upon ambition. The passion for authorship reasserted itself with undiminished violence. The history of Corsica was resumed, recast, and vigorously continued, while at the same time the writer completed a short story entitled "The Count of Essex," — with an English setting, of course, — and wrote a Corsican novel. The latter abounds in bitterness against France, the most potent force in the development of the plot being the dagger. The author's use of French, though easier, is still very imperfect. A slight essay, or rather story, in the style of Voltaire, entitled "The Masked Prophet," was also completed.

It was reported early in the autumn that many regiments were to be mobilized for special service, among them that of La Fère. This gave Napoleon exactly the opening he desired, and he left Corsica at once, without reference to the end of his furlough. He reached Paris in October, a fortnight before he was due. His regiment was still at Douay: he may have spent a few days with it in that city. But this is not certain, and soon after it was transferred to St Denis, now almost a suburb of Paris; it was destined for service in western France, where incipient tumults were presaging the coming storm. Eventually its destination was changed and it was ordered to Auxonne. The Estates-General of France were about to meet for the first time in one hundred and seventy-five years; they had last met in 1614, and had broken up in disorder. They were now called as a desperate remedy, not understood, but at least untried, for ever-increasing embarrassments; and the government, fearing still greater disorders, was

making ready to repress any that might break out in districts known to be specially disaffected. All this was apparently of secondary importance to young Buonaparte, he had a scheme to use the crisis for the benefit of his family. Compelled by their utter destitution at the time of his father's death, he had temporarily and for that occasion assumed his father's rôle of suppliant. Now for a second time he sent in a petition. It was written in Paris, dated November ninth, 1787, and addressed, in his mother's behalf, to the intendant for Corsica resident at the French capital. His name and position must have carried some weight, it could not have been the mere effrontery of an adventurer which secured him a hearing at Versailles, an interview with the prime minister, Loménie de Brienne, and admission to all the minor officials who might deal with his mother's claim. All these privileges he declares that he had enjoyed and the statements must have been true. The petition was prefaced by a personal letter containing them. Though a supplication in form, the request is unlike his father's humble and almost cringing papers, being rather a demand for justice than a petition for favor; it is unlike them in another respect, because it contains a falsehood, or at least an utterly misleading half-truth: a statement that he had shortened his leave because of his mother's urgent necessities.

The paper was not handed in until after the expiration of his leave, and his true object was not to rejoin his regiment, as was hinted in it, but to secure a second extension of leave. Such was the slackness of discipline that he spent all of November and the first half of December in Paris. During this period he made acquaintance with the darker side of Paris life. The papers numbered four, five, and six in the Fesch collection give a fairly detailed account of one adventure and

his bitter repentance. The second suggests the writing of history as an antidote for unhappiness, and the last is a long, rambling effusion in denunciation of pleasure, passion, and license; of gallantry as utterly incompatible with patriotism. His acquaintance with history is ransacked for examples. Still another short effusion which may belong to the same period is in the form of an imaginary letter, saturated likewise with the Corsican spirit, addressed by King Theodore to Walpole. It has little value or meaning, except as it may possibly foreshadow the influence on Napoleon's imagination of England's boundless hospitality to political fugitives like Theodore and Paoli.

Lieutenant Buonaparte remained in Paris until he succeeded in procuring permission to spend the next six months in Corsica, at his own charges. He was quite as disingenuous in his request to the Minister of War as in his memorial to the intendant for Corsica, representing that the estates of Corsica were about to meet, and that his presence was essential to safeguard important interests which in his absence would be seriously compromised. Whatever such a plea may have meant, his serious cares as the real head of the family were ever uppermost, and never neglected. Louis had, as was feared, lost his appointment, and though not past the legal age, was really too old to await another vacancy; Lucien was determined to leave Brienne in any case, and to stay at Aix in order to seize the first chance which might arise of entering the seminary. Napoleon made some provision — what it was is not known — for Louis's further temporary stay at Brienne, and then took Lucien with him as far as their route lay together. He reached his home again on the first of January, 1788.

The affairs of the family were at last utterly desperate, and were likely, moreover, to grow worse before they

grew better. The old archdeacon was failing daily, and, although known to have means, he declared himself destitute of ready money. With his death would disappear a portion of his income; his patrimony and savings, which the Buonapartes hoped of course to inherit, were an uncertain quantity, probably insufficient for the needs of such a family. The mulberry money was still unpaid; all hope of wresting the ancestral estates from the government authorities was buried; Joseph was without employment, and, as a last expedient, was studying in Pisa for admission to the bar. Louis and Lucien were each a heavy charge; Napoleon's income was insufficient even for his own modest wants, regulated though they were by the strictest economy. Who shall cast a stone at the shiftiness of a boy not yet nineteen, charged with such cares, yet consumed with ambition, and saturated with the romantic sentimentalism of his times? Some notion of his embarrassments and despair can be obtained from a rapid survey of his mental states and the corresponding facts. An ardent republican and revolutionary, he was tied by the strongest bonds to the most despotic monarchy in Europe. A patriotic Corsican, he was the servant of his country's oppressor. Conscious of great ability, he was seeking an outlet in the pursuit of literature, a line of work entirely unsuited to his powers. The head and support of a large family, he was almost penniless; if he should follow his convictions, he and they might be altogether so. In the period of choice and requiring room for experiment, he saw himself doomed to a fixed, inglorious career, and caged in a framework of unpropitious circumstance. Whatever the moral obliquity in his feeble expedients, there is the pathos of human limitations in their character.

Whether the resolution had long before been taken,

or was of recent formation, Napoleon now intended to make fame and profit go hand in hand. The meeting of the Corsican estates was, as far as is known, entirely forgotten, and authorship was resumed, not merely with the ardor of one who writes from inclination, but with the regular drudgery of a craftsman. In spite of all discouragements, he appeared to a visitor in his family, still considered the most devoted in the island to the French monarchy because so favored by it, as being "full of vivacity, quick in his speech and motions, his mind apparently hard at work in digesting schemes and forming plans and proudly rejecting every other suggestion but that of his own fancy. For this intolerable ambition he was often reproved by the elder Lucien, his uncle, a dignitary of the church. Yet these admonitions seemed to make no impression upon the mind of Napoleon, who received them with a grin of pity, if not of contempt."¹ The amusements of the versatile and headstrong boy would have been sufficient occupation for most men. Regulating, as far as possible, his mother's complicated affairs, he journeyed frequently to Bastia, probably to collect money due for young mulberry-trees which had been sold, possibly to get material for his history. On these visits he met and dined with the artillery officers of the company stationed there. One of them, M. de Roman, a very pronounced royalist, has given in his memoirs a striking portrait of his guest.² "His face was not pleasing to me at all, his character still less; and he was so dry and sententious for a youth of his age, a French officer too, that I never for a moment entertained the thought of making him my friend. My knowledge of governments, ancient and modern, was not sufficiently extended to discuss with him his favorite

¹ Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, I, 47.

² *Souvenirs d'un officier royaliste*, par M. de R. . . , Vol I, p. 117.

subject of conversation. So when in my turn I gave the dinner, which happened three or four times that year, I retired after the coffee, leaving him to the hands of a captain of ours, far better able than I was to lock arms with such a valiant antagonist. My comrades, like myself, saw nothing in this but absurd pedantry. We even believed that this magisterial tone which he assumed was meaningless until one day when he reasoned so forcibly on the rights of nations in general, his own in particular, *Stupete gentes!* that we could not recover from our amazement, especially when in speaking of a meeting of their Estates, about calling which there was some deliberation, and which M. de Barrin sought to delay, following in that the blunders of his predecessor, he said: 'that it was very surprising that M. de Barrin thought to prevent them from deliberating about their interests,' adding in a threatening tone, 'M. de Barrin does not know the Corsicans; he will see what they can do.' This expression gave the measure of his character. One of our comrades replied: 'Would you draw your sword against the King's representative?' He made no answer. We separated coldly and that was the last time this former comrade did me the honor to dine with me." Making all allowance, this incident exhibits the feeling and purpose of Napoleon. During these days he also completed a plan for the defense of St. Florent, of La Mortilla, and of the Gulf of Ajaccio; drew up a report on the organization of the Corsican militia, and wrote a paper on the strategic importance of the Madeleine Islands. This was his play, his work was the history of Corsica. It was finished sooner than he had expected; anxious to reap the pecuniary harvest of his labors and resume his duties, he was ready for the printer when he left for France in the latter part of May to secure its publication. Although dedicated in its

first form to a powerful patron, Monseigneur Marbeuf, then Bishop of Sens, like many works from the pen of genius it remained at the author's death in manuscript.

The book was of moderate size, and of moderate merit.¹ Its form, repeatedly changed from motives of expediency, was at first that of letters addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Its contents display little research and no scholarship. The style is intended to be popular, and is dramatic rather than narrative. There is exhibited, as everywhere in these early writings, an intense hatred of France, a glowing affection for Corsica and her heroes. A very short account of one chapter will sufficiently characterize the whole work. Having outlined in perhaps the most effective passage the career of Sampiero, and sketched his diplomatic failures at all the European courts except that of Constantinople, where at last he had secured sympathy and was promised aid, the author depicts the patriot's bitterness when recalled by the news of his wife's treachery. Confronting his guilty spouse, deaf to every plea for pity, hardened against the tender caresses of his children, the Corsican hero utters judgment. "Madam," he sternly says, "in the face of crime and disgrace, there is no other resort but death." Vannina at first falls unconscious, but, regaining her senses, she clasps her children to her breast and begs life for their sake. But feeling that the petition is futile, she then recalls the memory of her earlier virtue, and, facing her fate, begs as a last favor that no base executioner shall lay his soiled hands on the wife of Sampiero, but that he himself shall execute the sentence. Vannina's behavior moves her husband, but does not touch his heart. "The pity and tenderness," says Buonaparte, "which she should have awakened found a soul thenceforward closed to the

¹ Printed in *Napoléon inconnu*, Vol II, p 167

power of sentiment Vannina died. She died by the hands of Sampiero ”

Neither the publishers of Valence, nor those of Dôle, nor those of Auxonne, would accept the work. At Paris one was finally found who was willing to take a half risk. The author, disillusioned but sanguine, was on the point of accepting the proposition, and was occupied with considering ways and means, when his friend the Bishop of Sens was suddenly disgraced. The manuscript was immediately copied and revised, with the result, probably, of making its tone more intensely Corsican, for it was now to be dedicated to Paoli. The literary aspirant must have foreseen the coming crash, and must have felt that the exile was to be again the liberator, and perhaps the master, of his native land. At any rate, he abandoned the idea of immediate publication, possibly in the dawning hope that as Paoli's lieutenant he could make Corsican history better than he could write it. It is this copy which has been preserved; the original was probably destroyed.

The other literary efforts of this feverish time were not as successful even as those in historical writing. The stories are wild and crude; one only, "The Masked Prophet," has any merit or interest whatsoever. Though more finished than the others, its style is also abrupt and full of surprises; the scene and characters are Oriental; the plot is a feeble invention. An ambitious and rebellious Ameer is struck with blindness, and has recourse to a silver mask to deceive his followers. Unsuccessful, he poisons them all, throws their corpses into pits of quicklime, then leaps in himself, to deceive the world and leave no trace of mortality behind. His enemies believe, as he desired, that he and his people have been taken up into heaven. The whole, however, is dimly prescient, and the concluding lines of the fable

have been thought by believers in augury to be prophetic "Incredible instance! How far can the passion for fame go!" Among the papers of this period are also a constitution for the "calotte," a secret society of his regiment organized to keep its members up to the mark of conduct expected from gentlemen and officers, and many political notes. One of these rough drafts is a project for an essay on royal power, intended to treat of its origin and to display its usurpations, and which closes with these words. "There are but few kings who do not deserve to be dethroned."

The various absences of Buonaparte from his regiment up to this time are antagonistic to our modern ideas of military duty. The subsequent ones seem simply inexplicable, even in a service so lax as that of the crumbling Bourbon dynasty. Almost immediately after Joseph's return, on the first of June he sailed for France. He did not reach Auxonne, where the artillery regiment La Fère was now stationed, until early in that month, 1788. He remained there less than a year and a half, and then actually obtained another leave of absence, from September tenth, 1789, to February, 1791, which he fully intended should end in his retirement from the French service.¹ The incidents of this second term of garrison life are not numerous, but from the considerable

¹ Similar instances of repeated and lengthened absence from duty among the young officers are numerous and easily found in the archives. Nevertheless, Buonaparte's case is a very extraordinary example of how a clever person could work the system. The facts are bad enough, but as many cities claimed Homer, so in the Napoleonic legend events of a sojourn at Strasburg about this time were given in great detail. He

was in relations with a famous actress and wrote verses which are printed. Even Metternich records that the young Napoleon Bonaparte had just left the Alsatian capital when he himself arrived there in 1788. Later, in 1806, a fencing-master claimed that he had instructed both these great men in the earlier year at Strasburg. Yet the whole tale is impossible. See *Napoléon inconnu* Vol. I, p. 204.

body of his notes and exercises which dates from the period we know that he suddenly developed great zeal in the study of artillery, theoretical and practical, and that he redoubled his industry in the pursuit of historical and political science. In the former line he worked diligently and became expert. With his instructor Duteil he grew intimate and the friendship was close throughout life. He associated on the best of terms with his old friend des Mazis and began a pleasant acquaintance with Gassendi. So faithful was he to the minutest details of his profession that he received marks of the highest distinction. Not yet twenty and only a second lieutenant, he was appointed, with six officers of higher rank, a member of the regimental commission to study the best disposal of mortars and cannon in firing shells. Either at this time or later (the date is uncertain), he had sole charge of important manœuvres held in honor of the Prince of Condé. These honors he recounted with honest pride in a letter dated August twenty-second to his great-uncle. Among the Fesch papers are considerable fragments of his writing on the theory, practice, and history of artillery. Antiquated as are their contents, they show how patient and thorough was the work of the student, and some of their ideas adapted to new conditions were his permanent possession, as the greatest master of artillery at the height of his fame. In the study of politics he read Plato and examined the constitutions of antiquity, devouring with avidity what literature he could find concerning Venice, Turkey, Tartary, and Arabia. At the same time he carefully read the history of England, and made some accurate observations on the condition of contemporaneous politics in France.

His last disappointment had rendered him more taciturn and misanthropic than ever, it seems clear that

he was working to become an expert, not for the benefit of France, but for that of Corsica. Charged with the oversight of some slight works on the fortifications, he displayed such incompetence that he was actually punished by a short arrest. Misfortune still pursued the family. The youth who had been appointed to Brienne when Louis was expecting a scholarship suddenly died. Mme. de Buonaparte was true to the family tradition, and immediately forwarded a petition for the place, but was, as before, unsuccessful. Lucien was not yet admitted to Aix, Joseph was a barrister, to be sure, but briefless. Napoleon once again, but for the last time, — and with marked impatience, even with impertinence, — took up the task of solicitation. The only result was a good-humored, non-committal reply. Meantime the first mutterings of the revolutionary outbreak were heard, and spasmodic disorders, trifling but portentous, were breaking out, not only among the people, but even among the royal troops. One of these, at Seurre, was occasioned by the news that the hated and notorious syndicate existing under the scandalous agreement with the King known as the "Bargain of Famine" had been making additional purchases of grain from two merchants of that town. This was in April, 1789. Buonaparte was put in command of a company and sent to aid in suppressing the riot. But it was ended before he arrived; on May first he returned to Auxonne.

Four days later the Estates met at Versailles. What was passing in the mind of the restless, bitter, disappointed Corsican is again plainly revealed. A famous letter to Paoli, to which reference has already been made, is dated June twelfth. It is a justification of his cherished work as the only means open to a poor man, the slave of circumstances, for summoning the French



From the collection of W. C. Crane

Engraved by Huot

CHARLES BONAPARTE
FATHER OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON
1785

Painted by Groudet

administration to the bar of public opinion; viz., by comparing it with Paoli's. Willing to face the consequences, the writer asks for documentary materials and for moral support, ending with ardent assurances of devotion from his family, his mother, and himself. But there is a ring of false coin in many of its words and sentences. The "infamy" of those who betrayed Corsica was the infamy of his own father, the "devotion" of the Buonaparte family had been to the French interest, in order to secure free education, with support for their children, in France. The "enthusiasm" of Napoleon was a cold, unsentimental determination to push their fortunes, which, with opposite principles, would have been honorable enough. In later years Lucien said that he had made two copies of the history. It was probably one of these which has been preserved. Whether or not Paoli read the book does not appear. Be that as it may, his reply to Buonaparte's letter, written some months later, was not calculated to encourage the would-be historian. Without absolutely refusing the documents asked for by the aspiring writer, he explained that he had no time to search for them, and that, besides, Corsican history was only important in any sense by reason of the men who had made it, not by reason of its achievements. Among other bits of fatherly counsel was this: "You are too young to write history. Make ready for such an enterprise slowly. Patiently collect your anecdotes and facts. Accept the opinions of other writers with reserve." As if to soften the severity of his advice, there follows a strain of modest self-depreciation: "Would that others had known less of me and I more of myself. *Probe diu vivimus*; may our descendants so live that they shall speak of me merely as one who had good intentions."

Buonaparte's last shift in the treatment of his book

CHAPTER VIII

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

The French Aristocracy — Priests, Lawyers, and Petty Nobles — Burghers, Artisans and Laborers — Intelligent Curiosity of the Nation — Exasperating Anachronisms — Contrast of Demand and Resources — The Great Nobles a Barrier to Reform — Mistakes of the King — The Estates Meet at Versailles — The Court Party Provokes Violence — Downfall of Feudal Privilege.

AT last the ideas of the century had declared open war on its institutions; their moral conquest was already coextensive with central and western Europe, but the first efforts toward their realization were to be made in France, for the reason that the line of least resistance was to be found not through the most down-trodden, but through the freest and the best instructed nation on the Continent. Both the clergy and the nobility of France had become accustomed to the absorption in the crown of their ancient feudal power. They were content with the great offices in the church, in the army, and in the civil administration, with exemption from the payment of taxes; they were happy in the delights of literature and the fine arts, in the joys of a polite, self-indulgent, and spendthrift society, so artificial and conventional that for most of its members a sufficient occupation was found in the study and exposition of its trivial but complex customs. The conduct and maintenance of a salon, the stage, gallantry; clothes, table manners, the use of the fan: these are specimens of what were considered not the incidents but the essentials of life.

The serious-minded among the upper classes were as enlightened as any of their rank elsewhere. They were familiar with prevalent philosophies, and full of compassion for miseries which, for lack of power, they could not remedy, and which, to their dismay, they only intensified in their attempts at alleviation. They were even ready for considerable sacrifices. The gracious side of the character of Louis XVI is but a reflection of the piety, moderation, and earnestness of many of the nobles. His rule was mild; there were no excessive indignities practised in the name of royal power except in cases like that of the "Bargain of Famine," where he believed himself helpless. The lower clergy, as a whole, were faithful in the performance of their duties. This was not true of the hierarchy. They were great landowners, and their interests coincided with those of the upper nobility. The doubt of the country had not left them untouched, and there were many without conviction or principle, time-serving and irreverent. The lawyers and other professional men were to be found, for the most part, in Paris and in the towns. They had their livelihood in the irregularities of society, and, as a class, were retentive of ancient custom and present social habits. Although by birth they belonged in the main to the third estate, they were in reality adjunct to the first, and consequently, being integral members of neither, formed a strong independent class by themselves. The petty nobles were in much the same condition with regard to the wealthy, powerful families in their own estate and to the rich burghers; they married the fortunes of the latter and accepted their hospitality, but otherwise treated them with the same exclusive condescension as that displayed to themselves by the great.

But if the estate of the clergy and the estate of the nobility were alike divided in character and interests,

this was still more true of the burghers. In 1614, at the close of the middle ages, the third estate had been little concerned with the agricultural laborer. For various reasons this class had been gradually emancipated until now there was less serfage in France than elsewhere, more than a quarter, perhaps a third, of the land was in the hands of peasants and other small proprietors. This, to be sure, was economically disastrous, for over-division of land makes tillage unprofitable, and these very men were the taxpayers. The change had been still more marked in the denizens of towns. During the last two centuries the wealthy burghesses had grown still more wealthy in the expansion of trade, commerce, and manufactures; many had struggled and bought their way into the ranks of the nobility. The small tradesmen had remained smug, hard to move, and resentful of change. But there was a large body of men unknown to previous constitutions, and growing ever larger with the increase in population — intelligent and unintelligent artisans, half-educated employees in workshops, mills, and trading-houses, ever recruited from the country population, seeking such intermittent occupation as the towns afforded. The very lowest stratum of this society was then, as now, most dangerous; idle, dissipated, and unscrupulous, they were yet sufficiently educated to discuss and disseminate perilous doctrines, and were often most ready in speech and fertile in resource.

This comparative well-being of a nation, devoted like the ancient Greeks to novelty, avid of great ideas and great deeds, holding opinions not merely for the pleasure of intellectual gymnastics but logically and with a view to their realization, sensitive to influences like the deep impressions made on their thinkers by the English and American revolutions — such relative comfort with its

attendant opportunities for discussion was not the least of many causes which made France the vanguard in the great revolution which had already triumphed in theory throughout the continent and was eventually to transform the social order of all Europe

Discussion is not only a safety-valve, it is absolutely essential in governments where the religion, morals, opinions, and occupations of the people give form and character to institutions and legislation. The centralized and despotic Bourbon monarchy of France was an anachronism among an intelligent people. So was every institution emanating from and dependent upon it. It was impossible for the structure to stand indefinitely, however tenderly it was treated, however cleverly it was propped and repaired. As in the case of England in 1688 and of her colonies in 1772, the immediate and direct agency in the crash was a matter of money. But the analogy holds good no further, for in France the questions of property and taxation were vastly more complex than in England, where the march of events had so largely destroyed feudalism, or in America, where feudalism had never existed. On the great French estates the laborers had first to support the proprietor and his representatives, then the Church and the King; the minute remainder of their gains was scarcely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. The small proprietors were so hampered in their operations by the tiny size of their holdings that they were still restricted to ancient and wretched methods of cultivation; but they too were so burdened with contributions direct and indirect that famine was always imminent with them as well. Under whatever name the tax was known, license (*octroi*), bridge and ferry toll, road-work, salt-tax, or whatever it may have been, it was chiefly distasteful not because of its form but because it was oppres-

sive. Some of it was paid to the proprietors, some to the state. The former was more hateful because the gainer was near and more tangible; the hatred of the country people for the feudal privileges and those who held them was therefore concrete and quite as intense as the more doctrinaire dislike of the poor in the towns to the rich. Such was the alienation of classes from each other throughout the beginning and middle of the century that the disasters which French arms suffered at the hands of Marlborough and Frederick, so far from humiliating the nation, gave pleasure and not pain to the masses because they were, as they thought, defeats not of France, but of the nobility and of the crown.

Feudal dues had arisen when those imposing them had the physical force to compel their payment and were also the proprietors of the land on which they were exacted. Now the nobility were entirely stripped of power and in many instances of land as well. How empty and bottomless the oppressive institutions and how burdensome the taxes which rested on nothing but a paper grant, musty with age and backed only by royal complaisance! Want too was always looking in at the doors of the many, while the few were enjoying the national substance. This year there was a crisis, for before the previous harvest time devastating hail-storms had swept the fields, in 1788; during the winter there had been pinching want and many had perished from destitution and cold, the advancing seasons had brought warmth, but sufficient time had not even yet elapsed for fields and herds to bring forth their increase, and by the myriad firesides of the people hunger was still an unwelcome guest.

With wholesome economy such crises may be surmounted in a rich and fertile country. But economy had not been practised for fifty years by the governing

classes. As early as 1739 there had been a deficiency in the French finances. From small beginnings the annual loans had grown until, in 1787, the sum to be raised over and above the regular income was no less than thirty-two millions of dollars. This was all due to the extravagance of the court and the aristocracy, who spent, for the most part, far more than the amount they actually collected and which they honestly believed to be their income. Such a course was vastly more disastrous than it appeared, being ruinous not only to personal but to national well-being, inasmuch as what the nobles, even the earnest and honest ones, believed to be their legitimate income was not really such. Two thirds of the land was in their hands, the other third paid the entire land-tax. They were therefore regarding as their own two thirds of what was in reality taken altogether from the pockets of the small proprietors. Small sacrifices the ruling class professed itself ready to make, but such a one as to pay their share of the land-tax — never. It had been proposed also to destroy the monopoly of the grain trade, and to abolish the road-work, a task more hateful to the people than any tax, because it brought them into direct contact with the exasperating superciliousness of petty officials. But in all these proposed reforms, Necker, Calonne, and Loménie de Brienne, each approaching the nobles from a separate standpoint, had alike failed. The nobility could see in such retrenchment and change nothing but ruin for themselves. An assembly of notables, called in 1781, would not listen to propositions which seemed suicidal. The King began to alienate the affection of his natural allies, the people, by yielding to the clamor of the court party. From the nobility he could wring nothing. The royal treasury was therefore actually bankrupt, the nobles believed that they were threatened with bank-

ruptcy, and the people knew that they themselves were not only bankrupt, but also hungry and oppressed.

At last the King, aware of the nation's extremity, began to undertake reforms without reference to class prejudice, and on his own authority. He decreed a stamp-tax, and the equal distribution of the land-tax. He strove to compel the unwilling parliament of Paris, a court of justice which, though ancient, he himself had but recently reconstituted, to register his decrees, and then banished it from the capital because it would not. That court had been the last remaining check on absolutism in the country, and, as such, an ally of the people; so that although the motives and the measures of Louis were just, the high-handed means to which he resorted in order to carry them alienated him still further from the affections of the nation. The parliament, in justifying its opposition, had declared that taxes in France could be laid only by the Estates-General. The people had almost forgotten the very name, and were entirely ignorant of what that body was, vaguely supposing that, like the English Parliament or the American Congress, it was in some sense a legislative assembly. They therefore made their voice heard in no uncertain sound, demanding that the Estates should meet. Louis abandoned his attitude of independence, and recalled the Paris parliament from Troyes, but only to exasperate its members still further by insisting on a huge loan, on the restoration of civil rights to the Protestants, and on restricting, not only its powers, but those of all similar courts throughout the realm. The parliament then declared that France was a limited monarchy with constitutional checks on the power of the crown, and exasperated men flocked to the city to remonstrate against the menace to their liberties in the degradation of all the parliaments by the King's action in regard to that of

Paris. Those from Brittany formed an association, which soon admitted other members, and developed into the notorious Jacobin Club, so called from its meeting-place, a convent on the Rue St. Honoré, once occupied by Dominican monks who had moved thither from the Rue St. Jacques.

To summon the Estates was a virtual confession that absolutism in France was at an end. In the seventeenth century the three estates deliberated separately. Such matters came before them as were submitted by the crown, chiefly demands for revenue. A decision was reached by the agreement of any two of the three, and whatever proposition the crown submitted was either accepted or rejected. There was no real legislation. Louis no doubt hoped that the eighteenth-century assembly would be like that of the seventeenth. He could then, by the coalition of the nobles and the clergy against the burghers, or by any other arrangement of two to one, secure authorization either for his loans or for his reforms, as the case might be, and so carry both. But the France of 1789 was not the France of 1614. As soon as the call for the meeting was issued, and the decisive steps were taken, the whole country was flooded with pamphlets. Most of them were ephemeral; one was epochal. In it the Abbé Sieyès asked the question, "What is the third estate?" and answered so as to strengthen the already spreading conviction that the people of France were really the nation. The King was so far convinced as to agree that the third estate should be represented by delegates equal in number to those of the clergy and nobles combined. The elections passed quietly, and on May fifth, 1789, the Estates met at Versailles, under the shadow of the court. It was immediately evident that the hands of the clock could not be put back two centuries, and that here was gath-

ered an assembly unlike any that had ever met in the country, determined to express the sentiments, and to be the executive, of the masses who in their opinion constituted the nation. On June seventeenth, therefore, after long talk and much hesitation, the representatives of the third estate declared themselves the representatives of the whole nation, and invited their colleagues of the clergy and nobles to join them. Their meeting-place having been closed in consequence of this decision, they gathered without authorization in the royal tennis-court on June twentieth, and bound themselves by oath not to disperse until they had introduced a new order. Louis was nevertheless nearly successful in his plan of keeping the sittings of the three estates separate. He was thwarted by the eloquence and courage of Mirabeau. On June twenty-seventh a majority of the delegates from the two upper estates joined those of the third estate in constituting a national assembly.

At this juncture the court party began the disastrous policy which in the end was responsible for most of the terrible excesses of the French Revolution, by insisting that troops should be called to restrain the Assembly, and that Necker should be banished. Louis showed the same vacillating spirit now that he had displayed in yielding to the Assembly, and assented. The noble officers had lately shown themselves untrustworthy, and the men in the ranks refused to obey when called to fight against the people. The baser social elements of the whole country had long since swarmed to the capital. Their leaders now fanned the flame of popular discontent until at last resort was had to violence. On July twelfth the barriers of Paris were burned, and the regular troops were defeated by the mob in the Place Vendôme; on July fourteenth the Bastille, in itself a

harmless anachronism, but considered by the masses to typify all the tyrannical shifts and inhuman oppressions known to despotism, was razed to the ground. As if to crown their baseness, the extreme conservatives among the nobles, the very men who had brought the King to such straits, now abandoned him and fled.

Louis finally bowed to the storm, and came to reside among his people in Paris, as a sign of submission. Bailly, an excellent and judicious man, was made mayor of the city, and Lafayette, with his American laurels still unfaded, was made commander of a newly organized force, to be known as the National Guard. On July seventeenth the King accepted the red, white, and blue — the recognized colors of liberty — as national. The insignia of a dynasty were exchanged for the badge of a principle. A similar transformation took place throughout the land, and administration everywhere passed quietly into the hands of the popular representatives. The flying nobles found their châteaux hotter than Paris. Not only must the old feudal privileges go, but with them the old feudal grants, the charters of oppression in the muniment chests. These charters the peasants insisted must be destroyed. If they could not otherwise gain possession of them, they resorted to violence, and sometimes in the intoxication of the hour they exceeded the bounds of reason, abusing both the persons and the legitimate property of their enemies. Death or surrender was often the alternative. So it was that there was no refuge on their estates, not even a temporary one, for those who had so long possessed them. Many had already passed into foreign lands; the emigration increased, and continued in a steady stream. The moderate nobles, honest patriots to whom life in exile was not life at all, now clearly saw that their order must yield. In the night session of August fourth, sometimes called

the "St. Bartholomew of privilege," they surrendered their privileges in a mass. Every vestige, not only of feudal, but also of chartered privilege, was to be swept away, even the King's hunting-grounds were to be reduced to the dimensions permitted to a private gentleman. All men alike, it was agreed, were to renounce the conventional and arbitrary distinctions which had created inequality in civil and political life, and accept the absolute equality of citizenship. Liberty and fraternity were the two springers of the new arch; its keystone was to be equality. On August twenty-third the Assembly decreed freedom of religious opinion; on the next day freedom of the press.

CHAPTER IX

BUONAPARTE AND REVOLUTION IN CORSICA

Napoleon's Studies Continued at Auxonne — Another Illness and a Furlough — His Scheme of Corsican Liberation — His Appearance at Twenty — His Attainments and Character — His Shifty Conduct — The Homeward Journey — New Parties in Corsica — Salicetti and the Nationalists — Napoleon Becomes a Political Agitator and Leader of the Radicals — The National Assembly Incorporates Corsica with France and Grants Amnesty to Paoli — Momentary Joy of the Corsican Patriots — The French Assembly Ridicules Genoa's Protest — Napoleon's Plan for Corsican Administration

SUCH were the events taking place in the great world while Buonaparte was at Auxonne. That town, as had been expected, was most uneasy, and on July nineteenth, 1789, there was an actual outbreak of violence, directed there, as elsewhere, against the tax-receivers. The riot was easily suppressed, and for some weeks yet, the regular round of studious monotony in the young lieutenant's life was not disturbed except as his poverty made his asceticism more rigorous. "I have no other resource but work," he wrote to his mother; "I dress but once in eight days [Sunday parade?]; I sleep but little since my illness; it is incredible. I retire at ten, and rise at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day, at three; that is good for my health."

More bad news came from Corsica. The starving patriot fell seriously ill, and for a time his life hung in the balance. On August eighth he was at last sufficiently restored to travel, and applied for a six-months' furlough, to begin immediately. Under the regulations, in

spite of his previous leaves and irregularities, he was this year entitled to such a vacation, but not before October. His plea that the winter was unfavorable for the voyage to Corsica was characteristic, for it was neither altogether true nor altogether false. He was feverish and ill, excited by news of turmoils at home, and wished to be on the scene of action; this would have been a true and sufficient ground for his request. It was likewise true, however, that his chance for a smooth passage was better in August than in October, and this evident fact, though probably irrelevant, might move the authorities. Their answer was favorable, and on September sixteenth he left Auxonne.

In the interval occurred a mutiny in the regiment. The pay of the men was far in arrears, and they demanded a division of the surplus which had accumulated from the various regimental grants, and which was managed by the officers for the benefit of their own mess. The officers were compelled to yield, so far had revolutionary license supplanted royal and military authority. Of course a general orgy followed. It seems to have been during these days that the scheme of Corsican liberation which brought him finally into the field of politics took shape in Napoleon's mind. Fesch had returned to Corsica, and had long kept his nephew thoroughly informed of the situation. By the anarchy prevailing all about him in France, and beginning to prevail in Corsica, his eyes were opened to the possibilities of the Revolution for one who knew how to take advantage of the changed order.

The appearance of Buonaparte in his twentieth year was not in general noteworthy. His head was shapely, but not uncommon in size, although disproportionate to the frame which bore it. His forehead was wide and of medium height; on each side long chestnut hair

—lanky as we may suppose from his own account of his personal habits—fell in stiff, flat locks over his lean cheeks. His eyes were large, and in their steel-blue irises, lurking under deep-arched and projecting brows, was a penetrating quality which veiled the mind within. The nose was straight and shapely, the mouth large, the lips full and sensuous, although the powerful projecting chin diminished somewhat the true effect of the lower one. His complexion was sallow. The frame of his body was in general small and fine, particularly his hands and feet; but his deep chest and short neck were huge. This lack of proportion did not, however, interfere with his gait, which was firm and steady. The student of character would have declared the stripling to be self-reliant and secretive; ambitious and calculating; masterful, but kindly. In an age when phrenology was a mania, its masters found in his cranium the organs of what they called imagination and causality, of individuality, comparison, and locality—by which jargon they meant to say that he had a strong power of imaging and of inductive reasoning, a knowledge of men, of places, and of things.

The life of the young officer had thus far been so commonplace as to awaken little expectation for his future. Poor as he was, and careful of his slim resources, he had, like the men of his class, indulged his passions to a certain degree; but he had not been riotous in his living, and he had so far not a debt in the world. What his education and reading were makes clear that he could have known nothing with a scholar's comprehensive thoroughness except the essentials of his profession. But he could master details as no man before or since; he had a vast fund of information, and a historic outline drawn in fair proportion and powerful strokes. His philosophy was meager, but he knew the

principles of Rousseau and Raynal thoroughly. His conception of politics and men was not scientific, but it was clear and practical. The trade of arms had not been to his taste. He heartily disliked routine, and despised the petty duties of his rank. His profession, however, was a means to an end, of any mastery of strategy or tactics or even interest in them he had as yet given no sign, but he was absorbed in contemplating and analyzing the exploits of the great world-conquerors. In particular his mind was dazzled by the splendors of the Orient as the only field on which an Alexander could have displayed himself, and he knew what but a few great minds have grasped, that the interchange of relations between the East and the West had been the life of the world. The greatness of England he understood to be largely due to her bestriding the two hemispheres.

Up to this moment he had been a theorist, and might have wasted his fine powers by further indulgence in dazzling generalizations, as so many boys do when not called to test their hypotheses by experience. Henceforward he was removed from this temptation. A plan for an elective council in Corsica to replace that of the nobles, and for a local militia, having been matured, he was a cautious and practical experimenter from the moment he left Auxonne. Thus far he had put into practice none of his fine thoughts, nor the lessons learned in books. The family destitution had made him a solicitor of favors, and, but for the turn in public affairs, he might have continued to be one. His own inclinations had made him both a good student and a poor officer; without a field for larger duties, he might have remained as he was. In Corsica his line of conduct was not changed abruptly. the possibilities of greater things dawning gradually, the application of great con-

ceptions already formed, came with the march of events, not like the sun bursting out from behind a cloud.

Traveling by way of Aix, Napoleon took the unlucky Lucien with him. This wayward but independent younger brother, making no allowance, as he tells us in his published memoirs, for the disdain an older boy at school is supposed to feel for a younger one, blood relative or not, had been repelled by the cold reception his senior had given him at Brienne. Having left that school against the advice of the same would-be mentor, his suit for admission to Aix had been fruitless. Necessity was driving him homeward, and the two who in after days were again to be separated were now, for almost the only time in their lives, companions for a considerable period. Their intercourse made them no more harmonious in feeling. The only incident of the journey was a visit to the Abbé Raynal at Marseilles. We would gladly know something of the talk between the master and the pupil, but we do not.

Napoleon found no change in the circumstances of the Buonaparte family. The old archdeacon was still living, and for the moment all except Elisa were at home. On the whole, they were more needy than ever. The death of their patron, Marbeuf, had been followed by the final rejection of their long-urged suit, and this fact, combined with the political opinions of the elder Lucien, was beginning to wean them from the official clique. There were the same factions as before — the official party and the patriots. Since the death of Charles de Buonaparte, the former had been represented at Versailles by Buttafuoco, Choiseul's unworthy instrument in acquiring the island, and now, as then, an uninfluential and consequential self-seeker. Its members were all aristocrats and royalist in politics. The higher priesthood were of similar mind, and had chosen

the Abbé Peretti to represent them; the parish priests, as in France, were with the people. Both the higher classes were comparatively small; in spite of twenty years of peace under French rule, they were both excessively unpopular, and utterly without any hold on the islanders. They had but one partizan with an influential name, a son of the old-time patriot Gaffori, the father-in-law of Buttafuoco. The overwhelming majority of the natives were little changed in their temper. There were the old, unswerving patriots who wanted absolute independence, and were now called Paolists, there were the self-styled patriots, the younger men, who wanted a protectorate that they might enjoy virtual independence and secure a career by peace. There was in the harbor towns on the eastern slope the same submissive, peace-loving temper as of old; in the west the same fiery, warlike spirit. Corte was the center of Paoli's power, Calvi was the seat of French influence, Bastia was radical, Ajaccio was about equally divided between the younger and older parties, with a strong infusion of official influence.

Both the representatives of the people in the national convention were of the moderate party; one of them, Salicetti, was a man of ability, a friend of the Buonapartes, and destined later to influence deeply the course of their affairs. He and his colleague Colonna were urging on the National Assembly measures for the local administration of the island. To this faction, as to the other, it had become clear that if Corsica was to reap the benefits of the new era it must be by union under Paoli. All, old and young alike, desired a thorough reform of their barbarous jurisprudence, and, like all other French subjects, a free press, free trade, the abolition of all privilege, equality in taxation, eligibility to office without regard to rank, and the

diminution of monastic revenues for the benefit of education. Nowhere could such changes be more easily made than in a land just emerging from barbarism, where old institutions were disappearing and new ones were still fluid. Paoli himself had come to believe that independence could more easily be secured from a regenerated France, and with her help, than by a warfare which might again arouse the ambition of Genoa.

Buonaparte's natural associates were the younger men — Masseria, son of a patriot line, Pozzo di Borgo, Peraldi, Cuneo, Ramolini, and others less influential. The only Corsican with French military training, he was, in view of uncertainties and probabilities already on the horizon, a person of considerable consequence. His contribution to the schemes of the young patriots was significant: it consisted in a proposal to form a body of local militia for the support of that central committee which his friends so ardently desired. The plan was promptly adopted by the associates, the radicals seeing in it a means to put arms once more into the hands of the people, the others no doubt having in mind the storming of the Bastille and the possibility of similar movements in Ajaccio and elsewhere. Buonaparte, the only trained officer among them, may have dreamed of abandoning the French service, and of a supreme command in Corsica. Many of the people who appeared well disposed toward France had from time to time received permission from the authorities to carry arms, many carried them secretly and without a license; but proportionately there were so few in both classes that vigorous or successful armed resistance was in most places impracticable. The attitude of the department of war at Paris was regulated by Buttafuoco, and was of course hostile to the insidious scheme of a local militia. The minister of war would do

nothing but submit the suggestion to the body against whose influence it was aimed, the hated council of twelve nobles. The stupid sarcasm of such a step was well-nigh criminal.

Under such instigation the flames of discontent broke out in Corsica. Paoli's agents were again most active. In many towns the people rose to attack the citadels or barracks, and to seize the authority. In Ajaccio Napoleon de Buonaparte promptly asserted himself as the natural leader. The already existing democratic club was rapidly organized into the nucleus of a home guard, and recruited in numbers. But there were none of Paoli's mountaineers to aid the unwarlike burghers, as there had been in Bastia. Gaffori appeared on the scene, but neither the magic of his name, the troops that accompanied him, nor the adverse representations of the council, which he brought with him, could allay the discontent. He therefore remained for three days in seclusion, and then departed in secret. On the other hand, the populace was intimidated, permitting without resistance the rooms of the club to be closed by the troops, and the town to be put under martial law. Nothing remained for the agitators but to protest and disperse. They held a final meeting, therefore, on October thirty-first, 1789, in one of the churches, and signed an appeal to the National Assembly, to be presented by Salicetti and Colonna. It had been written, and was read aloud, by Buonaparte, as he now signed himself.¹ Some share in its composition was later claimed for Joseph, but the fiery style, the numerous blunders in grammar and spelling, the terse thought, and the concise form, are all characteristic of Napoleon. The right of petition, the recital of unjust acts, the illegal action of the council, the use of force, the hollowness of

¹ Printed in Coston, II, 94.

the pretexts under which their request had been refused, the demand that the troops be withdrawn and redress granted — all these are crudely but forcibly presented. The document presages revolution. Under a well-constituted and regular authority, its writer and signatories would of course have been punished for insubordination. Even as things were, an officer of the King was running serious risks by his prominence in connection with it.

Discouraging as was the outcome of this movement in Ajaccio, similar agitations elsewhere were more successful. The men of Isola Rossa, under Arena, who had just returned from a consultation with Paoli in England, were entirely successful in seizing the supreme authority, so were those of Bastia, under Murati, a devoted friend of Paoli. One untrustworthy authority, a personal enemy of Buonaparte, declares that the latter, thwarted in his own town, at once went over to Bastia, then the residence of General de Barrin, the French royalist governor, and successfully directed the revolt in that place, but there is no corroborative evidence to this doubtful story.

Simultaneously with these events the National Assembly had been debating how the position of the King under the new constitution was to be expressed by his title. Absolutism being ended, he could no longer be king of France, a style which to men then living implied ownership. King of the French was selected as the new form; should they add "and of Navarre"? Salicetti, with consummate diplomacy, had already warned many of his fellow-delegates of the danger lest England should intervene in Corsica, and France lose one of her best recruiting-grounds. To his compatriots he set forth that France was the best protector, whether they desired partial or complete inde-

pendence. He now suggested that if the Assembly thus recognized the separate identity of the Pyrenean people, they must supplement their phrase still further by the words "and of Corsica", for it had been only nominally, and as a pledge, that Genoa in 1768 had put France in control. At this stage of the debate, Volney presented a number of formal demands from the Corsican patriots asking that the position of their country be defined. One of these papers certainly came from Bastia; among them also was probably the document which had been executed at Ajaccio. This was the culmination of the skilful revolutionary agitation which had been started and directed by Masseria under Paoli's guidance. The anomalous position of both Corsica and Navarre was clearly depicted in the mere presentation of such petitions. "If the Navarrese are not French, what have we to do with them, or they with us?" said Mirabeau. The argument was as unanswerable for one land as for the other, and both were incorporated in the realm: Corsica on November thirtieth, by a proposition of Salicetti's, who was apparently unwilling, but who posed as one under imperative necessity. In reality he had reached the goal for which he had long been striving. Dumouriez, later so renowned as a general, and Mirabeau, the great statesman and orator, had both been members of the French army of occupation which reduced Corsica to submission. The latter now recalled his misdeed with sorrow and shame in an impassioned plea for amnesty to all political offenders, including Paoli. There was bitter opposition, but the great orator prevailed.

The news was received in Corsica with every manifestation of joy; bonfires were lighted, and *Te Deums* were sung in the churches. Paoli to rejoin his own again! What more could disinterested patriots desire?

Corsica a province of France! How could her aspiring youth secure a wider field for the exercise of their powers, and the attainment of ambitious ends? The desires of both parties were temporarily fulfilled. The names of Mirabeau, Salicetti, and Volney were shouted with acclaim, those of Buttafuoco and Peretti with reprobation. The regular troops were withdrawn from Ajaccio, the ascendancy of the liberals was complete.

Then feeble Genoa was heard once more. She had pledged the sovereignty, not sold it, had yielded its exercise, and not the thing itself; France might administer the government as she chose, but annexation was another matter. She appealed to the fairness of the King and the National Assembly to safeguard her treaty rights. Her tone was querulous, her words without force. In the Assembly the protest was but fuel to the fire. On January twenty-first, 1790, occurred an animated debate in which the matter was fully considered. The discussion was notable, as indicating the temper of parties and the nature of their action at that stage of the Revolution. Mirabeau as ever was the leader. He and his friends were scornful not only because of Genoa's temerity in seeming still to claim what France had conquered, but of her conception that mere paper contracts were binding where principles of public law were concerned! The opposition mildly but firmly recalled the existence of other nations than France, and suggested the consequences of international bad faith. The conclusion of the matter was the adoption of a cunning and insolent combination of two propositions, one made by each side, "to lay the request on the table, or to explain that there is no occasion for its consideration." The incident is otherwise important only in the light of Napoleon's future dealings with the Italian commonwealth.

The situation was now most delicate, as far as Buonaparte was concerned. His suggestion of a local militia contemplated the extension of the revolutionary movement to Corsica. His appeal to the National Assembly demanded merely the right to do what one French city or district after another had done: to establish local authority, to form a National Guard, and to unfurl the red, white, and blue. There was nothing in it about the incorporation of Corsica in France; that had come to pass through the insurgents of Bastia, who had been organized by Paoli, inspired by the attempt at Ajaccio, and guided at last by Salicetti. A little later Buonaparte took pains to set forth how much better, under his plan, would have been the situation of Corsican affairs if, with their guard organized and their colors mounted, they could have recalled Paoli, and have awaited the event with power either to reject such propositions as the royalists, if successful, would have made, or to accept the conclusions of the French Assembly with proper self-respect, and not on compulsion. Hitherto he had lost no opportunity to express his hatred of France, it is possible that he had planned the virtual independence of Corsica, with himself as the liberator, or at least as Paoli's Sampiero. The reservations of his Ajaccio document, and the bitterness of his feelings, are not, however, sufficient proof of such a presumption. But the incorporation had taken place, Corsica was a portion of France, and everybody was wild with delight.

CHAPTER X

FIRST LESSONS IN REVOLUTION

French Soldier and Corsican Patriot — Paoli's Hesitancy — His Return to Corsica — Cross-Purposes in France — A New Furlough — Money Transactions of Napoleon and Joseph — Open Hostilities Against France — Address to the French Assembly — The Bastia Uprising — Reorganization of Corsican Administration — Meeting of Napoleon and Paoli — Corsican Politics — Studies in Society

WHAT was to be the future of one whose feelings were so hostile to the nation with the fortunes of which he now seemed irrevocably identified? There is no evidence that Buonaparte ever asked himself such disquieting questions. To judge from his conduct, he was not in the least troubled. Fully aware of the disorganization, both social and military, which was well-nigh universal in France, with two months more of his furlough yet unexpired, he awaited developments, not hastening to meet difficulties before they presented themselves. What the young democrats could do, they did. The town government was entirely reorganized, with a friend of the Buonapartes as mayor, and Joseph — employed at last! — as his secretary. A local guard was also raised and equipped. Being French, however, and not Corsican, Napoleon could not accept a command in it, for he was already an officer in the French army. But he served in the ranks as a common soldier, and was an ardent agitator in the club, which almost immediately reopened its doors. In the impossibility of further action there was a relapse into authorship. The history

of Corsica was again revised, though not softened, the letters into which it was divided were addressed to Raynal. In collaboration with Fesch, Buonaparte also drew up a memoir on the oath which was required from priests.

When Paoli first received news of the amnesty granted at the instance of Mirabeau, and of the action taken by the French Assembly, which had made Corsica a French department, he was delighted and deeply moved. His noble instincts told him at once that he could no longer live in the enjoyment of an English pension or even in England, for he was convinced that his country would eventually reach a more perfect autonomy under France than under the wing of any other power, and that as a patriot he must not fail even in appearance to maintain that position. But he also felt that his return to Corsica would endanger the success of this policy; the ardent mountaineers would demand more extreme measures for complete independence than he could take, the lowlanders would be angry at the attitude of sympathy with his old friends which he must assume. In a spirit of self-sacrifice, therefore, he made ready to exchange his comfortable exile for one more uncongenial and of course more bitter.

But the National Assembly, with less insight, desired nothing so much as his presence in the new French department. He was growing old, and yielded against his better judgment to the united solicitation of French interest and of Corsican impolicy. Passing through France, he was detained for over two months by the ovations forced upon him. In Paris the King urged him to accept honors of every kind; but they were firmly refused: the reception, however, which the Assembly gave him in the name of liberty, he declared to be the proudest occasion of his life. At Lyons the populace

crowded the streets to cheer him, and delegations from the chief towns of his native island met him to solicit for each of their respective cities the honor of his landing. On July fourteenth, 1790, after twenty-one years of exile, the now aged hero set foot on Corsican land at Maginajo, near Capo Corso. His first act was to kneel and kiss the soil. The nearest town was Bastia, the revolutionary capital. There and elsewhere the rejoicings were general, and the ceremonies were such as only the warm hearts and willing hands of a primitive Italian people could devise and perform. Not one true Corsican but must "see and hear and touch him." But in less than a month his conduct was, as he had foreseen, so misrepresented by friend and foe alike, that it was necessary to defend him in Paris against the charge of scheming to hand over the island to England.

It is not entirely clear where Buonaparte was during this time. It is said that he was seen in Valence during the latter part of January, and the fact is adduced to show how deep and secret were his plans for preserving the double chance of an opening in either France or Corsica, as matters might turn out. The love-affair to which he refers in that thesis on the topic to which reference has been made would be an equally satisfactory explanation, considering his age. Whatever was the fact as to those few days, he was not absent long. The serious division between the executive in France and the new Assembly came to light in an ugly circumstance which occurred in March. On the eighteenth a French flotilla unexpectedly appeared off St. Florent. It was commanded by Rully, an ardent royalist, who had long been employed in Corsica. His secret instructions were to embark the French troops, and to leave the island to its fate. This was an adroit stab at the

republicans of the Assembly, for, should the evacuation be secured, it was believed that either the radicals in Corsica would rise, overpower, and destroy the friends of France, call in English help, and diminish the number of democratic departments by one, or that Genoa would immediately step in and reassert her sovereignty. The moderates of St Florent were not to be thus duped; sharp and angry discussions arose among both citizens and troops as to the obedience due to such orders, and soon both soldiers and townsfolk were in a frenzy of excitement. A collision between the two parties occurred, and Rully was killed. Papers were found on his person which proved that his sympathizers would gladly have abandoned Corsica to its fate. For the moment the young Corsicans were more devoted than ever to Paoli, since now only through his good offices with the French Assembly could a chance for the success of their plans be secured.

Such was the diversity of opinion as to ways and means, as to resources, opportunities, and details, that everything was, for the moment, in confusion. On April sixteenth Buonaparte applied for an extension of his furlough until the following October, on the plea of continued ill-health, that he might drink the waters a second time at Orezza, whose springs, he explained, had shown themselves to be efficacious in his complaint. He may have been at that resort once before, or he may not. Doubtless the fever was still lingering in his system. What the degree of his illness was we cannot tell. It may have unfitted him for active service with his regiment; it did not disable him from pursuing his occupations in writing and political agitation. His request was granted on May twentieth. The history of Corsica was now finally revised, and the new dedication completed. This, with a letter and some chapters

of the book, was forwarded to Raynal, probably by post Joseph, who was one of the delegates to meet Paoli, would pass through Marseilles, wrote Napoleon to the abbé, and would hand him the rest if he should so desire. The text of the unlucky book was not materially altered. Its theory appears always to have been that history is but a succession of great names, and the story, therefore, is more a biographical record than a connected narrative. The dedication, however, was a new step in the painful progress of more accurate thinking and better expression; the additions to the volume contained, amid many immaturities and platitudes, some ripe and clever thought. Buonaparte's passion for his bantling was once more the ardor of a misdirected genius unsullied by the desire for money, which had played a temporary part.

We know nothing definite of his pecuniary affairs, but somehow or other his fortunes must have mended. There is no other explanation of his numerous and costly journeys, and we hear that for a time he had money in his purse. In the will which he dictated at St. Helena is a bequest of one hundred thousand francs to the children of his friend who was the first mayor of Ajaccio by the popular will. It is not unlikely that the legacy was a grateful souvenir of advances made about this time. There is another possible explanation. The club of Ajaccio had chosen a delegation, of which Joseph Buonaparte was a member, to bring Paoli home from France. To meet its expenses, the municipality had forced the authorities of the priests' seminary to open their strong box and to hand over upward of two thousand francs. Napoleon may have shared Joseph's portion. We should be reminded in such a stroke, but with a difference, to be sure, of what happened when, a few years later, the hungry and ragged soldiers

of the Republic were led into the fat plains of Lombardy.

The contemptuous attitude of the Ajaccio liberals toward the religion of Rome seriously alienated the superstitious populace from them. Buonaparte was once attacked in the public square by a procession organized to deprecate the policy of the National Assembly with regard to the ecclesiastical estates. One of the few royalist officials left in Corsica also took advantage of the general disorder to express his feelings plainly as to the acts of the same body. He was arrested, tried in Ajaccio, and acquitted by a sympathetic judge. At once the liberals took alarm; their club and the officials first protested, and then on June twenty-fifth assumed the offensive in the name of the Assembly. It was on this occasion probably that he was seen by the family friend who narrated his memories to the English diarist already mentioned. "I remember to have seen Napoleon very active among the enraged populace against those then called aristocrats, and running through the streets of Ajaccio so busy in promoting dissatisfaction that, though he lost his hat, he did not feel nor care for the effects of the scorching sun to which he was exposed the whole of that memorable day. The revolution having struck its poisonous root, Napoleon never ceased stirring up his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, who, being moved at his instance, were constantly attending clubs and popular meetings where they often delivered speeches and debated public matters, while Napoleon sat listening in silence, as he had no turn for oratory." "One day in December," the narrator continues, "I was sent for by his uncle already mentioned, in order to assist him in preparing his testament; and, after having settled his family concerns, the conversation turned upon politics, when, speaking of the improb-

ability of Italy being revolutionized, Napoleon, then present, quickly replied: 'Had I the command, I would take Italy in twenty-four hours' ”¹

At last the opportunity to emulate the French cities seemed assured. It was determined to organize a local independent government, seize the citadel with the help of the home guard, and throw the hated royalists into prison. But the preparations were too open: the governor and most of his friends fled in season to their stronghold, and raised the drawbridge, the agitators could lay hands on but four of their enemies, among whom were the judge, the offender, and an officer of the garrison. So great was the disappointment of the radicals that they would have vented their spite on these, it was with difficulty that the lives of the prisoners were saved by the efforts of the militia officers. The garrison really sympathized with the insurgents, and would not obey orders to suppress the rising by an attack. In return for this forbearance the regular soldiers stipulated for the liberation of their officer. In the end the chief offenders among the radicals were punished by imprisonment or banished, and the tumult subsided; but the French officials now had strong support, not only from the hierarchy, as before, but from the plain pious people and their priests.

This result was a second defeat for Napoleon Buona-
parte, who was almost certainly the instigator and leader of the uprising. He had been ready at any moment to assume the direction of affairs, but again the outcome of such a movement as could alone secure a possible temporary independence for Corsica and a military command for himself was absolutely naught. Little perturbed by failure, he took up the pen to write a proclamation justifying the action of the municipal

¹ Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, I, 47.

authorities. The paper was dated October thirty-first, 1789, and fearlessly signed both by himself and the other leaders, including the mayor. It execrates the sympathizers with the old order in France, and lauds the Assembly, with all its works; denounces those who sold the land to France, which could offer nothing but an end of the chain that bound her, and warns the enemies of the new constitution that their day is over. There is a longing reference to the ideal self-determination which the previous attempt might have secured. The present rising is justified, however, as an effort to carry out the principles of the new charter¹ There are the same suggested force and suppressed fury as in his previous manifesto, the same fervid rhetoric, the same lack of coherence in expression. The same two elements, that of the eighteenth-century metaphysics and that of his own uncultured force, combine in the composition. Naturally enough, the unrest of the town was not diminished; there was even a slight collision between the garrison and the civil authorities.

Buonaparte was of course suspected and hated by Catholics and military alike. French officer though he was, no one in Corsica thought of him otherwise than as a Corsican revolutionist. Among his own friends he continued his unswerving career. It was he who was chosen to write the address from Ajaccio to Paoli, although the two men did not meet until somewhat later. With the arrival of the great liberator the grasp of the old officials on the island relaxed, and the bluster of the few who had grown rich in the royal service ceased. The Assembly was finally triumphant; this new department was at last to be organized like those of the adoptive mother. It was high time, for the public order was seriously endangered in this transition period.

¹ For the text see *Napoléon inconnu*, II, 92

The disturbances at Ajaccio had been trifling compared with the revolutionary procedure inaugurated and carried to extremes in Bastia. This city being the capital and residence of the governor, Buonaparte and his comrades had no sooner completed their address to the French Assembly than they hurried thither to beard de Barrin and revolutionize the garrison. Their success was complete. garrison and citizens alike were roused and the governor cowed. Both soldiers and people assumed the tricolor cockade on November fifth, 1789. Barrin even assented to the formation of a national militia. On this basis order was established. This was another affair from that at Ajaccio and attracted the attention of the Paris Assembly, strongly influencing the government in its arrangements with Paoli. The young Buonaparte was naturally very uneasy as to his position and so remained fairly quiet until February, when the incorporation of the island with France was completed. Immediately he gave free vent to his energies. Two letters of Napolcon's written in August, 1790, display a feverish spirit of unrest in himself, and enumerate the many uprisings in the neighborhood with their varying degrees of success. Under provisional authority, arrangements were made, after some delay, to hold elections for the officials of the new system whose legal designation was directors. Their appointment and conduct would be determinative of Corsica's future, and were therefore of the highest importance.

In a pure democracy the voters assemble to deliberate and record their decisions. Such were the local district meetings in Corsica. These chose the representatives to the central constituent assembly, which was to meet at Orezza on September ninth, 1790. Joseph Buonaparte and Fesch were among the members sent

from Ajaccio. The healing waters which Napoleon wished to quaff at Orezza were the influence of the debates. Although he could not be a member of the assembly on account of his youth, he was determined to be present. The three relatives traveled from their home in company, Joseph enchanted by the scenery, Napoleon studying the strategic points on the way. In order that his presence at Orezza might not unduly affect the course of events, Paoli had delicately chosen as his temporary home the village of Rostino, which was on their route. Here occurred the meeting between the two great Corsicans, the man of ideas and the man of action. No doubt Paoli was anxious to win a family so important and a patriot so ardent. In any case, he invited the three young men to accompany him over the fatal battle-ground of Ponte Nuovo. If it had really been Napoleon's ambition to become the chief of the French National Guard for Corsica, which would now, in all probability, be fully organized, it is very likely that he would have exerted himself to secure the favor of the only man who could fulfil his desire. There is, however, a tradition which tends to show quite the contrary: it is said that after Paoli had pointed out the disposition of his troops for the fatal conflict Napoleon dryly remarked, "The result of these arrangements was just what it was bound to be." Among the Emperor's reminiscences at the close of his life, he recalled this meeting, because Paoli had on that occasion declared him to be a man of ancient mold, like one of Plutarch's heroes.

The constituent assembly at Orezza sat for a month. Its sessions passed almost without any incident of importance except the first appearance of Napoleon as an orator in various public meetings held in connection with its labors. He is said to have been bashful

and embarrassed in his beginnings, but, inspired by each occasion, to have become more fluent, and finally to have won the attention and applause of his hearers. What he said is not known, but he spoke in Italian, and succeeded in his design of being at least a personage in the pregnant events now occurring. Both parties were represented in the proceedings and conclusions of the convention. Corsica was to constitute but a single department. Paoli was elected president of its directory and commander-in-chief of its National Guard, a combination of offices which again made him virtual dictator. He accepted them unwillingly, but the honors of a statue and an annual grant of ten thousand dollars, which were voted at the same time, he absolutely declined. The Paolist party secured the election of Canon Belce as vice-president, of Panatheri as secretary, of Arena as Salicetti's substitute, of Pozzo di Borgo and Gentili as members of the directory. Colonna, one of the delegates to the National Assembly, was a member of the same group. The younger patriots, or Young Corsica, as we should say now, perhaps, were represented by their delegate and leader Salicetti, who was chosen as plenipotentiary in Buttafuoco's place, and by Muledo, Gentili, and Pompei as members of the directory. For the moment, however, Paoli was Corsica, and such petty politics was significant only as indicating the survival of counter-currents. There was some dissent to a vote of censure passed upon the conduct of Buttafuoco and Peretti, but it was insignificant. Pozzo di Borgo and Gentili were chosen to declare at the bar of the National Assembly the devotion of Corsica to its purposes, and to the course of reform as represented by it. They were also to secure, if possible, both the permission to form a departmental National Guard, and the means to pay and arm it.

The choice of Pozzo di Borgo for a mission of such importance in preference to Joseph was a disappointment to the Buonapartes. In fact, not one of the plans concerted by the two brothers succeeded. Joseph sustained the pretensions of Ajaccio to be capital of the island, but the honor was awarded to Bastia. He was not elected a member of the general directory, though he succeeded in being made a member for Ajaccio in the district directory. Whether to work off his ill humor, or from far-seeing purpose, Napoleon used the hours not spent in wire-pulling and listening to the proceedings of the assembly for making a series of excursions which were a virtual canvass of the neighborhood. The houses of the poorest were his resort, partly by his inborn power of pleasing, partly by diplomacy, he won their hearts and learned their inmost feelings. His purse, which was for the moment full, was open for their gratification in a way which moved them deeply. For years target practice had been forbidden, as giving dangerous skill in the use of arms. Liberty having returned, Napoleon reorganized many of the old rural festivals in which contests of that nature had been the chief feature, offering prizes from his own means for the best marksmen among the youth. His success in feeling the pulse of public opinion was so great that he never forgot the lesson. Not long afterward, in the neighborhood of Valence, — in fact, to the latest times, — he courted the society of the lowly, and established, when possible, a certain intimacy with them. This gave him popularity, while at the same time it enabled him to obtain the most valuable indications of the general temper.

CHAPTER XI

TRAITS OF CHARACTER

Literary Work — The Lyons Prize — Essay on Happiness — Thwarted Ambition — The Corsican Patriots — The Brothers Napoleon and Louis — Studies in Politics — Reorganization of the Army — The Change in Public Opinion — A New Leave of Absence — Napoleon Again at Auxonne — Napoleon as a Teacher — Further Literary Efforts — The Sentimental Journey — His Attitude Toward Religion

ON his return to Ajaccio, the rising agitator continued as before to frequent his club. The action of the convention at Orezza in displacing Buttafuoco had inflamed the young politicians still more against the renegade. This effect was further heightened when it was known that, at the reception of their delegates by the National Assembly, the greater council had, under Mirabeau's leadership, virtually taken the same position regarding both him and his colleague. Napoleon had written, probably in the previous year, a notorious diatribe against Buttafuoco in the form of a letter to its object and the very night on which the news from Paris was received, he seized the opportunity to read it before the club at Ajaccio. The paper, as now in existence, is pompously dated January twenty-third, 1791, from "my summer house of Milleli." This was the retreat on one of the little family properties, to which reference has been made. There in the rocks was a grotto known familiarly by that name, Napoleon had improved and beautified the spot, using it, as he did his garden at Brienne, for contemplation and quiet study.

Although the letter to Matteo Buttafuoco has been often printed, and was its author's first successful effort in writing, much emphasis should not be laid on it except in noting the better power to express tumultuous feeling, and in marking the implications which show an expansion of character. Insubordinate to France it certainly is, and intemperate; turgid, too, as any youth of twenty could well make it. No doubt, also, it was intended to secure notoriety for the writer. It makes clear the thorough apprehension its author had as to the radical character of the Revolution. It is his final and public renunciation of the royalist principles of Charles de Buonaparte. It contains also the last profession of morality which a youth is not ashamed to make before the cynicism of his own life becomes too evident for the castigation of selfishness and insincerity in others. Its substance is a just reproach to a selfish trimmer; the froth and scum are characteristic rather of the time and the circumstances than of the personality behind them. There is no further mention of a difference between the destinies of France and Corsica. To compare the pamphlet with even the poorest work of Rousseau, as has often been done, is absurd; to vilify it as ineffective trash is equally so.

As may be imagined, the "Letter" was received with mad applause, and ordered to be printed. It was now the close of January; Buonaparte's leave had expired on October fifteenth. On November sixteenth, after loitering a whole month beyond his time, he had secured a document from the Ajaccio officials certifying that both he and Louis were devoted to the new republican order, and bespeaking assistance for both in any difficulties which might arise. The busy Corsican perfectly understood that he might already at that time be regarded as a deserter in France, but still he continued his danger-

ous loitering. He had two objects in view, one literary, one political. Besides the successful "Letter" he had been occupied with a second composition, the notion of which had probably occupied him as his purse grew leaner. The jury before which this was to be laid was to be, however, not a heated body of young political agitators, but an association of old and mature men with calm, critical minds — the Lyons Academy. That society was finally about to award a prize of fifteen hundred livres founded by Raynal long before—as early as 1780—for the best thesis on the question: "Has the discovery of America been useful or hurtful to the human race? If the former, how shall we best preserve and increase the benefits? If the latter, how shall we remedy the evils?" Americans must regret that the learned body had been compelled for lack of interest in so concrete a subject to change the theme, and now offered in its place the question: "What truths and ideas should be inculcated in order best to promote the happiness of mankind?"

Napoleon's astounding paper on this remarkable theme was finished in December. It bears the marks of carelessness, haste, and over-confidence in every direction—in style, in content, and in lack of accuracy. "Illustrious Raynal," writes the author, "the question I am about to discuss is worthy of your steel, but without assuming to be metal of the same temper, I have taken courage, saying to myself with Correggio, I, too, am a painter." Thereupon follows a long encomium upon Paoli, whose principal merit is explained to have been that he strove in his legislation to keep for every man a property sufficient with moderate exertion on his own part for the sustenance of life. Happiness consists in living conformably to the constitution of our organization. Wealth is a misfortune, primogeniture a

relic of barbarism, celibacy a reprehensible practice. Our animal nature demands food, shelter, clothing, and the companionship of woman. These are the essentials of happiness; but for its perfection we require both reason and sentiment. These theses are the tolerable portions, being discussed with some coherence. But much of the essay is mere meaningless rhetoric and bombast, which sounds like the effusion of a boyish rhapsodist. "At the sound of your [reason's] voice let the enemies of nature be still, and swallow their serpents' tongues in rage." "The eyes of reason restrain mankind from the precipice of the passions, as her decrees modify likewise the feeling of their rights." Many other passages of equal absurdity could be quoted, full of far-fetched metaphor, abounding in strange terms, straining rhetorical figures to distortion.¹ And yet in spite of the bombast, certain essential Napoleonic ideas appear in the paper much as they endured to the end, namely, those on heredity, on the equal division of property, and on the nature of civil society. And there is one prophetic sentence which deserves to be quoted. "A disordered imagination! there lies the cause and source of human misfortune. It sends us wandering from sea to sea, from fancy to fancy, and when at last it grows calm, opportunity has passed, the hour strikes, and its possessor dies abhorring life." In later days the author threw what he probably supposed was the only existing manuscript of this vapping effusion into the fire. But a copy of it had been made at Lyons, perhaps because one of the judges thought, as he said, that it "might have been written by a man otherwise gifted with common sense." Another has been found among the papers

¹ These phrases may nearly all be found in the notes which he had taken or jottings he had made

while reading Voltaire and Rousseau: *Napoléon inconnu*, II, 209-292.

confided by Napoleon to Fesch. The proofs of authenticity are complete. It seems miraculous that its writer should have become, as he did, master of a concise and nervous style when once his words became the complement of his deeds.

The second cause for Buonaparte's delay in returning to France on the expiration of his furlough was his political and military ambition. This was suddenly quenched by the receipt of news that the Assembly at Paris would not create the longed-for National Guard, nor the ministry lend itself to any plan for circumventing the law. It was, therefore, evident that every chance of becoming Paoli's lieutenant was finally gone. By the advice of the president himself, therefore, Buonaparte determined to withdraw once more to France and to await results. Corsica was still distracted. A French official sent by the war department just at this time to report on its condition is not sparing of the language he uses to denounce the independent feeling and anti-French sympathies of the people. "The Italian," he says, "acquiesces, but does not forgive; an ambitious man keeps no faith, and estimates his life by his power." The agent further describes the Corsicans as so accustomed to unrest by forty years of anarchy that they would gladly seize the first occasion to throw off the domination of laws which restrain the social disorder. The Buonaparte faction, enumerated with the patriot brigand Zampaglini at their head, he calls "despicable creatures," "ruined in reputation and credit."

It would be hard to find a higher compliment to Paoli and his friends, considering the source from which these words emanated. They were all poor and they were all in debt. Even now, in the age of reform, they saw their most cherished plans thwarted by the presence in every town of garrisons composed of officers and men

who, though long resident in the island, and attached to its people by many ties, were nevertheless conservative in their feelings, and, by the instinct of their tradition and discipline, devoted to the still powerful official bureaus not yet destroyed by the Revolution. To replace these by a well-organized and equipped National Guard was now the most ardent wish of all patriots. There was nothing unworthy in Napoleon's longing for a command under the much desired but ever elusive reconstitution of a force organized and armed according to the model furnished by France itself. Repeated disappointments like those he had suffered before, and was experiencing again, would have crushed the spirit of a common man.

But the young author had his manuscripts in his pocket; one of them he had means and authority to publish. Perfectly aware, moreover, of the disorganization in the nation and the army, careless of the order fulminated on December second, 1790, against absent officers, which he knew to be aimed especially at the young nobles who were deserting in troops, with his spirit undaunted, and his brain full of resources, he left Ajaccio on February first, 1791, having secured a new set of certificates as to his patriotism and devotion to the cause of the Revolution. Like the good son and the good brother which he had always been, he was not forgetful of his family. Life at his home had not become easier. Joseph, to be sure, had an office and a career, but the younger children were becoming a source of expense, and Lucien would not accept the provision which had been made for him. The next, now ready to be educated and placed, was Louis, a boy already between twelve and thirteen years old; accordingly Louis accompanied his brother. Napoleon had no promise, not even an outlook. for the child: but he determined

to have him at hand in case anything should turn up, and while waiting, to give him from his own slender means whatever precarious education the times and circumstances could afford. We can understand the untroubled confidence of the boy; we must admire the trust, determination, and self-reliance of the elder brother.

Though he had overrun his leave for three and a half months, there was not only no severe punishment in store for Napoleon on his arrival at Auxonne, but there was considerate regard, and, later, promotion. Officers with military training and loyal to the Assembly were becoming scarce. The brothers had traveled slowly, stopping first for a short time at Marseilles, and then at Aix to visit friends, wandering several days in a leisurely way through the parts of Dauphiny round about Valence. Associating again with the country people, and forming opinions as to the course of affairs, Buonaparte reopened his correspondence with Fesch on February eighth from the hamlet of Serve in order to acquaint him with the news and the prospects of the country, describing in particular the formation of patriotic societies by all the towns to act in concert for carrying out the decrees of the Assembly.¹ This beginning of "federation for the Revolution," as it was called, in its spread finally welded the whole country, civil and even military authorities, together. Napoleon's presence in the time and place of its beginning explains much that followed. It was February thirteenth when he rejoined his regiment.

Comparatively short as had been the time of Buonaparte's absence, everything in France, even the army, had changed and was still changing. Step by step the most wholesome reforms were introduced as each in turn showed itself essential: promotion exclusively

¹ "I am in the cabin of a poor man whence I like to write you after long conversation with these good people." *Napoleon*, p. 165.

according to service among the lower officers, the same, with room for royal discretion, among the higher grades, division of the forces into regulars, reserves, and national guards, the two former to be still recruited by voluntary enlistment. The ancient and privileged constabulary, and many other formerly existing but inefficient armed bodies, were swept away, and the present system of gendarmerie was created. The military courts, too, were reconstituted under an impartial body of martial law. Simple numbers were substituted for the titular distinctions hitherto used by the regiments, and a fair schedule of pay, pensions, and military honors abolished all chance for undue favoritism. The necessity of compulsory enlistment was urged by a few with all the energy of powerful conviction, but the plan was dismissed as despotic. The Assembly debated as to whether, under the new system, king or people should wield the military power. They could find no satisfactory solution, and finally adopted a weak compromise which went far to destroy the power of Mirabeau, because carried through by him. The entire work of the commission was temporarily rendered worthless by these two essential defects — there was no way of filling the ranks, no strong arm to direct the system.

The first year of trial, 1790, had given the disastrous proof. By this time all monarchical and absolutist Europe was awakened against France; only a mere handful of enthusiastic men in England and America, still fewer elsewhere, were in sympathy with her efforts. The stolid common sense of the rest saw only ruin ahead, and viewed askance the idealism of her unreal subtleties. The French nobles, sickened by the thought of reform, had continued their silly and wicked flight; the neighboring powers, now preparing for an armed resistance to the spread of the Revolution, were not slow to abet

them in their schemes. On every border agencies for the encouragement of desertion were established, and by the opening of 1791 the effective fighting force of France was more than decimated. There was no longer any question of discipline, it was enough if any person worthy to command or serve could be retained. But the remedy for this disorganization was at hand. In the letter to Fesch, to which reference has already been made, Napoleon, after his observations among the people, wrote. "I have everywhere found the peasants firm in their stirrups [steadfast in their opinions], especially in Dauphiny. They are all disposed to perish in support of the constitution. I saw at Valence a resolute people, patriotic soldiers, and aristocratic officers. There are, however, some exceptions, for the president of the club is a captain named du Cerbeau. He is captain in the regiment of Forez in garrison at Valence. . . . The women are everywhere royalist. It is not amazing; Liberty is a prettier woman than they, and eclipses them. All the parish priests of Dauphiny have taken the civic oath; they make sport of the bishop's outcry. . . . What is called good society is three fourths aristocratic — that is, they disguise themselves as admirers of the English constitution."

What a concise, terse sketch of that rising tide of national feeling which was soon to make good all defects and to fill all gaps in the new military system, put the army as part of the nation under the popular assembly, knit regulars, reserves, and home guard into one, and give moral support to enforcing the proposal for compulsory enlistment!

This movement was Buonaparte's opportunity. Declaring that he had twice endeavored since the expiration of his extended furlough to cross into France, he produced certificates to that effect from the authorities

of Ajaccio, and begged for his pay and allowances since that date. His request was granted. It is impossible to deny the truth of his statement, or the genuineness of his certificates. But both were loose perversions of a half-truth, shifts palliated by the uncertainties of a revolutionary epoch. A habitual casuistry is further shown in an interesting letter written at the same time to M. James, a business friend of Joseph's at Châlons, in which there occurs a passage of double meaning, to the effect that his elder brother "hopes to come in person the following year as deputy to the National Assembly," which was no doubt true; for, in spite of being incapacitated by age, he had already sat in the Corsican convention and in the Ajaccio councils. But the imperfect French of the passage could also mean, and, casually read, does carry the idea, that Joseph, being already a deputy, would visit his friend the following year in person.

Buonaparte's connection with his old regiment was soon to be broken. He joined it on February thirteenth; he left it on June fourteenth. With these four months his total service was five years and nine months; but he had been absent, with or without leave, something more than half the time! His old friends in Auxonne were few in number, if indeed there were any at all. No doubt his fellow-officers were tired of performing the absentee's duties, and of good-fellowship there could be in any case but little, with such difference of taste, politics, and fortune as there was between him and them. However, he made a few new friends; but it was in the main the old solitary life which he resumed. His own room was in a cheap lodging-house, and, according to the testimony of a visitor, furnished with a wretched uncurtained couch, a table, and two chairs. Louis slept on a pallet in a closet near by. All pleasures but

those of hope were utterly banished from those plucky lives, while they studied in preparation for the examination which might admit the younger to his brother's corps. The elder pinched and scraped to pay the younger's board, himself, according to a probable but rather untrustworthy account, brushing his own clothes that they might last longer, and supping often on dry bread. His only place of resort was the political club. One single pleasure he allowed himself — the occasional purchase of some long-coveted volume from the shelves of a town bookseller.¹

Of course neither authorship nor publication was forgotten. During these months were completed the two short pieces, a "Dialogue on Love," and the acute "Reflections on the State of Nature," from both of which quotations have already been given. "I too was once in love," he says of himself in the former. It could not well have been in Ajaccio, and it must have been the memories of the old Valence, of a pleasant existence now ended, which called forth the doleful confession. It was the future Napoleon who was presaged in the antithesis "I go further than the denial of its existence; I believe it hurtful to society, to the individual welfare of men." The other trenchant document demolishes the cherished hypothesis of Rousseau as to man in a state of nature. The precious manuscripts brought from Corsica were sent to the only publisher in the neighborhood, at Dôle. The much-revised history was refused; the other — whether by moneys furnished from the Ajaccio club, or at the author's risk, is not known — was printed in a slim octavo volume of twenty-one pages, and published with the title, "Letter of Buona-partte to Buttafuoco." A copy was at once sent to Paoli with a renewed request for such documents as

¹ Napoléon inconnu, II, 108 *et seq.*

would enable the writer to complete his pamphlet on Corsica. The patriot again replied in a very discouraging tone. Buttafuoco was too contemptible for notice, the desired papers he was unable to send, and such a boy could not in any case be a historian. Buonaparte was undismayed and continued his researches. Joseph was persuaded to add his solicitations for the desired papers to those of his brother, but he too received a flat refusal.

Short as was Buonaparte's residence at Auxonne, he availed himself to the utmost of the slackness of discipline in order to gratify his curiosity as to the state of the country. He paid frequent visits to Marmont in Dijon, and he made what he called at St Helena his "Sentimental Journey to Nuits" in Burgundy. The account he gave Las Cases of the aristocracy in the little city, and of its assemblies at the mansion of a wine-merchant's widow, is most entertaining. To his host Gassendi and to the worthy mayor he aired his radical doctrines with great complacency, but according to his own account he had not the best of it in the discussions which ensued. Under the empire Gassendi's son was a member of the council of state, and in one of its sessions he dared to support some of his opinions by quoting Napoleon himself. The Emperor remembered perfectly the conversation at Nuits, but meaningly said that his friend must have been asleep and dreaming.

Several traditions which throw some light on Buonaparte's attitude toward religion date from this last residence in Auxonne. He had been prepared for confirmation at Brienne by a confessor who was now in retirement at Dôle, the same to whom when First Consul he wrote an acknowledgment of his indebtedness, adding: "Without religion there is no happiness, no future possible. I commend me to your prayers." The dwelling of this good man was the frequent goal of his walks

abroad. Again, he once jocularly asked a friend who visited him in his room, if he had heard mass that morning, opening, as he spoke, a trunk, in which was the complete vestment of a priest. The regimental chaplain, who must have been his friend, had confided it to him for safe-keeping. Finally, it was in these dark and never-forgotten days of trial that Louis was confirmed, probably by the advice of his brother. Even though Napoleon had collaborated with Fesch in the paper on the oath of priests to the constitution, though he himself had been mobbed in Corsica as the enemy of the Church, it does not appear that he had any other than decent and reverent feelings toward religion and its professors.

CHAPTER XII

THE REVOLUTION IN THE RHONE VALLEY

A Dark Period — Buonaparte, First Lieutenant — Second Sojourn in Valence — Books and Reading — The National Assembly of France — The King Returns from Versailles — Administrative Reforms in France — Passing of the Old Order — Flight of the King — Buonaparte's Oath to Sustain the Constitution — His View of the Situation — His Revolutionary Zeal — Insubordination — Impatience with Delay — A Serious Blunder Avoided — Return to Corsica.

THE tortuous course of Napoleon's life for the years from 1791 to 1795 has been neither described nor understood by those who have written in his interest. It was his own desire that his biographies, in spite of the fact that his public life began after Rivoli, should commence with the recovery of Toulon for the Convention. His detractors, on the other hand, have studied this prefatory period with such evident bias that dispassionate readers have been repelled from its consideration. And yet the sordid tale well repays perusal; for in this epoch of his life many of his characteristic qualities were tempered and ground to the keen edge they retained throughout. Swept onward toward the trackless ocean of political chaos, the youth seemed afloat without oars or compass: in reality, his craft was well under control, and his chart correct. Whether we attribute his conduct to accident or to design, from an adventurer's point of view the instinct which made him spread his sails to the breezes of Jacobin favor was quite as sound as that which later, when Jacobinism came to be abhorred, made him anxious that the fact should be forgotten.

In the earlier stages of army reorganization, changes were made without much regard to personal merit, the dearth of efficient officers being such that even the most indifferent had some value. About the first of June, 1791, Buonaparte was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, with a salary of thirteen hundred livres, and transferred to the Fourth Regiment, which was in Valence. He heard the news with mingled feelings: promotion was, of course, welcome, but he shrank from returning to his former station, and from leaving the three or four warm friends he had among his comrades in the old regiment. On the ground that the arrangements he had made for educating Louis would be disturbed by the transfer, he besought the war office for permission to remain at Auxonne with the regiment, now known as the First. Probably the real ground of his disinclination was the fear that a residence at Valence might revive the painful emotions which time had somewhat withered. He may also have felt how discordant the radical opinions he was beginning to hold would be with those still cherished by his former friends. But the authorities were inexorable, and on June fourteenth the brothers departed, Napoleon for the first time leaving debts which he could not discharge: for the new uniform of a first lieutenant, a sword, and some wood he owed about a hundred and fifteen livres. This sum he was careful to pay within a few years and as soon as his affairs permitted.

Arrived at Valence, he found that the old society had vanished. Both the bishop and the Abbé Saint-Ru were dead. Mme. du Colombier had withdrawn with her daughter to her country-seat. The brothers were able, therefore, to take up their lives just where they had made the break at Auxonne: Louis pursuing the studies necessary for entrance to the corps of officers

Napoleon teaching him, and frequenting the political club; both destitute and probably suffering, for the officer's pay was soon far in arrears. In such desperate straits it was a relief for the elder brother that the allurements of his former associations were dissipated; such companionship as he now had was among the middle and lower classes, whose estates were more proportionate to his own, and whose sentiments were virtually identical with those which he professed.

The list of books which he read is significant: Coxe's "Travels in Switzerland," Duclos's "Memoirs of the Reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV," Machiavelli's "History of Florence," Voltaire's "Essay on Manners," Duvernet's "History of the Sorbonne," Le Noble's "Spirit of Gerson," and Dulaure's "History of the Nobility." There exist among his papers outlines more or less complete of all these books. They prove that he understood what he read, but unlike other similar jottings by him they give little evidence of critical power. Aside from such historical studies as would explain the events preliminary to that revolutionary age upon which he saw that France was entering, he was carefully examining the attitude of the Gallican Church toward the claims of the papacy, and considering the rôle of the aristocracy in society. It is clear that he had no intention of being merely a curious onlooker at the successive phases of the political and social transmutation already beginning, he was bent on examining causes, comprehending reasons, and sharing in the movement itself.

By the summer of 1791 the first stage in the transformation of France had almost passed. The reign of moderation in reform was nearly over. The National Assembly had apprehended the magnitude but not the nature of its task, and was unable to grasp the conse-

quences of the new constitution it had outlined. The nation was sufficiently familiar with the idea of the crown as an executive, but hitherto the executive had been at the same time legislator, neither King nor people quite knew how the King was to obey the nation when the former, trained in the school of the strictest absolutism, was deprived of all volition, and the latter gave its orders through a single chamber, responsive to the levity of the masses, and controlled neither by an absolute veto power, nor by any feeling of responsibility to a calm public opinion. This was the urgent problem which had to be solved under conditions the most unfavorable that could be conceived.

During the autumn of 1789 famine was actually stalking abroad. The Parisian populace grew gaunt and dismal, but the King and aristocracy at Versailles had food in plenty, and the contrast was heightened by a lavish display in the palace. The royal family was betrayed by one of its own house, the despicable Philip "Égalité," who sought to stir up the basest dregs of society, that in the ferment he might rise to the top; hungry Paris, stung to action by rumors which he spread and by bribes which he lavished, put Lafayette at its head, and on October fifth marched out to the gates of the royal residence in order to make conspicuous the contrast between its own sufferings and the wasteful comfort of its servants, as the King and his ministers were now considered to be. Louis and the National Assembly yielded to the menace, the court returned to Paris, politics grew hotter and more bitter, the fickleness of the mob became a stronger influence. Soon the Jacobin Club began to wield the mightiest single influence, and as it did so it grew more and more radical.

Throughout the long and trying winter the masses remained, nevertheless, quietly expectant. There was

much tumultuous talk, but action was suspended while the Assembly sat and struggled to solve its problem, elaborating a really fine paper constitution. Unfortunately, the provisions of the document had no relation to the political habits of the French nation, or to the experience of England and the United States, the only free governments then in existence. Feudal privilege, feudal provinces, feudal names having been obliterated, the whole of France was rearranged into administrative departments, with geographical in place of historical boundaries. It was felt that the ecclesiastical domains, the holders of which were considered as mere trustees, should be adapted to the same plan, and this was done. Ecclesiastical as well as aristocratic control was thus removed by the stroke of a pen. In other words, by the destruction of the mechanism through which the temporal and spiritual authorities exerted the remnants of their power, they were both completely paralyzed. The King was denied all initiative, being granted merely a suspensive veto, and in the reform of the judicial system the prestige of the lawyers was also destroyed. Royalty was turned into a function, and the courts were stripped of both the moral and physical force necessary to compel obedience to their decrees. Every form of the guardianship to which for centuries the people had been accustomed was thus removed — royal, aristocratic, ecclesiastical, and judicial. Untrained to self-control, they were as ready for mad excesses as were the German Anabaptists after the Reformation or the English sectaries after the execution of Charles.

Attention has been called to the disturbances which arose in Auxonne and elsewhere, to the emigration of the nobles from that quarter, to the utter break between the parish priests and the higher church functionaries in Dauphiny: this was but a sample of the whole. When.

on July fourteenth, 1790, the King accepted a constitution which decreed a secular reorganization of the ecclesiastical hierarchy according to the terms of which both bishops and priests were to be elected by the taxpayers, two thirds of all the clergy in France refused to swear allegiance to it. All attempts to establish the new administrative and judicial systems were more or less futile; the disaffection of officials and lawyers became more intense. In Paris alone the changes were introduced with some success, the municipality being rearranged into forty-eight sections, each with a primary assembly. These were the bodies which later gave Buonaparte the opening whereby he entered his real career. The influence of the Jacobin Club increased, just in proportion as the majority of its members grew more radical. Necker trimmed to their demands, but lost popularity by his monotonous calls for money, and fell in September, reaching his home on Lake Lemman only with the greatest difficulty. Mirabeau succeeded him as the sole possible prop to the tottering throne. Under his leadership the moderate monarchists, or Feuillants, as they were later called, from the convent of that order to which they withdrew, seceded from the Jacobins, and before the Assembly had ceased its work the nation was cleft in two, divided into opponents and adherents of monarchy. As if to insure the disasters of such an antagonism, the Assembly, which numbered among its members every man in France of ripe political experience, committed the incredible folly of self-effacement, voting that not one of its members should be eligible to the legislature about to be chosen.

A new impulse to the revolutionary movement was given by the death of Mirabeau on April second, 1791. His obsequies were celebrated in many places, and, being a native of Provence, there were probably solemn

ceremonies at Valence. There is a tradition that they occurred during Buonaparte's second residence in the city, and that it was he who superintended the draping of the choir in the principal church. It is said that the hangings were arranged to represent a funerary urn, and that beneath, in conspicuous letters, ran the legend: "Behold what remains of the French Lycurgus." Mirabeau had indeed displayed a genius for politics, his scheme for a strong ministry, chosen from the Assembly, standing in bold relief against the feebleness of Necker in persuading Louis to accept the suspensive veto, and to choose his cabinet without relation to the party in power. When the mad dissipation of the statesman's youth demanded its penalty at the hour so critical for France, the King and the moderates alike lost courage. In June the worried and worn-out monarch determined that the game was not worth the playing, and on the twenty-first he fled. Though he was captured, and brought back to act the impossible rôle of a democratic prince, the patriots who had wished to advance with experience and tradition as guides were utterly discredited. All the world could see how pusillanimous was the royalty they had wished to preserve, and the masses made up their mind that, real or nominal, the institution was not only useless, but dangerous. This feeling was strong in the Rhone valley and the adjoining districts, which have ever been the home of extreme radicalism. Sympathy with Corsica and the Corsicans had long been active in southeastern France. Neither the island nor its people were felt to be strange. When a society for the defense of the constitution was formed in Valence, Buonaparte, though a Corsican, was at first secretary, then president, of the association.

The "Friends of the Constitution" grew daily more numerous, more powerful, and more radical in that

city, and when the great solemnity of swearing allegiance to the new order was to be celebrated, it was chosen as a convenient and suitable place for a convention of twenty-two similar associations from the neighboring districts. The meeting took place on July third, 1791, the official administration of the oath to the civil, military, judicial, and ecclesiastical authorities occurred on the fourteenth. Before a vast altar erected on the drill-ground, in the presence of all the dignitaries, with cannon booming and the air resounding with shouts and patriotic songs, the officials in groups, the people in mass, swore with uplifted hands to sustain the constitution, to obey the National Assembly, and to die, if need be, in defending French territory against invasion. Scenes as impressive and dramatic as this occurred all over France. They appealed powerfully to the imagination of the nation, and profoundly influenced public opinion. "Until then," said Buonaparte, referring to the solemnity, "I doubt not that if I had received orders to turn my guns against the people, habit, prejudice, education, and the King's name would have induced me to obey. With the taking of the national oath it became otherwise; my instincts and my duty were thenceforth in harmony."

But the position of liberal officers was still most trying. In the streets and among the people they were in a congenial atmosphere; behind the closed doors of the drawing-rooms, in the society of ladies, and among their fellows in the mess, there were constraint and suspicion. Out of doors all was exultation; in the houses of the hitherto privileged classes all was sadness and uncertainty. But everywhere, indoors or out, was spreading the fear of war, if not civil at least foreign war, with the French emigrants as the allies of the assailants. On this point Buonaparte was mistaken.

As late as July twenty-seventh, 1791, he wrote to Naudin, an intimate friend who was chief of the military bureau at Auxonne: "Will there be war? No; Europe is divided between sovereigns who rule over men and those who rule over cattle and horses. The former understand the Revolution, and are terrified; they would gladly make personal sacrifices to annihilate it, but they dare not lift the mask for fear the fire should break out in their own houses. See the history of England, Holland, etc. Those who bear the rule over horses misunderstand and cannot grasp the bearing of the constitution. They think this chaos of incoherent ideas means an end of French power. You would suppose, to listen to them, that our brave patriots were about to cut one another's throats and with their blood purge the land of the crimes committed against kings." The news contained in this letter is most interesting. There are accounts of the zeal and spirit everywhere shown by the democratic patriots, of a petition for the trial of the King sent up from the recent meeting at Valence, and an assurance by the writer that his regiment is "sure," except as to half the officers. He adds in a postscript: "The southern blood courses in my veins as swiftly as the Rhone. Pardon me if you feel distressed in reading my scrawl."¹

Restlessness is the habit of the agitator, and Buonaparte's temperament was not exceptional. His movements and purposes during the months of July and August are very uncertain in the absence of documentary evidence sufficient to determine them. But his earliest biographers, following what was in their time a comparatively short tradition, enable us to fix some things with a high degree of probability. The young radical had been but two months with his new command when

¹ Buonaparte to Naudin, 27 July, 1791, in Buchez et Roux, *Histoire Parlementaire*. XVII. 56.

he began to long for change; the fever of excitement and the discomfort of his life, with probably some inkling that a Corsican national guard would ere long be organized, awakened in him a purpose to be off once more, and accordingly he applied for leave of absence. His colonel, a very lukewarm constitutionalist, angry at the notoriety which his lieutenant was acquiring, had already sent in a complaint of Buonaparte's insubordinate spirit and of his inattention to duty. Standing on a formal right, he therefore refused the application. With the quick resource of a schemer, Buonaparte turned to a higher authority, his friend Duteil, who was inspector-general of artillery in the department and not unfavorable. Something, however, must have occurred to cause delay, for weeks passed and the desired leave was not granted.

While awaiting a decision the applicant was very uneasy. To friends he said that he would soon be in Paris; to his great-uncle he wrote, "Send me three hundred livres; that sum would take me to Paris. There, at least, a person can show himself, overcome obstacles. Everything tells me that I shall succeed there. Will you stop me for lack of a hundred crowns?" And again: "I am waiting impatiently for the six crowns my mother owes me; I need them sadly." These demands for money met with no response. The explanation of Buonaparte's impatience is simple enough. One by one the provincial societies which had been formed to support the constitution were affiliating themselves with the influential Jacobins at Paris, who were now the strongest single political power in the country. He was the recognized leader of their sympathizers in the Rhone valley. He evidently intended to go to headquarters and see for himself what the outlook was. With backers such as he thus hoped to find, some advantage, perhaps even the long-desired command in Corsica, might be secured.

It was rare good fortune that the young hotspur was not yet to be cast into the seething caldron of French politics. The time was not yet ripe for the exercise of his powers. The storming of the Bastille had symbolized the overthrow of privilege and absolute monarchy; the flight of the King presaged the overthrow of monarchy, absolute or otherwise. The executive gone, the legislature popular and democratic but ignorant how to administer or conduct affairs, the judiciary equally disorganized, and the army transforming itself into a patriotic organization — was there more to come? Yes. Thus far, in spite of well-meant attempts to substitute new constructions for the old, all had been disintegration. French society was to be reorganized only after further pulverizing; cohesion would begin only under pressure from without — a pressure applied by the threats of erratic royalists that they would bring in the foreign powers to coerce and arbitrate, by the active demonstrations of the emigrants, by the outbreak of foreign wars. These were the events about to take place; they would in the end evolve from the chaos of mob rule first the irregular and temporary dictatorship of the Convention, then the tyranny of the Directory; at the same time they would infuse a fervor of patriotism into the whole mass of the French nation, stunned, helpless, and leaderless, but loyal, brave, and vigorous. In such a crisis the people would tolerate, if not demand, a leader strong to exact respect for France and to enforce his commands; would prefer the vigorous mastery of one to the feeble misrule of the many or the few. Still further, the man was as unready as the time; for it was, in all probability, not as a Frenchman but as an ever true Corsican patriot that Buonaparte wished to “show himself, overcome obstacles” at this conjuncture.

On August fourth, 1791, the National Assembly at

last decided to form a paid volunteer national guard of a hundred thousand men, and their decision became a law on August twelfth. The term of enlistment was a year, four battalions were to be raised in Corsica. Buonaparte heard of the decision on August tenth, and was convinced that the hour for realizing his long-cherished aspirations had finally struck. He could certainly have done much in Paris to secure office in a French-Corsican national guard, and with this in mind he immediately wrote a memorandum on the armament of the new force, addressing it, with characteristic assurance, to the minister of war. When, however, three weeks later, on August thirtieth, 1791, a leave of absence arrived, to which he was entitled in the course of routine, and which was not granted by the favor of any one, he had abandoned all idea of service under France in the Corsican guard. The disorder of the times was such that while retaining office in the French army he could test in an independent Corsican command the possibility of climbing to leadership there before abandoning his present subordinate place in France. In view, apparently, of this new venture, he had for some time been taking advances from the regimental paymaster, until he had now in hand a considerable sum — two hundred and ninety livres. A formal announcement to the authorities might have elicited embarrassing questions from them, so he and Louis quietly departed without explanations, leaving for the second time debts of considerable amount. They reached Ajaccio on September sixth, 1791. Napoleon was not actually a deserter, but he had in contemplation a step toward the defiance of French authority — the acceptance of service in a Corsican military force.

CHAPTER XIII

BUONAPARTE THE CORSICAN JACOBIN

Buonaparte's Corsican Patriotism — His Position in His Family — The Situation of Joseph — Corsican Politics — Napoleon's Power in the Jacobin Club of Ajaccio — His Failure as a Contestant for Literary Honors — Appointed Adjutant-General — His Attitude Toward France — His New Ambitions — Use of Violence — Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers — Politics in Ajaccio — His First Experience of Street Warfare — His Manifesto — Dismissed to Paris — His Plans — The Position of Louis XVI — Buonaparte's Delinquencies — Disorganization in the Army — Petition for Reinstatement — The Marseillais — Buonaparte a Spectator — His Estimate of France — His Presence at the Scenes of August Tenth — State of Paris — Flight of Lafayette.

THIS was the third time in four years that Buonaparte had revisited his home.¹ On the plea of ill health he had been able the first time to remain a year and two months, giving full play to his Corsican patriotism and his own ambitions by attendance at Orezza, and by political agitation among the people. The second time he had remained a year and four months, retaining his hold on his commission by subterfuges and irregularities which, though condoned, had strained his relations with the ministry of war in Paris. He had openly defied the royal authority, relying on the coming storm for the concealment of his conduct if it should prove reprehensible, or for preferment in his own country if Corsica should secure her liberties. There is no reason, therefore, to suppose that his intentions for the

¹ It is not entirely clear whether he arrived late in September or early in October, 1791. He remained until May, 1792.

third visit were different from those displayed in the other two, although again solicitude for his family was doubtless one of many considerations.

During Napoleon's absence from Corsica the condition of his family had not materially changed. Soon after his arrival the old archdeacon died, and his little fortune fell to the Buonapartes. Joseph, failing shortly afterward in his plan of being elected deputy to the French legislature, was chosen a member of the Corsican directory. He was, therefore, forced to occupy himself entirely with his new duties and to live at Corte. Fesch, as the eldest male, the mother's brother, and a priest at that, expected to assume the direction of the family affairs. But he was doomed to speedy disenchantment: thenceforward Napoleon was the family dictator. In conjunction with his uncle he used the whole or a considerable portion of the archdeacon's savings for the purchase of several estates from the national domain, as the sequestrated lands of the monasteries were called. Rendered thus more self-important, he talked much in the home circle concerning the greatness of classical antiquity, and wondered "who would not willingly have been stabbed, if only he could have been Cæsar? One feeble ray of his glory would be an ample recompense for sudden death." Such chances for Cæsarism as the island of Corsica afforded were very rapidly becoming better.

The Buonapartes had no influence whatever in these elections. Joseph was not even nominated. The choice fell upon two men selected by Paoli: one of them, Peraldi, was already embittered against the family; the other, Pozzo di Borgo, though so far friendly enough, thereafter became a relentless foe. Rising to eminence as a diplomat, accepting service in one and another country of Europe. the latter thwarted Napoleon at

Academy of Lyons had failed, as a matter of course, to win the prize, one of the judges pronouncing it "too badly arranged, too uneven, too disconnected, and too badly written to deserve attention." This decision was a double blow, for it was announced about this time, at a moment when fame and money would both have been most welcome. The scanty income from the lands purchased with the legacy of the old archdeacon remained the only resource of the family for the lavish hospitality which, according to immemorial, semi-barbarous tradition, was required of a Corsican candidate.

A peremptory order was now issued from Paris that those officers of the line who had been serving in the National Guard with a grade lower than that of lieutenant-colonel should return to regular service before April first, 1792. Here was an implication which might be turned to account. As a lieutenant on leave, Buonaparte should of course have returned on December twenty-fifth; if, however, he were an officer of volunteers he could plead the new order. Though as yet the recruits had not come in, and no companies had been formed, the mere idea was sufficient to suggest a means for saving appearances. An appointment as adjutant-major was solicited from the major-general in command of the department, and he, under authorization obtained in due time from Paris, granted it. Safe from the charge of desertion thus far, it was essential for his reputation and for his ambition that Buonaparte should be elected lieutenant-colonel. Success would enable him to plead that his first lapse in discipline was due to irregular orders from his superior, that anyhow he had been an adjutant-major, and that finally the position of lieutenant-colonel gave him immunity from punishment, and left him blameless.

He nevertheless was uneasy, and wrote two letters

of a curious character to his friend Sucy, the commissioner-general at Valence. In the first, written five weeks after the expiration of his leave, he calmly reports himself, and gives an account of his occupations, mentioning incidentally that unforeseen circumstances, duties the dearest and most sacred, had prevented his return. His correspondent would be so kind as not to mention the letter to the "gentlemen of the regiment," but the writer would immediately return if his friend in his unassisted judgment thought best. In the second he plumply declares that in perilous times the post of a good Corsican is at home, that therefore he had thought of resigning, but his friends had arranged the middle course of appointing him adjutant-major in the volunteers so that he could make his duty as a soldier conform to his duty as a patriot. Asking for news of what is going on in France, he says, writing like an outsider, "If *your* nation loses courage at this moment, it is done with forever."

It was toward the end of March that the volunteers from the mountains began to appear in Ajaccio for the election of their officers. Napoleon had bitter and powerful rivals, but his recent trip had apparently enabled him to win many friends among the men. While, therefore, success was possible by that means, there was another influence almost as powerful — that of three commissioners appointed by the directory of the island to organize and equip the battalion. These were Morati, a friend of Peraldi, the Paolist deputy; Quenza, more or less neutral, and Grimaldi, a devoted partisan of the Buonapartes. With skilful diplomacy Napoleon agreed that he would not presume to be a candidate for the office of first lieutenant-colonel, which was desired by Peretti, a near friend of Paoli, for his brother-in-law, Quenza, but would seek the position of

second lieutenant-colonel. In this way he was assured of good will from two of the three commissioners; the other was of course hostile, being a partizan of Peraldi.

The election, as usual in Corsica, seems to have passed in turbulence and noisy violence. His enemies attacked Buonaparte with every weapon: their money, their influence, and in particular with ridicule. His stature, his poverty, and his absurd ambitions were held up to contempt and scorn. The young hotspur was cut to the quick, and, forgetting Corsican ways, made the witless blunder of challenging Peraldi to a duel, an institution scorned by the Corsican devotees of the vendetta. The climax of contempt was Peraldi's failure even to notice the challenge. At the crisis, Salicetti, a warm friend of the Buonapartes and a high official of the department, appeared with a considerable armed force to maintain order. This cowed the conservatives. The third commissioner, living as a guest with Peraldi, was seized during the night preceding the election by a body of Buonaparte's friends, and put under lock and key in their candidate's house — "to make you entirely free; you were not free where you were," said the instigator of the stroke, when called to explain. To the use of fine phrases was now added a facility in employing violence at a pinch which likewise remained characteristic of Buonaparte's career down to the end. Nasica, who alone records the tale, sees in this event the precursor of the long series of state-strokes which culminated on the eighteenth Brumaire. There is a story that in one of the scuffles incident to this brawl a member of Pozzo di Borgo's family was thrown down and trampled on. Be that as it may, Buonaparte was successful. This of course intensified the hatred already existing, and from that moment the families of Peraldi and of Pozzo di Borgo were his deadly enemies.

Quenza, who was chosen first lieutenant-colonel, was a man of no character whatever, a nobody. He was moreover absorbed in the duties of a place in the departmental administration. Buonaparte, therefore, was in virtual command of a sturdy, well-armed, legal force. Having been adjutant-major, and being now a regularly elected lieutenant-colonel according to statute, he applied, with a well-calculated effrontery, to his regimental paymaster for the pay which had accrued during his absence. It was at first refused, for in the interval he had been cashiered for remaining at home in disobedience to orders; but such were the irregularities of that revolutionary time that later, virtual deserter as he had been, it was actually paid and he was restored to his place. He sought and obtained from the military authorities of the island certificates of his regular standing and leave to present them in Paris if needed to maintain his rank as a French officer, but in the final event there was no necessity for their use. No one was more adroit than Buonaparte in taking advantage of possibilities. He was a pluralist without conscience. A French regular if the emergency should demand it, he was likewise a Corsican patriot and commander in the volunteer guard of the island, fully equipped for another move. Perhaps, at last, he could assume with success the liberator's rôle of Sampiero. But an opportunity must occur or be created. One was easily arranged.

Ajaccio had gradually become a resort for many ardent Roman Catholics who had refused to accept the new order. The town authorities, although there were some extreme radicals among them, were, on the whole, in sympathy with these conservatives. Through the devices of his friends in the city government, Buonaparte's battalion, the second, was on one pretext or another assembled in and around the town. Thereupon, follow-

ing the most probable account, which, too, is supported by Buonaparte's own story, a demand was made that according to the recent ecclesiastical legislation of the National Assembly, the Capuchin monks, who had been so far undisturbed, should evacuate their friary. Feeling ran so high that the other volunteer companies were summoned; they arrived on April first. At once the public order was jeopardized: on one extreme were the religious fanatics, on the other the political agitators, both of whom were loud with threats and ready for violence. In the middle, between two fires, was the mass of the people, who sympathized with the ecclesiastics, but wanted peace at any hazard. Quarreling began first between individuals of the various factions, but it soon resulted in conflicts between civilians and the volunteer guard. The first step taken by the military was to seize and occupy the cloister, which lay just below the citadel, the final goal of their leader, whoever he was, and the townsfolk believed it was Buonaparte. Once inside the citadel walls, the Corsicans in the regular French service would, it was hoped, fraternize with their kin; with such a beginning, all the garrison might in time be won over.

This further exasperated the ultramontanes, and on Easter day, April eighth, they made demonstrations so serious that the scheming commander — Buonaparte again, it was believed — found the much desired pretext to interfere; there was a *mêlée*, and one of the militia officers was killed. Next morning the burghers found their town beset by the volunteers. Good citizens kept to their houses, while the acting mayor and the council were assembled to authorize an attack on the citadel. The authorities could not agree, and dispersed; the following forenoon it was discovered that the acting mayor and his sympathizers had taken refuge

in the citadel. From the vantage of this stronghold they proposed to settle the difficulty by the arbitration of a board composed of two from each side, under the presidency of the commandant. There was again no agreement.

Worn out at last by the haggling and delay, an officer of the garrison finally ordered the militia officers to withdraw their forces. By the advice of some determined radical — Buonaparte again, in all probability — the latter flatly refused, and the night was spent in preparation for a conflict which seemed inevitable. But early in the morning the commissioners of the department, who had been sent by Paoli to preserve the peace, arrived in a body. They were welcomed gladly by the majority of the people, and, after hearing the case, dismissed the battalion of volunteers to various posts in the surrounding country. Public opinion immediately turned against Buonaparte, convinced as the populace was that he was the author of the entire disturbance. The commander of the garrison was embittered, and sent a report to the war department displaying the young officer's behavior in the most unfavorable light. Buonaparte's defense was contained in a manifesto which made the citizens still more furious by its declaration that the whole civic structure of their town was worthless, and should have been overthrown.

The aged Paoli found his situation more trying with every day. Under a constitutional monarchy, such as he had admired and studied in England, such as he even yet hoped for and expected in France, he had believed his own land might find a virtual autonomy. With riot and disorder in every town, it would not be long before the absolute disqualification of his countrymen for self-government would be proved and the French

administration restored. For his present purpose, therefore, the peace must be kept, and Buonaparte, upon whom, whether justly or not, the blame for these recent broils rested, must be removed elsewhere, if possible; but as the troublesome youth was the son of an old friend and the head of a still influential family, it must be done without offense. The government at Paris might be pacified if the absentee officer were restored to his post, with Quenza in command of the volunteers, there would be little danger of a second outbreak in Ajaccio.

It was more than easy, therefore, for the discredited revolutionary, on the implied condition and understanding that he should leave Corsica, to secure from the authorities the papers necessary to put himself and his actions in the most favorable light. Buonaparte armed himself accordingly with an authenticated certificate as to the posts he had held, and the period during which he had held them, and with another as to his "civism" — the phrase used at that time to designate the quality of friendliness to the Revolution. The former seems to have been framed according to his own statements, and was speciously deceptive; yet in form the commander-in-chief, the municipality of Ajaccio, and the authorities of the department were united in certifying to his unblemished character and regular standing. This was something. Whither should the scapegoat betake himself? Valence, where the royalist colonel regarded him as a deserter, was of course closed, and in Paris alone could the necessary steps be taken to secure restoration to rank with back pay, or rather the reversal of the whole record as it then stood on the regimental books. For this reason he likewise secured letters of introduction to the leading Corsicans in the French capital. His departure was so abrupt as to resemble

flight. He hastened to Corte, and remained just long enough to understand the certainty of his overwhelming loss in public esteem throughout Corsica. On the way he is said to have seen Paoli for a short time and to have received some encouragement in a plan to raise another battalion of volunteers. Joseph claimed to have advised his brother to have nothing to do with the plan, but to leave immediately for France. In any case Napoleon's mind was clear. A career in Corsica on the grand scale was impossible for him. Borrowing money for the journey, he hurried away and sailed from Bastia on May second, 1792. The outlook might have disheartened a weaker man. Peraldi, the Corsican deputy, was a near relative of the defeated rival, Paoli's displeasure was only too manifest; the bitter hate of a large element in Ajaccio, including the royalist commander of the garrison, was unconcealed. Napoleon's energy, rashness, and ambition combined to make Pozzo di Borgo detest him. He was accused of being a traitor, the source of all trouble, of plotting a new St. Bartholomew, ready for any horror in order to secure power. Rejected by Corsica, would France receive him? Would not the few French friends he had be likewise alienated by these last escapades? Could the formal record of regimental offenses be expunged? In any event, how slight the prospect of success in the great mad capital, amid the convulsive throes of a nation's disorders!

But in the last consideration lay his only chance: the nation's disorder was to supply the remedy for Buonaparte's irregularities. The King had refused his sanction to the secularization of the estates which had once been held by the emigrants and recusant ecclesiastics; the Jacobins retorted by open hostility to the monarchy. The plotting of noble and princely refugees with various royal and other schemers two years before had been a

crime against the King and the constitutionalists, for it jeopardized their last chance for existence, even their very lives. Within so short a time what had been criminal in the emigrants had seemingly become the only means of self-preservation for their intended victim. His constitutional supporters recognized that, in the adoption of this course by the King, the last hope of a peaceful solution to their awful problem had disappeared. It was now almost certain and generally believed that Louis himself was in negotiation with the foreign sovereigns; to thwart his plans and avert the consequences it was essential that open hostilities against his secret allies should be begun. Consequently, on April twentieth, 1792, by the influence of the King's friends war had been declared against Austria. The populace, awed by the armies thus called out, were at first silently defiant, an attitude which changed to open fury when the defeat of the French troops in the Austrian Netherlands was announced.

The moderate republicans, or Girondists, as they were called from the district where they were strongest, were now the mediating party; their leader, Roland, was summoned to form a ministry and appease this popular rage. It was one of his colleagues who had examined the complaint against Buonaparte received from the commander of the garrison at Ajaccio. According to a strict interpretation of the military code there was scarcely a crime which Buonaparte had not committed: desertion, disobedience, tampering, attack on constituted authority, and abuse of official power. The minister reported the conduct of both Quenza and Buonaparte as most reprehensible, and declared that if their offense had been purely military he would have court-martialed them.

Learning first at Marseilles that war had broken out,

and that the companies of his regiment were dispersed to various camps for active service, Buonaparte hastened northward. A new passion, which was indicative of the freshly awakened patriotism, had taken possession of the popular fancy. Where the year before the current and universal phrase had been "federation," the talk was now all for the "nation." It might well be so. Before the traveler arrived at his destination further disaster had overtaken the French army, one whole regiment had deserted under arms to the enemy, and individual soldiers were escaping by hundreds. The officers of the Fourth Artillery were resigning and running away in about equal numbers. Consternation ruled supreme, treason and imbecility were everywhere charged against the authorities. War within, war without, and the army in a state of collapse! The emigrant princes would return, and France be sold to a bondage tenfold more galling than that from which she was struggling to free herself.

When Buonaparte reached Paris on May twenty-eighth, 1792, the outlook was poor for a suppliant, bankrupt in funds and nearly so in reputation; but he was undaunted, and his application for reinstatement in the artillery was made without the loss of a moment. A new minister of war had been appointed but a few days before, — there were six changes in that office during as many months, — and the assistant now in charge of the artillery seemed favorable to the request. For a moment he thought of restoring the suppliant to his position, but events were marching too swiftly, and demands more urgent jostled aside the claims of an obscure lieutenant with a shady character. Buonaparte at once grasped the fact that he could win his cause only by patience or by importunity, and began to consider how he should arrange for a prolonged stay in the capi-

tal. His scanty resources were already exhausted, but he found Bourrienne, a former school-fellow at Brienne, in equal straits, waiting like himself for something to turn up. Over their meals in a cheap restaurant on the Rue St Honoré they discussed various means of gaining a livelihood, and seriously contemplated a partnership in subletting furnished rooms. But Bourrienne very quickly obtained the post of secretary in the embassy at Stuttgart, so that his comrade was left to make his struggle alone by pawning what few articles of value he possessed.

The days and weeks were full of incidents terrible and suggestive in their nature. The Assembly dismissed the King's body-guard on May twenty-ninth; on June thirteenth, the Girondists were removed from the ministry; within a few days it was known at court that Prussia had taken the field as an ally of Austria, and on the seventeenth a conservative, Feuillant cabinet was formed. Three days later the popular insurrection began, on the twenty-sixth the news of the coalition was announced, and on the twenty-eighth Lafayette endeavored to stay the tide of furious discontent which was now rising in the Assembly. But it was as ruthless as that of the ocean, and on July eleventh the country was declared in danger. There was, however, a temporary check to the rush, a moment of repose in which the King, on the fourteenth, celebrated among his people the fall of the Bastille. But an address from the local assembly at Marseilles had arrived, demanding the dethronement of Louis and the abolition of the monarchy. Such was the impatience of the great southern city that, without waiting for the logical effect of their declaration, its inhabitants determined to make a demonstration in Paris. On the thirtieth a deputation five hundred strong arrived before the capital.

On August third, they entered the city singing the immortal song which bears their name, but which was written at Strasburg by an officer of engineers, Rouget de Lisle. The southern fire of the newcomers kindled again the flame of Parisian sedition, and the radicals fanned it. At last, on August tenth, the conflagration burst forth in an uprising such as had not yet been seen of all that was outcast and lawless in the great town; with them consorted the discontented and the envious, the giddy and the frivolous, the curious and the fickle, all the unstable elements of society. This time the King was unnerved; in despair he fled for asylum to the chamber of the Assembly. That body, unsympathetic for him, but sensitive to the ragings of the mob without, found the fugitive unworthy of his office. Before night the kingship was abolished, and the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple.

There is no proof that the young Corsican was at this time other than an interested spectator. In a hurried letter written to Joseph on May twenty-ninth he notes the extreme confusion of affairs, remarks that Pozzo di Borgo is on good terms with the minister of war, and recommends his brother to keep on good terms with Paoli. There is a characteristic little paragraph on the uniform of the national guard. Though he makes no reference to the purpose of his journey, it is clear that he is calm, assured that in the wholesale flight of officers a man like himself is assured of restoration to rank and duty. Two others dated June fourteenth and eighteenth respectively are scarcely more valuable. He gives a crude and superficial account of French affairs internal and external, of no value as history. He had made unsuccessful efforts to revive the plea for their mother's mulberry subsidies, had dined with Mme. Permon, had visited their sister Marianna at St. Cyr, where she had

been called Elisa to distinguish her from another Marianna. He speculates on the chance of her marrying without a dot. In quiet times, the wards of St. Cyr received, on leaving, a dowry of three thousand livres, with three hundred more for an outfit; but as matters then were, the establishment was breaking up and there were no funds for that purpose. Like the rest, the Corsican girl was soon to be stripped of her pretty uniform, the neat silk gown, the black gloves, and the dainty bronze slippers which Mme. de Maintenon had prescribed for the noble damsels at that royal school. In another letter written four days later there is a graphic account of the threatening demonstrations made by the rabble and a vivid description which indicates Napoleon's being present when the mob recoiled at the very door of the Tuileries before the calm and dignified courage of the King. There is even a story, told as of the time, by Bourrienne, a very doubtful authority, but probably invented later, of Buonaparte's openly expressing contempt for riots. "How could the King let the rascals in! He should have shot down a few hundred, and the rest would have run." This statement, like others made by Bourrienne, is to be received with the utmost caution.

In a letter written about the beginning of July, probably to Lucien or possibly to Joseph, and evidently intended to be read in the Jacobin Club of Ajaccio, there are clear indications of its writer's temper. He speaks with judicious calmness of the project for educational reform; of Lafayette's appearance before the Assembly, which had pronounced the country in danger and was now sitting in permanence, as perhaps necessary to prevent its taking an extreme and dangerous course; of the French as no longer deserving the pains men took for them, since they were a people old and without con-



Bonaparte

Général en chef de l'Armée d'Italie

From the collection of W C Crane

BONAPARTE
GENERAL IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY

tinuity or coherence,¹ of their leaders as poor creatures engaged on low plots; and of the damper which such a spectacle puts on ambition. Clearly the lesson of moderation which he inculcates is for the first time sincerely given. The preacher, according to his own judgment for the time being, is no Frenchman, no demagogue, nothing but a simple Corsican anxious to live far from the madness of mobs and the emptiness of so-called glory.

It has been asserted that on the dreadful day of August tenth Buonaparte's assumed philosophy was laid aside, and that he was a mob leader at the barricades. His own account of the matter as given at St. Helena does not bear this out. "I felt," said he, "as if I should have defended the King if called to do so I was opposed to those who would found the republic by means of the populace. Besides, I saw civilians attacking men in uniforms; that gave me a shock." He said further in his reminiscences that he viewed the entire scene from the windows of a furniture

¹The rare and curious pamphlet entitled "*Manuscrit de l'Île d'Elbe*," attributed to Montholon and probably published by Edward O'Meara, contains headings for ten chapters which were dictated by Napoleon at Elba on February twenty-second, 1815. The argument is: The Bourbons ascended the throne, in the person of Henry IV, by conquering the so-called Holy League against the Protestants, and by the consent of the people, a third dynasty thus followed the second, then came the republic, and its succession was legitimated by victory, by the will of the people, and by the recognition of all the powers of

Europe. The republic made a new France by emancipating the Gauls from the rule of the Franks. The people had raised their leader to the imperial throne in order to consolidate their new interests: this was the fourth dynasty, etc., etc. The contemplated book was to work out in detail this very conception of a nation as passing through successive phases at the close of each it is worn out, but a new rule regenerates it, throwing off the incrustations and giving room to the life within. It is interesting to note the genesis of Napoleon's ideas and the pertinacity with which he held them.

shop kept by Fauvelet de Bourrienne, brother of his old school friend. The impression left after reading his narrative of the frightful carnage before the Tuileries, of the indecencies committed by frenzied women at the close of the fight, of the mad excitement in the neighboring cafés, and of his own calmness throughout, is that he was in no way connected either with the actors or their deeds, except to shout, "Hurrah for the nation!" when summoned to do so by a gang of ruffians who were parading the streets under the banner of a gory head elevated on a pike¹. The truth of his statements cannot be established by any collateral evidence.

It is not likely that an ardent radical leader like Buonaparte, well known and influential in the Rhone valley, had remained a stranger to the Marseilles deputation. If the Duchesse d'Abrantès be worthy of any credence, he was very influential, and displayed great activity with the authorities during the seventh and eighth, running hither, thither, everywhere, to secure redress for an illegal domiciliary visit which her mother, Mme. Permon, had received on the seventh. But her testimony is of very little value, such is her anxiety to establish an early intimacy with the great man of her time. Joseph, in his memoirs,² declares that his brother was present at the conflict of August tenth, and that Napoleon wrote him at the time, "If Louis XVI had appeared on horseback, he would have conquered." "After the victory of the Marseillais," continues the passage quoted from the letter, "I saw a man about to kill a soldier of the guard. I said to him, 'Southron, let us spare the unfortunate!' 'Art thou from the South?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, we will spare him.'" Moreover, it is a fact that Santerre, the notorious leader

¹ Las Cases *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, V, 170.

² *Mémoires du roi Joseph*, I, 47.

of the mob on that day, was three years later, on the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, most useful to Buonaparte; that though degraded from the office of general to which he was appointed in the revolutionary army, he was in 1800 restored to his rank by the First Consul. All this is consistent with Napoleon's assertion, but it proves nothing conclusively, and there is certainly ground for suspicion when we reflect that these events were ultimately decisive of Buonaparte's fortunes.

The Feuillant ministry fell with the King, and an executive council composed of radicals took its place. For one single day Paris reeled like a drunkard, but on the next the shops were open again. On the following Sunday the opera was packed at a benefit performance for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in victory. A few days later Lafayette, as commander of the armies in the North, issued a pronunciamiento against the popular excesses. He even arrested the commissioners of the Assembly who were sent to supplant him and take the ultimate direction of the campaign. But he quickly found that his old prestige was gone; he had not kept pace with the mad rush of popular opinion; neither in person nor as the sometime commander of the National Guard had he any longer the slightest influence. Impeached and declared an outlaw, he, like the King, lost his balance, and fled for refuge into the possessions of Liège. The Austrians violated the sanctuary of neutral territory, and captured him, exactly as Napoleon at a later day violated the neutrality of Baden in the case of the Duc d'Enghien. On August twenty-third the strong place of Longwy was delivered into the hands of the Prussians, the capitulation being due, as was claimed, to treachery among the French officers

CHAPTER XIV

BUONAPARTE THE FRENCH JACOBIN

Reinstatement — Further Solicitation — Promotion — Napoleon and Elisa — Occupations in Paris — Return to Ajaccio — Disorders in Corsica — Buonaparte a French Jacobin — Expedition against Sardinia — Course of French Affairs — Paoli's Changed Attitude — Estrangement of Buonaparte and Paoli — Mischances in the Preparations against Sardinia — Failure of the French Detachment — Buonaparte and the Fiasco of the Corsican Detachment — His Commission Lapses — Further Developments in France — Results of French Victory — England's Policy — Paoli in Danger — Denounced and Summoned to Paris.

THE committee to which Buonaparte's request for reinstatement was referred made a report on June twenty-first, 1792, exonerating him from blame. The reasons given were avowedly based on the representations of the suppliant himself: first, that Duteil, the inspector, had given him permission to sail for Corsica in time to avoid the equinox, a distorted truth; and, second, that the Corsican authorities had certified to his civism, his good conduct, and his constant presence at home during his irregular absence from the army, a truthful statement, but incomplete, since no mention was made of the disgraceful Easter riots at Ajaccio and of Buonaparte's share in them. The attitude of the government is clearly expressed in a despatch of July eighth from the minister of war, Lajard, to Maillard, commander of the Ajaccio garrison. The misdeeds of Quenza and Buonaparte were of a civil and not a military nature, commisable therefore under the new legis-

tion only by ordinary courts, not by military tribunals. The uprisings, however, had been duly described to the commissioners by Peraldi: they state as their opinion that the deputy was ill-informed and that his judgment should not stand in the way of justice to M. de Buonaparte. On July tenth the minister of war adopted the committee's report, and this fact was announced in a letter addressed by him to Captain Buonaparte!

The situation is clearly depicted in a letter of August seventh from Napoleon to Joseph. Current events were so momentous as to overshadow personal considerations. Besides, there had been no military misdemeanor at Ajaccio and his reinstatement was sure. As things were, he would probably establish himself in France, Corsican as his inclinations were. Joseph must get himself made a deputy for Corsica to the Assembly, otherwise his rôle would be unimportant. He had been studying astronomy, a superb science, and with his knowledge of mathematics easy of acquisition. His book — the history, no doubt — was copied and ready, but this was no time for publication; besides, he no longer had the "petty ambition of an author." His family desired he should go to his regiment (as likewise did the military authorities at Paris), and thither he would go.

A formal report in his favor was drawn up on August twentieth. On the thirtieth he was completely reinstated, or rather his record was entirely sponged out and consigned, as was hoped, to oblivion; for his captain's commission was dated back to February sixth, 1792, the day on which his promotion would have occurred in due course if he had been present in full standing with his regiment. His arrears for that rank were to be paid in full. Such success was intoxicating. Monge, the great mathematician, had been his master at the military school in Paris, and was now minister of the navy. True to his

nature, with the carelessness of an adventurer and the effrontery of a gambler, the newly fledged captain promptly put in an application for a position as lieutenant-colonel of artillery in the sea service. The authorities must have thought the petition a joke, for the paper was pigeonholed, and has been found marked S. R., that is, *sans réponse* — without reply. Probably it was written in earnest, the motive being possibly an invincible distaste for the regiment in which he had been disgraced, which was still in command of a colonel who was not disposed to leniency.

An easy excuse for shirking duty and returning to the old habits of a Corsican agitator was at hand. The events of August tenth settled the fate of all monarchical institutions, even those which were partly charitable. Among other royal foundations suppressed by the Assembly on August eighteenth was that of St. Cyr, formally styled the Establishment of St. Louis. The date fixed for closing was just subsequent to Buonaparte's promotion, and the pupils were then to be dismissed. Each beneficiary was to receive a mileage of one livre for every league she had to traverse. Three hundred and fifty-two was the sum due to Elisa. Some one must escort an unprotected girl on the long journey; no one was so suitable as her elder brother and natural protector. Accordingly, on September first, the brother and sister appeared before the proper authorities to apply for the traveling allowance of the latter. Whatever other accomplishments Mlle. de Buonaparte had learned at the school of St. Louis, she was still as deficient in writing and spelling as her brother. The formal requisitions written by both are still extant; they would infuriate any conscientious teacher in a primary school. Nor did they suffice: the school authorities demanded an order from both the city and depart-

ment officials. It was by the kind intervention of the mayor that the red tape was cut; the money was paid on the next day, and that night the brother and the sister lodged in the Holland Patriots' Hotel in Paris, where they appear to have remained for a week.

This is the statement of an early biographer, and appears to be borne out by an autograph letter of Napoleon's, recently found, in which he says he left Paris on a date which, although the figure is blurred, seems to be the ninth¹. Some days would be necessary for the new captain to procure a further leave of absence. Judging from subsequent events, it is possible that he was also seeking further acquaintance and favor with the influential Jacobins of Paris. During the days from the second to the seventh more than a thousand of the royalists confined in the prisons of Paris were massacred. It seems incredible that a man of Napoleon's temperament should have seen and known nothing of the riotous events connected with such bloodshed. Yet nowhere does he hint that he had any personal knowledge. It is possible that he left earlier than is generally supposed, but it is not likely in view of the known dates of his journey. In any case he did not seriously compromise himself, doing at the most nothing further than to make plans for the future. It may have become clear to him, for it was true and he behaved accordingly, that France was not yet ready for him, nor he for France.

It is, moreover, a strong indication of Buonaparte's interest in the French Revolution being purely tentative that as soon as the desired leave was granted, probably in the second week of September, without waiting for the all-important fifteen hundred livres of arrears, now due him, but not paid until a month later, he and his sister set out for home. They traveled by diligence

¹ *Napoléon inconnu*, II, 408

to Lyons, and thence by the Rhone to Marseilles. During the few hours' halt of the boat at Valence, Napoleon's friends, among them some of his creditors, who apparently bore him no grudge, waited on him with kindly manifestations of interest. His former landlady, Mme. Bou, although her bill had been but insignificantly diminished by payments on account, brought as her gift a basket of the fruit in which the neighborhood abounds at that season. The regiment was no longer there, the greater portion, with the colonel, being now on the northeastern frontier under Dumouriez, facing the victorious legions of Prussia and Austria. On the fourteenth the travelers were at Marseilles; in that friendly democratic city they were nearly mobbed as aristocrats because Elisa wore feathers in her hat. It is said that Napoleon flung the offending object into the crowd with a scornful "No more aristocrats than you," and so turned their howls into laughing approval. It was about a month before the arrears of pay reached Marseilles, two thousand nine hundred and fifty livres in all, a handsome sum of money and doubly welcome at such a crisis. It was probably October tenth when they sailed for Corsica, and on the seventeenth Buonaparte was once more in his home, no longer so confident, perhaps, of a career among his own people, but determined to make another effort. It was his fourth return. Lucien and Fesch were leaders in the radical club; Joseph was at his old post, his ambition to represent Ajaccio at Paris was again thwarted, the successful candidate having been Multedo, a family friend; Louis, as usual, was disengaged and idle; Mme. Buonaparte and the younger children were well; he himself was of course triumphantly vindicated by his promotion. The ready money from the fortune of the old archdeacon was long since exhausted, to be sure; but the excellent vineyards,

mulberry plantations, and gardens of the family properties were still productive, and Napoleon's private purse had been replenished by the quartermaster of his regiment.

The course of affairs in France had materially changed the aspect of Corsican politics; the situation was, if anything, more favorable for a revolutionary venture than ever before. Salicetti had returned to Corsica after the adjournment of the Constituent Assembly with many new ideas which he had gathered from observing the conduct of the Paris commune, and these he unstintingly disseminated among his sympathizers. They proved to be apt scholars, and quickly caught the tricks of demagogism, bribery, corruption, and malversation of the public funds. He had returned to France before Buonaparte arrived, as a member of the newly elected legislature, but his evil influence survived his departure, and his lieutenants were ubiquitous and active. Paoli had been rendered helpless, and was sunk in despair. He was now commander-in-chief of the regular troops in garrison, but it was a position to which he had been appointed against his will, for it weakened his influence with his own party. Pozzo di Borgo, his stanch supporter and Buonaparte's enemy, was attorney-general in Salicetti's stead. As Paoli was at the same time general of the volunteer guard, the entire power of the islands, military and civil, was in his hands: but the responsibility for good order was likewise his, and the people were, if anything, more unruly than ever; for it was to their minds illogical that their idol should exercise such supreme power, not as a Corsican, but in the name of France. The composition of the two chief parties had therefore changed materially, and although their respective views were modified to a certain extent, they were more embittered than ever against each other.

Buonaparte could not be neutral; his nature and his surroundings forbade it. His first step was to resume his command in the volunteers, and, under pretext of inspecting their posts, to make a journey through the island, his second was to go through the form of seeking a reconciliation with Paoli. Corsican historians, in their eagerness to appropriate the greatness of both Paoli and Napoleon, habitually misrepresent their relations. At this time each was playing for his own hand, the elder exclusively for Corsica's advantage as he saw it; the younger was more ambitious personally, although he was beginning to see that in the course of the Revolution Corsica would secure more complete autonomy as a French department than in any other way. It is not at all clear that as late as this time Paoli was eager for Napoleon's assistance nor the latter for Paoli's support. The complete breach came soon and lasted until, when their views no longer clashed, they both spoke generously one of the other. In the clubs, among his friends and subordinates at the various military stations, Napoleon's talk was loud and imperious, his manner haughty and assuming. A letter written by him at the time to Costa, then lieutenant in the militia and a thorough Corsican, explains that the writer is detained from going to Bonifacio by an order from the general (Paoli) to come to Corte; he will, however, hasten to his post at the head of the volunteers on the very next day, and there will be an end to all disorder and irregularity. "Greet our friends, and assure them of my desire to further their interests." The epistle was written in Italian, but that fact signifies little in comparison with the new tone used in speaking about France: "The enemy has abandoned Verdun and Longwy, and recrossed the river to return home, but our people are not asleep." Lucien added a postscript explaining that he had sent a

pamphlet to his dear Costa, as to a friend, not as to a co-worker, for that he had been unwilling to be. Both the brothers seem already to have considered the possibility of abandoning Corsica.

No sooner had war been declared against Austria in April, than it became evident that the powers whose territories bordered on those of France had previously reached an agreement, and were about to form a coalition in order to make the war general. The Austrian Netherlands, what we now know as Belgium, were already saturated with the revolutionary spirit. It was not probable that much annoyance would come from that quarter. Spain, Prussia, and Holland would, however, surely join the alliance; and if the Italian principalities, with the kingdom of Sardinia, should take the same course, France would be in dire straits. It was therefore suggested in the Assembly that a blow should be struck at the house of Savoy, in order to awe both that and the other courts of Italy into inactivity. The idea of an attack on Sardinia for this purpose originated in Corsica, but among the friends of Salicetti, and it was he who urged the scheme successfully. The sister island was represented as eager to free itself from the control of Savoy. In order to secure Paoli's influence not only in his own island, but in Sardinia, where he was likewise well known and admired, the ministers forced upon him the unwelcome appointment of lieutenant-general in the regular army, and his friend Peraldi was sent to prepare a fleet at Toulon.

The events of August tenth put an end for the time being to constitutional government in France. The commissioners of the Paris sections supplanted the municipal council, and Danton, climbing to power as the representative "plain man," became momentarily the presiding genius of the new Jacobin commune, which

was soon able to usurp the supreme control of France. A call was issued for the election by manhood suffrage of a National Convention, and a committee of surveillance was appointed with the bloodthirsty Marat as its motive power. At the instigation of this committee large numbers of royalists, constitutionalists, and others suspected of holding kindred doctrines, were thrown into prison. The Assembly went through the form of confirming the new despotism, including both the commune of the sections and a Jacobin ministry in which Danton held the portfolio of justice. It then dispersed. On September second began that general clearance of the jails under mock forms of justice to which reference has been made. It was really a massacre, and lasted, as has been said, for five days. Versailles, Lyons, Meaux, Rheims, and Orléans were similarly "purified." Amid these scenes the immaculate Robespierre, whose hands were not soiled with the blood spilled on August tenth, appeared as the calm statesman controlling the wild vagaries of the rough and impulsive but unselfish and uncalculating Danton. These two, with Philip Égalité and Collot d'Herbois, were among those elected to represent Paris in the Convention. That body met on September twenty-first. As they sat in the amphitheater of the Assembly, the Girondists, or moderate republicans, who were in a strong majority, were on the right of the president's chair. High up on the extreme left were the Jacobins, or "Mountain"; between were placed those timid trimmers who were called the "Plain" and the "Marsh" according to the degree of their democratic sentiments. The members were, of course, without exception republicans. The first act of the Convention was to abolish the monarchy, and to declare France a republic. The next was to establish an executive council. It was decreed that September twenty-

second, 1792, was the "first day of the year I of the republic." Under the leadership of Brissot and Roland, the Girondists asserted their power as the majority, endeavoring to restore order in Paris, and to bridle the extreme Jacobins. But notwithstanding its right views and its numbers, the Girondist party displayed no sagacity; before the year I was three months old, the unscrupulous Jacobins, with the aid of the Paris commune, had reasserted their supremacy.

The declaration of the republic only hastened the execution of Salicetti's plan regarding Sardinia, and the Convention was more energetic than the Legislative had been. The fleet was made ready, troops from France were to be embarked at Villefranche, and a force composed in part of regulars, in part of militia, was to be equipped in Corsica and to sail thence to join the main expedition. Buonaparte's old battalion was among those that were selected from the Corsican volunteers. From the outset Paoli had been unfriendly to the scheme; its supporters, whose zeal far outran their means, were not his friends. Nevertheless, he was in supreme command of both regulars and volunteers, and the government having authorized the expedition, the necessary orders had to be issued through him as the only channel of authority. Buonaparte's reappearance among his men had been of course irregular. Being now a captain of artillery in the Fourth Regiment, on active service and in the receipt of full pay, he could no longer legally be a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, a position which had also been made one of emolument. But he was not a man to stand on slight formalities, and had evidently determined to seize both horns of the dilemma.

Paoli, as a French official, of course could not listen for an instant to such a preposterous notion. But as a

patriot anxious to keep all the influence he could, and as a family friend of the Buonapartes, he was unwilling to order the young captain back to his post in France, as he might well have done. The interview between the two men at Corte was, therefore, indecisive. The older was benignant but firm in refusing his formal consent; the younger pretended to be indignant that he could not secure his rights: it is said that he even threatened to denounce in Paris the anti-nationalist attitude of his former hero. So it happened that Buonaparte returned to Ajaccio with a permissive authorization, and, welcomed by his men, assumed a command to which he could have no claim, while Paoli shut his eyes to an act of flagrant insubordination. Paoli saw that Buonaparte was irrevocably committed to revolutionary France; Buonaparte was convinced, or pretended to be, that Paoli was again leaning toward an English protectorate. French imperialist writers hint without the slightest basis of proof that both Paoli and Pozzo di Borgo were in the pay of England. Many have believed, in the same gratuitous manner, that there was a plot among members of the French party to give Buonaparte the chance, by means of the Sardinian expedition, to seize the chief command at least of the Corsican troops, and thus eventually to supplant Paoli. If this conjecture be true, Paoli either knew nothing of the conspiracy, or behaved as he did because his own plans were not yet ripe. The drama of his own personal perplexities, cross-purposes, and ever false positions, was rapidly moving to an end; the logic of events was too strong for the upright but perplexed old patriot, and a scene or two would soon complete the final act of his public career.

The plan for invading Sardinia was over-complex and too nicely adjusted. One portion of the fleet was to skirt the Italian shores, make demonstrations in the

various harbors, and demand in one of them — that of Naples — public reparation for an insult already offered to the new French flag, which displayed the three colors of liberty. The other portion was first to embark the Corsican guards and French troops at Ajaccio, then to unite with the former in the Bay of Palma, whence both were to proceed against Cagliari. But the French soldiers to be taken from the Army of the Var under General Anselme were in fact non-existent; the only military force to be found was a portion of the Marseilles national guard — mere boys, unequipped, untrained, and inexperienced. Winds and waves, too, were adverse: two of the vessels were wrecked, and one was disabled. The rest were badly demoralized, and their crews became unruly. On the arrival of the ships at Ajaccio, a party of roistering sailors went ashore, affiliated immediately with the French soldiers of the garrison, and in the rough horse-play of such occasions picked a quarrel with certain of the Corsican militia, killing two of their number. The character of the islanders showed itself at once in further violence and the fiercest threats. The tumult was finally allayed, but it was perfectly clear that for Corsicans and Marseillais to be embarked on the same vessel was to invite mutiny, riot, and bloodshed.

Buonaparte thought he saw his way to an independent command, and at once proposed what was manifestly the only alternative — a separate Corsican expedition. The French fleet accordingly embarked the garrison troops, and proceeded on its way; the Corsicans remained ashore, and Buonaparte with them. Scenes like that at Ajaccio were repeated in the harbor of St Florent, and the attack on Cagliari by the French failed, partly, as might be supposed, from the poor equipment of the fleet and the wretched quality of the men, partly be-

cause the two flotillas, or what was left of them, failed to effect a junction at the appointed place and time. When they did unite, it was February fourteenth, 1793; the men were ill fed and mutinous; the troops that landed to storm the place fell into a panic, and would actually have surrendered if the officers had not quickly reëmbarked them. The costly enterprise met with but a single success: Naples was cowed, and the court promised neutrality, with reparation for the insult to the tricolor.

The Corsican expedition was quite as ill-starred as the French. Paoli accepted Buonaparte's plan, but appointed his nephew, Colonna-Cesari, to lead, with instructions to see that, if possible, "this unfortunate expedition shall end in smoke."¹ The disappointed but stubborn young aspirant remained in his subordinate place as an officer of the second battalion of the Corsican national guard. It was a month before the volunteers could be equipped and a French corvette with her attendant feluccas could be made ready to sail. On February twentieth, 1793, the vessels were finally armed, manned, and provisioned. The destination of the flotilla was the Magdalena Islands, one of which is Caprera, since renowned as the home of Garibaldi. The troops embarked and put to sea. Almost at once the wind fell; there was a two days' calm, and the ships reached their destination with diminished supplies and dispirited crews. The first attack, made on St. Stephen, was successful. Buonaparte and his guns were then landed on that spot to bombard, across a narrow strait, Magdalena, the chief town on the main island. The enemy's fire was soon silenced, and nothing remained but for the corvette to work slowly round the intervening island

¹ Reported by Arnghi and Renucci and given in *Napoléon inconnu*, II, 418.

of Caprera, and take possession. The vessel had suffered slightly from the enemy's fire, two of her crew having been killed. On the pretense that a mutiny was imminent, Colonna-Cesari declared that coöperation between the sloop and the shore batteries was no longer possible; the artillery and their commander were reëmbarked only with the utmost difficulty; the unlucky expedition returned on February twenty-seventh to Bonifacio.

Both Buonaparte and Quenza were enraged with Paoli's nephew, declaring him to have acted traitorously. It is significant of the utter anarchy then prevailing that nobody was punished for the disgraceful fiasco. Buonaparte, on landing, at once bade farewell to his volunteers. He reported to the war ministry in Paris—and a copy of the memorial was sent to Paoli as responsible for his nephew—that the Corsican volunteers had been destitute of food, clothing, and munitions; but that nevertheless their gallantry had overcome all difficulties, and that in the hour of victory they were abased by the shameful conduct of their comrades. He must have expressed himself freely, for he was mobbed by the sailors in the square of Bonifacio. The men from Bocagnano, partly from the Buonaparte estates at that place, rescued him from serious danger.¹ When he entered Ajaccio, on March third, he found that he was no longer, even by assumption, a lieutenant-colonel; for during his short absence the whole Corsican guard had been disbanded to make way for two battalions of light infantry whose officers were to be appointed by the directory of the island.

Strange news now greeted his ears. Much of what had occurred since his departure from Paris he already knew. France having destroyed root and branch the

¹ For the original of this protest see *Napoléon inconnu*, II, 439.

tyranny of feudal privileges, the whole social edifice was slack in every joint, and there was no strong hand to tighten the bolts; for the King, in dallying with foreign courts, had virtually deserted his people. The monarchy had therefore fallen, but not until its friends had resorted to the expedient of a foreign war as a prop to its fortunes. The early victories won by Austria and Prussia had stung the nation to madness. Robespierre and Danton having become dictators, all moderate policy was eclipsed. The executive council of the Convention, determined to appease the nation, gathered their strength in one vigorous effort, and put three great armies in the field. On November sixth, 1792, to the amazement of the world, Dumouriez won the battle of Jemmapes, thus conquering the Austrian Netherlands as far north as Liège.

The Scheldt, which had been closed since 1648 through the influence of England and Holland, was reopened, trade resumed its natural channel, and, in the exuberance of popular joy, measures were taken for the immediate establishment of a Belgian republic. The other two armies, under Custine and Kellermann, were less successful. The former, having occupied Frankfort, was driven back to the Rhine; the latter defeated the Allies at Valmy, but failed in the task of coming to Custine's support at the proper moment for combined action. Meantime the agitation in Paris had taken the form of personal animosity to "Louis Capet," as the leaders of the disordered populace called the King. In November he was summoned to the bar of the Convention and questioned. When it came to the consideration of an actual trial, the Girondists, willing to save the prisoner's life, claimed that the Convention had no jurisdiction, and must appeal to the sovereign people for authorization. The Jacobins insisted on the sovereign power of

the Convention, Robespierre protesting in the name of the people against an appeal to the people. Supported by the noisy outcries not only of the Parisian populace, but of their followers elsewhere, the radicals prevailed. By a vote of three hundred and sixty-six to three hundred and fifty-five the verdict of death was pronounced on January seventeenth, 1793, and four days later the sentence was executed. This act was a defiance to all monarchs, or, in other words, to all Europe.

The younger Pitt was at this juncture prime minister of England. Like the majority of his countrymen, he had mildly approved the course of the French Revolution down to 1789; with them, in the same way, his opinions had since that time undergone a change. By the aid of Burke's biased but masterful eloquence the English people were gradually convinced that Jacobinism, violence, and crime were the essence of the movement, constitutional reform but a specious pretext. Between 1789 and 1792 there was a rising tide of adverse public sentiment so swift and strong that Pitt was unable to follow it. By the execution of Louis the English moderates were silenced; the news was received with a cry of horror, and the nation demanded war. Were kings' heads to fall, and republican ideas, supported by republican armies, to spread like a conflagration? The still monarchical liberals of England could give no answer to the case of Louis or to the instance of Belgium, and were stunned. The English anti-Jacobins became as fanatical as the French Jacobins. Pitt could not resist the torrent. Yet in his extreme necessity he saw his chance for a double stroke: to throw the blame for the war on France, and to consolidate once more his nearly vanished power in parliament. With masterly adroitness France was tempted into a declaration of war against England. Enthusiasm raged in Paris

like fire among dry stubble. France, if so it must be, against the world! Liberty and equality her religion! The land a camp! The entire people an army! Three hundred thousand men to be selected, equipped, and drilled at once!

Nothing indicates that Buonaparte was in any way moved by the terrible massacres of September, or even by the news of the King's unmerited fate. But the declaration of war was a novelty which must have deeply interested him; for what was Paoli now to do? From gratitude to England he had repeatedly and earnestly declared that he could never take up arms against her. He was already a lieutenant-general in the service of her enemy, his division was assigned to the feeble and disorganized Army of Italy, which was nominally being equipped for active service, and the leadership, so ran the news received at Ajaccio, had been conferred on the Corsican director. The fact was that the radicals of the Convention had long been aware of the old patriot's devotion to constitutional monarchy, and now saw their way to be rid of so dangerous a foe. Three successive commanders of that army had already found disgrace in their attempts with inadequate means to dislodge the Sardinian troops from the mountain passes of the Maritime Alps. Mindful, therefore, of their fate, and of his obligations to England, Paoli firmly refused the proffered honor. Suspicion as to the existence of an English party in the island had early been awakened among the members of the Mountain; for half the Corsican delegation to the Convention had opposed the sentence passed on the King, and Salicetti was the only member who voted in the affirmative. When the ill-starred Sardinian expedition reached Toulon, the blame of failure was laid by the Jacobins on Paoli's shoulders.

Salicetti, who was now a real power among the leaders

at Paris, felt that he must hasten to his department in order to forestall events, if possible, and keep together the remnants of sympathy with France, he was appointed one of a commission to enforce in the island the decrees of the Convention. The commission was well received and the feeling against France was being rapidly allayed when, most unexpectedly, fatal news arrived from Paris. In the preceding November Lucien Buonaparte had made the acquaintance in Ajaccio of Huguet de Sémonville, who was on his way to Constantinople as a special envoy of the provisory council then in charge of the Paris administration. In all probability he was sent to test Paoli's attitude. Versatile and insinuating, he displayed great activity among the islanders. On one occasion he addressed the radical club of Ajaccio — but though eloquent, he was no linguist, and his French rhetoric would have fallen flat but for the fervid zeal of Lucien, who at the close stood in his place and rendered the ambassador's speech in Italian to an enthralled audience. This event among others showed the younger brother's mettle; the intimacy thus inaugurated ripened quickly and endured for long. The ambassador was recalled to the mainland on February second, 1793, and took his new-found friend with him as secretary or useful man. Both were firm Jacobins, and the master having failed in making any impression on Paoli during his Corsican sojourn, the man, as the facts stand, took a mean revenge by denouncing the lieutenant-general as a traitor before a political meeting in Toulon. Lucien's friends have thought the words unstudied and unpremeditated, uttered in the heat of unripe oratory. This may be, but he expressed no repentance and the responsibility rests upon his memory. As a result of the denunciation an address calumniating the Corsican leader in the most excited terms was sent by the Toulon

Jacobins to the deputy of the department in Paris. Of all this Napoleon knew nothing. he and Lucien were slightly alienated because the latter thought his brother but a lukewarm revolutionary. The news of the defection of Dumouriez had just arrived at the capital, public opinion was inflamed, and on April second Paoli, who seemed likely to be a second Dumouriez, was summoned to appear before the Convention. For a moment he became again the most popular man in Corsica. He had always retained many warm personal friends even among the radicals; the royalists were now forever alienated from a government which had killed their king; the church could no longer expect protection when impious men were in power. These three elements united immediately with the Paolists to protest against the arbitrary act of the Convention. Even in that land of confusion there was a degree of chaos hitherto unequalled.

CHAPTER XV

A JACOBIN HEGIRA

The Waning of Corsican Patriotism — Rise of French Radicalism — Alliance with Salicetti — Another Scheme for Leadership — Failure to Seize the Citadel of Ajaccio — Second Plan — Paoli's Attitude Toward the Convention — Buonaparte Finally Discredited in Corsica — Paoli Turns to England — Plans of the Buonaparte Family — Their Arrival in Toulon — Napoleon's Character — His Corsican Career — Lessons of His Failures — His Ability, Situation, and Experience

BUONAPARTE was for an instant among the most zealous of Paoli's supporters, and, taking up his ever-ready pen, he wrote two impassioned papers whose respective tenors it is not easy to reconcile: one an appeal to the Convention in Paoli's behalf, the other a demand addressed to the municipality of Ajaccio that the people should renew their oath of allegiance to France. The explanation is somewhat recondite, perhaps, but not discreditable. Salicetti, as chairman of a committee of the convention on Corsican affairs, had conferred with Paoli on April thirteenth. The result was so satisfactory that on the sixteenth the latter was urged to attend a second meeting at Bastia in the interest of Corsican reconciliation and internal peace. Meantime Lucien's performance at Marseilles had fired the train which led to the Convention's action against Paoli, and on the seventeenth the order for his arrest reached Salicetti, who was of course charged with its execution. For this he was not prepared, nor was Buonaparte. The essential of Corsican annexation to

France was order. The Corsican folk flocked to protect Paoli in Corte, and the local government declared for him. There was inchoate rebellion and within a few days the districts of Calvi and Bastia were squarely arrayed with Salicetti against Bonifacio and Ajaccio, which supported Paoli and Pozzo di Borgo. The Buonapartes were convinced that the decree of the Convention was precipitate, and pleaded for its recall. At the same time they saw no hope for peace in Corsica, except through incorporation with France. But compromise proved impossible. There was a truce when Paoli on April twenty-sixth wrote to the Convention regretting that he could not obey their summons on account of infirmities, and declaring his loyalty to France. In consequence the Convention withdrew its decree and sent a new commission of which Salicetti was not a member. This was in May, on the eve of the Girondin overthrow. The measures of reconciliation proved unavailing, because the Jacobins of Marseilles, learning that Paoli was Girondist in sentiment, stopped the commission, and forbade their proceeding to Corsica.

Meantime Captain Buonaparte's French regiment had already been some five months in active service. If his passion had been only for military glory, that was to be found nowhere so certainly as in its ranks, where he should have been. But his passion for political renown was clearly far stronger. Where could it be so easily gratified as in Corsica under the present conditions? The personality of the young adventurer had for a long time been curiously double: but while he had successfully retained the position of a French officer in France, his identity as a Corsican patriot had been nearly obliterated in Corsica by his constant quarrels and repeated failures. Having become a French radical, he had been forced into a certain antagonism to

Paoli and had thereby jeopardized both his fortunes and his career as far as they were dependent on Corsican support. But with Paoli under the ban of the Convention, and suspected of connivance with English schemes, there might be a revulsion of feeling and a chance to make French influence paramount once more in the island under the leadership of the Buonapartes and their friends. For the moment Napoleon preserved the outward semblance of the Corsican patriot, but he seems to have been weary at heart of the thankless rôle and entirely ready to exchange it for another. Whatever may have been his plan or the principles of his conduct, it appears as if the decisive step now to be taken had no relation to either plan or principles, but that it was forced upon him by a chance development of events which he could not have foreseen, and which he was utterly unable to control.

It is unknown whether Salicetti or he made the first advances in coming to an understanding for mutual support, or when that understanding was reached, but it existed as early as January, 1793, a fact conclusively shown by a letter of the former dated early in that month. It was April fifth when Salicetti reached Corsica; the news of Paoli's denunciation by the Convention arrived, as has been said, on the seventeenth. Seeing how nicely adjusted the scales of local politics were, the deputy was eager to secure favor from Paris, and wrote on the sixteenth an account of how warmly his commission had been received. Next day the blow of Paoli's condemnation fell, and it became plain that compromise was no longer possible. When even the Buonapartes were supporting Paoli, the reconciliation of the island with France was clearly impracticable. Salicetti did not hesitate, but as between Paoli and Corsica with no career on the one side, and the possibilities of a

great career under France on the other, quickly chose the latter. The same considerations weighed with Buonaparte; he followed his patron, and as a reward was appointed by the French commission inspector-general of artillery for Corsica.

Salicetti had granted what Paoli would not: Buonaparte was free to strike his blow for Corsican leadership. With swift and decisive measures the last scene in his Corsican adventures was arranged. Several great guns which had been saved from a war-ship wrecked in the harbor were lying on the shore unmounted. The inspector-general hypocritically declared that they were a temptation to insurgents and a menace to the public peace; they should be stored in the citadel. His plan was to seize the moment when the heavy pieces were passing the drawbridge, and at the head of his followers to take possession of the stronghold he had so long coveted, and so often failed to capture. If he could hold it for the Convention, a career in Corsica would be at last assured.

But again he was doomed to disappointment. The former garrison had been composed of French soldiers. On the failure of the Sardinian expedition most of these had been landed at Toulon, where they still were. The men in the citadel of Ajaccio were therefore in the main strangers, although some French infantry and the French gunners were still there; the new commander was a Paolist who refused to be hoodwinked, and would not act without an authorization from his general-in-chief. The value of the seizure depended on its promptness. In order to secure a sufficient number of faithful followers, Buonaparte started on foot for Bastia to consult the commission. Learning that he was already a suspect at Corte and in danger of arrest, he turned on his steps only to be confronted at Bocognano by a band of Peraldi's followers. Two shepherds from his own

estate found a place of concealment for him in a house belonging to their friends, and he passed a day in hiding, escaping after nightfall to Ucciani, whence he returned to Ajaccio in safety.¹ Thwarted in one notion, Buonaparte then proposed to the followers he already had two alternatives: to erect a barricade behind which the guns could be mounted and trained on the citadel, or, easier still, to carry one of the pieces to some spot before the main entrance and then batter in the gate. Neither scheme was considered feasible, and it was determined to secure by bribes, if possible, the coöperation of a portion of the garrison. The attempt failed through the integrity of a single man, and is interesting only as having been Napoleon's first lesson in an art which was thenceforward an unfailing resource. Rumors of these proceedings soon reached the friends of Paoli, and Buonaparte was summoned to report immediately at Corte. Such was the intensity of popular bitterness against him in Ajaccio for his desertion of Paoli that after a series of narrow escapes from arrest he was compelled to flee in disguise and by water to Bastia, which he reached on May tenth, 1793. Thwarted in their efforts to seize Napoleon, the hostile party vented its rage on the rest of the family, hunting the mother and children from their town house, which was pillaged and burned, first to Milleli, then through jungle and over hilltops to the lonely tower of Capitello near the sea.

A desire for revenge on his Corsican persecutors would now give an additional stimulus to Buonaparte, and still another device to secure the passionately desired citadel of Ajaccio was proposed by him to the commissioners of the Convention, and adopted by them. The remnants of a Swiss regiment stationed near by were to be marched

¹ Both these men were generously remembered in the secret codicils of Napoleon's will.

into the city, as if for embarkment; several French war vessels from the harbor of St. Florent, including one frigate, with troops, munitions, and artillery on board, were to appear unexpectedly before the city, land their men and guns, and then, with the help of the Switzers and such of the citizens as espoused the French cause, were to overawe the town and seize the citadel. Corsican affairs had now reached a crisis, for this was a virtual declaration of war. Paoli so understood it, and measures of mutual defiance were at once taken by both sides. The French commissioners formally deposed the officials who sympathized with Paoli; they, in turn, took steps to increase the garrison of Ajaccio, and to strengthen the popular sentiment in their favor.

On receipt of the news that he had been summoned to Paris and that hostile commissioners had been sent to take his place, Paoli had immediately forwarded, by the hands of two friendly representatives, the temperate letter in which he had declared his loyalty to France. In it he had offered to resign and leave Corsica. His messengers were seized and temporarily detained, but in the end they reached Paris, and were kindly received. On May twenty-ninth they appeared on the floor of the Convention, and won their cause. On June fifth the former decree was revoked, and two days later a new and friendly commission of two members started for Corsica. But at Marseilles they fell into the hands of the Jacobin mob, and were arrested. Ignorant of these favorable events, and the untoward circumstances by which their effect was thwarted, the disheartened statesman had written and forwarded on May fourteenth a second letter, of the same tenor as the first. This measure likewise had failed of effect, for the messenger had been stopped at Bastia, now the focus of Salicetti's influence, and the letter had never reached its destination.

It was probably in this interval that Paoli finally adopted, as a last desperate resort, the hitherto hazy idea of putting the island under English protection, in order to maintain himself in the mission to which he felt that Providence had called him. The actual departure of Napoleon's expedition from St Florent gave the final impulse. That event so inflamed the passions of the conservative party in Ajaccio that the Buonaparte family could no longer think of returning within a reasonable time to their home. Some desperate resolution must be taken, though it should involve leaving their small estates to be ravaged, their slender resources to be destroyed, and abandoning their partizans to proscription and imprisonment. They finally found a temporary asylum with a relative in Calvi. The attacking flotilla had been detained nearly a week by a storm, and reached Ajaccio on May twenty-ninth, in the very height of these turmoils. It was too late for any possibility of success. The few French troops on shore were cowed, and dared not show themselves when a party landed from the ships. On the contrary, Napoleon and his volunteers were received with a fire of musketry, and, after spending two anxious days in an outlying tower which they had seized and held, were glad to reëmbark and sail away. Their leader, after still another narrow escape from seizure, rejoined his family at Calvi. The Jacobin commission held a meeting, and determined to send Salicetti to justify their course at Paris. He carried with him a wordy paper written by Buonaparte in his worst style and spelling, setting forth the military and political situation in Corsica, and containing a bitter tirade against Paoli, which remains to lend some color to the charge that the writer had been, since his leader's return from exile, a spy and an informer, influenced by no high principle

of patriotism, but only by a base ambition to supplant the aged president, and then to adopt whichever plan would best further his own interest: ready either to establish a virtual autonomy in his fatherland, or to deliver it entirely into the hands of France.¹

In this painful document Buonaparte sets forth in fiery phrase the early enthusiasm of republicans for the return of Paoli, and their disillusionment when he surrounded himself with venal men like Pozzo di Borgo, with relatives like his nephew Leonetti, with his vile creatures in general. The misfortunes of the Sardinian expedition, the disgraceful disorders of the island, the failure of the commissioners to secure Ajaccio, are all alike attributed to Paoli. "Can perfidy like this invade the human heart? . . . What fatal ambition overmasters a graybeard of sixty-eight? . . . On his face are goodness and gentleness, in his heart hate and vengeance; he has an oily sensibility in his eyes, and gall in his soul, but neither character nor strength." These were the sentiments proper to a radical of the times, and they found acceptance among the leaders of that class in Paris. More moderate men did what they could to avert the impending breach, but in vain. Corsica was far, communication slow, and the misunderstanding which occurred was consequently unavoidable. It was not until July first that Paoli received news of the pacificatory decrees passed by the Convention more than a month before, and then it was too late; groping in the dark, and unable to get news, he had formed his judgment from what was going on in Corsica, and had therefore committed himself to a change of policy. To

¹ For this paper, see Napoléon inconnu, II, 462. Jung Bonaparte et son temps, II, 266 and 498. There appear to have been an official portion intended to be filed,

and a free, carelessly written running commentary on men and things. The passage quoted is taken from the latter

him, as to most thinking men, the entire structure of France, social, financial, and political, seemed rotten. Civil war had broken out in Vendée; in Brittany the wildest excesses passed unpunished; the great cities of Marseilles, Toulon, and Lyons were in a state of anarchy; the revolutionary tribunal had been established in Paris, the Committee of Public Safety had usurped the supreme power; the France to which he had intrusted the fortunes of Corsica was no more. Already an agent was in communication with the English diplomats in Italy. On July tenth Salicetti arrived in Paris; on the seventeenth Paoli was declared a traitor and an outlaw, and his friends were indicted for trial. But the English fleet was already in the Mediterranean, and although the British protectorate over Corsica was not established until the following year, in the interval the French and their few remaining sympathizers on the island were able at best to hold only the three towns of Bastia, St. Florent, and Calvi.

After the last fiasco before the citadel of Ajaccio, the situation of the Buonapartes was momentarily desperate. Lucien says in his memoirs that shortly before his brother had spoken longingly of India, of the English empire as destined to spread with every year, and of the career which its expansion opened to good officers of artillery, who were scarce among the British — scarce enough everywhere, he thought. "If I ever choose that career," said he, "I hope you will hear of me. In a few years I shall return thence a rich nabob, and bring fine dowries for our three sisters." But the scheme was deferred and then abandoned. Salicetti had arranged for his own return to Paris, where he would be safe. Napoleon felt that flight was the only resort for him and his. Accordingly, on June eleventh, three days earlier than his patron, he and Joseph, accom-

panied by Fesch, embarked with their mother and the rest of the family to join Lucien, who had remained at Toulon, where they arrived on the thirteenth. The Jacobins of that city had received Lucien, as a sympathetic Corsican, with honor. Doubtless his family, homeless and destitute for their devotion to the republic, would find encouragement and help until some favorable turn in affairs should restore their country to France, and reinstate them not only in their old possessions, but in such new dignities as would fitly reward their long and painful devotion. Such, at least, appears to have been Napoleon's general idea. He was provided with a legal certificate that his family was one of importance and the richest in the department. The Convention had promised compensation to those who had suffered losses.

As had been hoped, on their arrival the Buonapartes were treated with every mark of distinction, and ample provision was made for their comfort. By act of the Convention, women and old men in such circumstances received seventy-five livres a month, infants forty-five livres. Lads received simply a present of twenty-five livres. With the preliminary payment of one hundred and fifty livres, which they promptly received, the Buonapartes were better off than they had been at home. Lucien had appropriated Napoleon's certificate of birth in order to appear older than he was, and, having now developed into a fluent demagogue, was soon earning a small salary in the commissary department of the army. Fesch also found a comfortable berth in the same department. Joseph calmly displayed Napoleon's commission in the National Guard as his own, and received a higher place with a better salary. The sovereignty of the Convention was everywhere acknowledged, their revolutionary courts were estab-

lished far and wide, and their legations, clothed with dictatorial power, were acknowledged in every camp of the land as supreme, superior even to the commanders-in-chief. It was not exactly a time for further military irregularities, and Napoleon, armed with a certificate from Salicetti that his presence in Corsica for the past six months had been necessary, betook himself to the army headquarters at Nice, where a detachment of his regiment was now stationed. When he arrived, no awkward questions were asked by the authorities. The town had but recently been captured, men were needed to hold it, and the Corsican refugee was promptly appointed captain of the shore battery. To casual observers he appeared perfectly content in this subordinate position. He still cherished the hope, it seems, that he might find some opportunity to lead a successful expedition against the little citadel of Ajaccio. Such a scheme, at all events, occupied him intermittently for nearly two years, or until it was banished forever by visions of a European control far transcending the limits of his island home.

Not that the outcast Buonaparte was any longer exclusively a Corsican. It is impossible to conceive of a lot more pitiful or a fate more obdurate than his so far had been. There was little hereditary morality in his nature, and none had been inculcated by training; he had nothing of what is called vital piety, nor even sincere superstition. A butt and an outcast at a French school under the old régime, he had imbibed a bitter hatred for the land indelibly associated with such haughty privileges for the rich and such contemptuous disdain for the poor. He had not even the consolation of having received an education. His nature revolted at the religious formalism of priestcraft; his mind turned in disgust from the scholastic husks of its superficial

knowledge. What he had learned came from inborn capacity, from desultory reading, and from the untutored imaginings of his garden at Brienne, his cave at Ajaccio, or his barrack chambers. What more plausible than that he should first turn to the land of his birth with some hope of happiness, usefulness, or even glory! What more mortifying than the revelation that in manhood he was too French for Corsica, as in boyhood he had been too Corsican for France!

The story of his sojourns and adventures in Corsica has no fascination; it is neither heroic nor satanic, but belongs to the dull and mediocre realism which makes up so much of commonplace life. It is difficult to find even a thread of continuity in it: there may be one as to purpose; there is none as to either conduct or theory. There is the passionate admiration of a southern nature for a hero as represented by the ideal Paoli. There is the equally southern quality of quick but transient hatred. The love of dramatic effect is shown at every turn, in the perfervid style of his writings, in the mock dignity of an edict issued from the grotto at Milleli, in the empty honors of a lieutenant-colonel without a real command, in the paltry style of an artillery inspector with no artillery but a few dismantled guns.

But the most prominent characteristic of the young man was his shiftiness, in both the good and bad senses of the word. He would perish with mortification rather than fail in devising some expedient to meet every emergency, he felt no hesitation in changing his point of view as experience destroyed an ideal or an unforeseen chance was to be seized and improved. Moreover, repeated failure did not dishearten him. Detesting garrison life, he neglected its duties, and endured punishment, but he secured regular promotion; defeated again and again before the citadel of Ajaccio, each time

he returned undismayed to make a fresh trial under new auspices or in a new way.

He was no spendthrift, but he had no scruples about money. He was proud in the headship of his family, and reckless as to how he should support them, or should secure their promotion. Solitary in his boyhood, he had become in his youth a companion and leader; but his true friendships were not with his social equals, whom he despised, but with the lowly, whom he understood. Finally, here was a citizen of the world, a man without a country, his birthright was gone, for Corsica repelled him; France he hated, for she had never adopted him. He was almost without a profession, for he had neglected that of a soldier, and had failed both as an author and as a politician. He was apparently, too, without a single guiding principle; the world had been a harsh stepmother, at whose knee he had neither learned the truth nor experienced kindness. He appears consistent in nothing but in making the best of events as they occurred. So far he was a man neither much better nor much worse than the world into which he was born. He was quite as unscrupulous as those about him, but he was far greater than they in perspicacity, adroitness, adaptability, and persistence. During the period before his expulsion from Corsica these qualities of leadership were scarcely recognizable, but they existed. As yet, to all outward appearance, the little captain of artillery was the same slim, ill-proportioned, and rather insignificant youth; but at twenty-three he had had the experience of a much greater age. Conscious of his powers, he had dreamed many day-dreams, and had acquired a habit of boastful conversation in the family circle; but, fully cognizant of the dangers incident to his place, and the unsettled conditions about him, he was cautious and reserved in the outside world.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE"

Revolutionary Madness — Uprising of the Girondists — Convention Forces Before Avignon — Bonaparte's First Success in Arms — Its Effect upon His Career — His Political Pamphlet — The Genius it Displays — Accepted and Published by Authority — Seizure of Toulon by the Allies.

IT was a tempestuous time in Provence when on June thirteenth the Buonapartes arrived at Toulon. Their movements during the first few months cannot be determined; we only know that, after a very short residence there, the family fled to Marseilles¹. Much, too, is obscure in regard even to Napoleon, soldier as he was. It seems as if this period of their history had been wilfully confused to conceal how intimate were the connections of the entire family with the Jacobins. But the obscurity may also be due to the character of the times. Fleeing before the storms of Corsican revolution, they were caught in the whirlwind of French anarchy. The Girondists, after involving the country in a desperate foreign warfare, had shown themselves incompetent to carry it on. In Paris, therefore, they had to give way before the Jacobins, who, by the exercise of a reckless despotism, were able to display an unparalleled energy in its prosecution. Against their

¹ The memoirs of Joseph and Lucien, supported by Coston and the anonymous local historian of Marseilles, all unite in declaring that the Buonaparte family landed there; on the other hand, Louis,

in the Documents historiques sur la Hollande, I, 34, asserts categorically in detail that they took up their abode in La Valette, a suburb of Toulon, where they had landed

tyranny the moderate republicans and the royalists outside of Paris now made common cause, and civil war broke out in many places, including Vendée, the Rhone valley, and the southeast of France. Montesquieu declares that honor is the distinguishing characteristic of aristocracy. the emigrant aristocrats had been the first in France to throw honor and patriotism to the winds, many of their class who remained went further, displaying in Vendée and elsewhere a satanic vindictiveness. This shameful policy colored the entire civil war, and the bitterness in attack and retaliation that was shown in Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon, and elsewhere would have disgraced savages in a prehistoric age.

The westward slopes of the Alps were occupied by a French army under the command of Kellermann, designated by the name of its situation, farther south and east lay the Army of Italy, under Brunet. Both these armies were expected to draw their supplies from the fertile country behind them, and to cooperate against the troops of Savoy and Austria, which had occupied the passes of lower Piedmont, and blocked the way into Lombardy. By this time the law for compulsory enlistment had been enacted, but the general excitement and topsyturvy management incident to such rapid changes in government and society, having caused the failure of the Sardinian expedition, had also prevented recruiting or equipment in either of these two divisions of the army. The outbreak of open hostilities in all the lands immediately to the westward momentarily paralyzed their operations; and when, shortly afterward, the Girondists overpowered the Jacobins in Marseilles, the defection of that city made it difficult for the so-called regulars, the soldiers of the Convention, even to obtain subsistence and hold the territory they already occupied.

The next move of the insurgent Girondists of Marseilles was in the direction of Paris, and by the first week of July they had reached Avignon on their way to join forces with their equally successful friends at Lyons. With characteristic zeal, the Convention had created an army to meet them. The new force was put under the command of Carteaux, a civilian, but a man of energy. According to directions received from Paris, he quickly advanced to cut the enemy in two by occupying the strategic point of Valence. This move was successfully made, Lyons was left to fight its own battle, and by the middle of July the general of the Convention was encamped before the walls of Avignon.

Napoleon Buonaparte had hastened to Nice, where five companies of his regiment were stationed, and rejoining the French army, never faltered again in his allegiance to the tricolor. Jean Duteil, brother of the young man's former patron, was in the Savoy capital, high in command. He promptly set the young artilleryist at the work of completing the shore batteries. On July third and eighth, respectively, the new captain made written reports to the secretary for war at Paris, and to the director of artillery in the arsenal of Toulon. Both these papers are succinct and well written. Almost immediately Buonaparte was intrusted with a mission, probably confidential, since its exact nature is unknown, and set out for Avignon. He reached his destination almost in the moment when Carteaux began the investment of the city. It was about July sixteenth when he entered the republican camp, having arrived by devious ways, and after narrow escapes from the enemy's hands. This time he was absent from his post on duty. The works and guns at Nice being inadequate and almost worthless, he was probably sent to secure supplies from the stores of Avignon when it should be conquered.

Such were the straits of the needy republican general that he immediately appointed his visitor to the command of a strong body of flying artillery. In the first attack on the town Carteaux received a check. But the insurgents were raw volunteers and seem to have felt more and more dismayed by the menacing attitude of the surrounding population: on the twenty-fifth, in the very hour of victory, they began their retreat.¹ The road to Marseilles was thus clear, and the commander unwisely opened his lines to occupy the evacuated towns on his front. Carteaux entered Avignon on the twenty-sixth, on the twenty-seventh he collected his force and departed, reaching Tarascon on the twenty-eighth, and on the twenty-ninth Beaucaire. Buonaparte, whose battery had done excellent service, advanced for some distance with the main army, but was ordered back to protect the rear by reorganizing and reconstructing the artillery park which had been dismantled in the assault on Avignon.

This first successful feat of arms made a profound impression on Buonaparte's mind, and led to the decision which settled his career. His spirits were still low, for he was suffering from a return of his old malarial trouble. Moreover, his family seems already to have

¹ These are the most probable reasons for the retreat. Several local chroniclers, Soullier, Audri, and Joudou, writing all three about 1844, declare each and all that Buonaparte with his battery followed the right bank of the Rhone as far as the Rocher de Justice where he mounted his guns and opened fire on the walls of the city. His fire was so accurate that he destroyed one cannon and killed several gunners. The besieged garrison of federal-

ists were thrown into panic and decamped. Neither the contemporary authorities nor Napoleon himself ever mentioned any such remarkable circumstances. In fact, a passage of the "Souper de Beaucaire" attributes the retreat to the inability of any except veteran troops to withstand a siege. Finally, Buonaparte would surely have been promoted for such an exploit. Dommartin, a comrade, was thus rewarded for a much smaller service.

been driven from Toulon by the uprising of the hostile party: in any case they were now dependent on charity; the Corsican revolt against the Convention was virtually successful, and it was said that in the island the name of Buonaparte was considered as little less execrable than that of Buttafuoco. What must he do to get a decisive share in the surging, rolling tumult about him? The visionary boy was transformed into the practical man. Frenchmen were fighting and winning glory everywhere, and among the men who were reaping laurels were some whom he had known and even despised at Brienne — Sergeant Pichegru, for instance. Ideas which he had momentarily entertained, — enlistment in the Russian army,¹ service with England, a career in the Indies, the return of the nabob, — all such visions were set aside forever, and an application was sent for a transfer from the Army of Italy to that of the Rhine. The suppression of the southern revolt would soon be accomplished, and inactivity ensue; but on the frontier of the north there was a warfare worthy of his powers, in which, if he could only attract the attention of the authorities, long service, rapid advancement, and lasting glory might all be secured.

But what must be the first step to secure notoriety here and now? How could that end be gained? The old instinct of authorship returned irresistibly, and in the long intervals of easy duty at Avignon, where, as is most probable, he remained to complete the task assigned to him, Buonaparte wrote the "Supper of Beaucaire," his first literary work of real ability. As if by magic his style is utterly changed, being now concise, correct,

¹ The *Archive Russe* for 1866 states that in 1788 Napoleon Buonaparte applied for an engagement to Zaborowski, Potemkin's lieutenant, who was then with a

Russian fleet in the Mediterranean. The statement may be true, and probably is, but there is no corroborative evidence to sustain it.

and lucid. The reader would be tempted to think it had enjoyed a thorough revision from some capable hand. But this is improbable when we note that it is the permanent style of the future. Moreover, the opinions expressed are quite as thoroughly transformed, and display not only a clear political judgment, but an almost startling military insight. The setting of this notable repast is possibly, though by no means certainly, based on an actual experience, and is as follows: Five wayfarers — a native of Nîmes, a manufacturer from Montpellier, two merchants of Marseilles, and a soldier from Avignon — find themselves accidentally thrown together as table companions at an inn of Beaucaire, a little city round about which the civil war is raging. The conversation at supper turns on the events occurring in the neighborhood. The soldier explains the circumstances connected with the recent capture of Avignon, attributing the flight of the insurgents to the inability of any except veteran troops to endure the uncertainties of a siege. One of the travelers from Marseilles thinks the success but temporary, and recapitulates the resources of the moderates. The soldier retorts in a long refutation of that opinion. As a politician he shows how the insurgents have placed themselves in a false position by adopting extreme measures and alienating republican sympathy, being cautious and diplomatic in not censuring their persons nor their principles; on the other side there is a marked effort to emphasize the professional attitude; as a military man he explains the strategic weakness of their position, and the futility of their operations, uttering many sententious phrases: "Self-conceit is the worst adviser"; "Good four- and eight-pound cannon are as effective for field work as pieces of larger caliber, and are in many respects preferable to them"; "It is an axiom of mili-

tary science that the army which remains behind its intrenchments is beaten: experience and theory agree on this point."

The conclusion of the conversation is a triumphant demonstration that the cause of the insurgents is already lost, an argument convicting them of really desiring not moderation, but a counter-revolution in their own interest, and of displaying a willingness to imitate the Vendéans, and call in foreign aid if necessary. In one remarkable passage the soldier grants that the Girondists may have been outlawed, imprisoned, and calumniated by the Mountain in its own selfish interest, but adds that the former "were lost without a civil war by means of which they could lay down the law to their enemies. It was for them your war was really useful. Had they merited their early reputation, they would have thrown down their arms before the constitution and sacrificed their own interests to the public welfare. It is easier to cite Decius than to imitate him. To-day they have shown themselves guilty of the worst possible crimes; have, by their behavior, justified their proscription. The blood they have caused to flow has effaced the true services they had rendered." The Montpellier manufacturer is of opinion that, whether this be true or no, the Convention now represents the nation, and to refuse obedience to it is rebellion and counter-revolution. History knows no plainer statement than this of the "de facto, de jure" principle, the conviction that "might makes right."

At last, then, the leader had shown himself in seizing the salient elements of a complicated situation, and the man of affairs had found a style in which to express his clear-cut ideas. When the tide turns it rises without interruption. Buonaparte's pamphlet was scarcely written before its value was discerned; for at that moment

arrived one of those legations now representing the sovereignty of the Convention in every field of operations. This one was a most influential committee of three — Escudier, Ricord, and the younger brother of Robespierre. Accompanying them was a commission charged to renew the commissary stores in Corsica for the few troops still holding out in that island. Salicetti was at its head; the other member was Gasparin. Buonaparte, we may infer, found easy access to the favor of his compatriot Salicetti, and "The Supper of Beaucaire" was heard by the plenipotentiaries with attention. Its merit was immediately recognized, as is said, both by Gasparin and by the younger Robespierre; in a few days the pamphlet was published at the expense of the state.¹ Of Buonaparte's life between July twenty-ninth and September twelfth, 1793, there are the most conflicting accounts. Some say he was at Marseilles, others deny it. His brother Joseph thought he was occupied in collecting munitions and supplies for the Army of Italy. His earliest biographer declares that he traveled by way of Lyons and Auxonne to Paris, returning by the same route to Avignon, and thence journeying to Ollioules near Toulon. From the army headquarters before that city Salicetti wrote on September twenty-sixth that while Buonaparte was passing on his way to rejoin the Army of Italy, the authorities in charge of the siege changed his destination and put him in command of the heavy artillery to replace Dommartin, incapacitated for service by a wound. It has been hinted by both the suspicious and the credulous writers

¹The very first impression appears to have been a reprint from the *Courier d'Avignon*. it was a cheap pamphlet of sixteen pages in the same type and on the same paper as that used by the

journal. The second impression was in twenty pages, printed by the public printer as a tract for the times, to be distributed throughout the near and remote neighborhood.

on the period that the young man was employed on some secret mission. This might be expected from those who attribute demonic qualities to the child of destiny from earliest infancy, but there is no slightest evidence to sustain the claim. Quite possibly the lad relapsed into the queer restless ways of earlier life. It is evident he was thwarted in his hope of transfer to the Army of the Rhine. Unwilling as he was to serve in Italy,¹ he finally turned his lagging footsteps thither. Perhaps, as high authorities declare, it was at Marseilles that his compatriot Cervoni persuaded him to go as far at least as Toulon, though Salicetti and Buonaparte himself declared later that they met and arranged the matter at Nice.

In this interval, while Buonaparte remained, according to the best authority, within reach of Avignon, securing artillery supplies and writing a political pamphlet in support of the Jacobins, Carteaux had, on August twenty-fifth, 1793, taken Marseilles. The capture was celebrated by one of the bloodiest orgies of that horrible year. The Girondists of Toulon saw in the fate of those at Marseilles the lot apportioned to themselves. If the high contracting powers now banded against France had shown a sincere desire to quell Jacobin bestiality, they could on the first formation of the coalition easily have seized Paris. Instead, Austria and Prussia had shown the most selfish apathy in that respect, bargaining with each other and with Russia for their respective shares of Poland, the booty they were about to seize. The intensity of the Jacobin movement did not rouse them until the majority of the French people, vaguely grasping the elements of permanent value in the Revolution, and stung by foreign interference, rallied around the only standard which was firmly upheld, — that of the Convention, — and enabled that body within an

incredibly short space of time to put forth tremendous energy. Then England, terrified into panic, drove Pitt to take effective measures, and displayed her resources in raising subsidies for her Continental allies, in goading the German powers to activity, in scouring every sea with her fleets. One of these was cruising off the French coast in the Mediterranean, and it was easy for the Girondists of Toulon to induce its commander to seize not only their splendid arsenals, but the fleet in their harbor as well — the only effective one, in fact, which at that time the French possessed. Without delay or hesitation, Hood, the English admiral, grasped the easy prize, and before long war-ships of the Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Sardinians were gathered to share in the defense of the town against the Convention forces. Soon the Girondist fugitives from Marseilles arrived, and were received with kindness. The place was provisioned, the gates were shut, and every preparation for desperate resistance was completed. The fate of the republic was at stake. The crisis was acute. No wonder that in view of his wonderful career, Napoleon long after, and his friends in accord, declared that in the hour appeared the man. There, said the inspired memorialist of St. Helena, history found him, never to leave him; there began his immortality. Though this language is truer ideally than in sober reality, yet the Emperor had a certain justification for his claim.

CHAPTER XVII

TOULON

The Jacobin Power Threatened — Buonaparte's Fate — His Appointment at Toulon — His Ability as an Artillerist — His Name Mentioned with Distinction — His Plan of Operations — The Fall of Toulon — Buonaparte a General of Brigade — Behavior of the Jacobin Victors — A Corsican Plot — Horrors of the French Revolution — Influence of Toulon on Buonaparte's Career.¹

COUPLED as it was with other discouraging circumstances, the "treason of Toulon" struck a staggering blow at the Convention. The siege of Lyons was still in progress; the Piedmontese were entering Savoy, or the department of Mont Blanc, as it had been designated after its recent capture by France; the great city of Bordeaux was ominously silent and inactive; the royalists of Vendée were temporarily victorious; there was unrest in Normandy, and further violence in Brittany; the towns of Mainz, Valenciennes, and Condé had been evacuated, and Dunkirk was besieged by the Duke of York. The loss of Toulon would put a climax to such disasters, destroy the credit of the republic abroad and

¹ The authorities for this important epoch are, primarily, Jung Bonaparte et son temps, Masson Napoléon inconnu, but above all, Chuquet La jeunesse de Napoléon, Vol III, Toulon. The Mémoires of Barras are utterly worthless, the references in Las Cases, Marmont, and elsewhere have value, but must be controlled. The

archives of the war department have been thoroughly examined by several investigators, the author among the number. The results have been printed in many volumes to which the above-mentioned authors refer, and many of the original papers are printed in whole or in part by them.

at home, perhaps bring back the Bourbons. Carnot had in the meantime come to the assistance of the Committee of Safety. Great as a military organizer and influential as a politician, he had already awakened the whole land to a still higher fervor, and had consolidated public sentiment in favor of his plans. In Dubois de Crancé he had an able lieutenant. Fourteen armies were soon to move and fight, directed by a single mind; discipline was about to be effectively strengthened because it was to be the discipline of the people by itself, the envoys of the Convention were to go to and fro, successfully laboring for common action and common enthusiasm in the executive, in both the fighting services, and in the nation. But as yet none of these miracles had been wrought, and, with Toulon lost, they might be forever impossible.

Such was the setting of the stage in the great national theater of France when Napoleon Buonaparte entered on the scene. The records of his boyhood and youth by his own hand afford the proof of what he was at twenty-four. It has required no searching analysis to discern the man, nor trace the influences of his education. Except for short and unimportant periods, the story is complete and accurate. It is, moreover, absolutely unsophisticated. What does it show? A well-born Corsican child, of a family with some fortune, glad to use every resource of a disordered time for securing education and money, patriotic at heart but willing to profit from France, or indeed from Russia, England, the Orient; wherever material advantage was to be found. This boy was both idealist and realist, each in the high degree corresponding to his great abilities. He shone neither as a scholar nor as an officer, being obdurate to all training, — but by independent exertions and desultory reading of a high class he formed

an ideal of society in which there prevailed equality of station and purse, purity of life and manners, religion without clericalism, free speech and honorable administration of just laws. His native land untrammelled by French control would realize this ideal, he had fondly hoped: but the Revolution emancipated it completely, entirely; and what occurred? A reversion to every vicious practice of medievalism, he himself being sucked into the vortex and degraded into a common adventurer. Disenchanted and bitter, he then turned to France. Abandoning his double rôle, his interest in Corsica was thenceforth sentimental; his fine faculties when focused on the realities of a great world suddenly exhibit themselves in keen observation, fair conclusions, a more than academic interest, and a skill in the conduct of life hitherto obscured by unfavorable conditions. Already he had found play for all his powers both with gun and pen. He was not only eager but ready to deploy them in a higher service.

The city of Toulon was now formally and nominally invested — that is, according to the then accepted general rules for such operations, but with no regard to those peculiarities of its site which only master minds could mark and use to the best advantage. The large double bay is protected from the southwest by a broad peninsula joined to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus, and thus opens southeastward to the Mediterranean. The great fortified city, then regarded as one of the strongest places in the world, lies far within on the eastern shore of the inner harbor. Excellent authorities considered it impregnable. It is protected on the landward side by an amphitheater of high hills, which leave to the right and left a narrow strip of rolling country between their lower slopes and the sea. On the east Lapoype commanded the left wing of the

besieging revolutionary force. The westward pass is commanded by Ollioules, which Carteaux had selected for his headquarters. On August twenty-ninth his vanguard seized the place, but they were almost immediately attacked and driven out by the allied armies, chiefly English troops brought in from Gibraltar. On September seventh the place was retaken. The two wings were in touch and to landward the communications of the town were completely cut off. In the assault only a single French officer fell seriously wounded, but that one was a captain of artillery. Salicetti and his colleagues had received from the minister of war a charge to look out for the citizen Buonaparte who wanted service on the Rhine. This and their own attachment determined them in the pregnant step they now took. The still unattached captain of artillery, Napoleon Buonaparte, was appointed to the vacant place. As far as history is concerned, this is a very important fact; it is really a matter of slight import whether Cervoni or Salicetti gave the impulse. At the same time his mother received a grant of money, and while favors were going, there were enough needy Buonapartes to receive them. Salicetti and Gasparin, being the legates of the Convention, were all-powerful. The latter took a great fancy to Salicetti's friend and there was no opposition when the former exercised his power. Fesch and Lucien were both provided with places, being made storekeepers in the commissary department. Barras, who was the recruiting-officer of the Convention at Toulon, claims to have been the first to recognize Buonaparte's ability. He declares that the young Corsican was daily at his table, and that it was he himself who irregularly but efficiently secured the appointment of his new friend to active duty. But he also asserts what we know to be untrue. that Buonaparte

was still lieutenant when they first met, and that he created him captain. It is likely, in view of their subsequent intimacy at Paris, that they were also intimate at Toulon; the rest of Barras's story is a fabrication.

But although the investment of Toulon was complete, it was weak. On September eighteenth the total force of the assailants was ten thousand men. From time to time reinforcements came in and the various seasoned battalions exhibited on occasion great gallantry and courage. But the munitions and arms were never sufficient, and under civilian officers both regulars and recruits were impatient of severe discipline. The artillery in particular was scarcely more than nominal. There were a few field-pieces, two large and efficient guns only, and two mortars. By a mistake of the war department the general officer detailed to organize the artillery did not receive his orders in time and remained on his station in the eastern Pyrenees until after the place fell. Manifestly some one was required to grasp the situation and supply a crying deficiency. It was with no trembling hand that Buonaparte laid hold of his task. For an efficient artillery service artillery officers were essential, and there were almost none. In the ebb and flow of popular enthusiasm many republicans who had fallen back before the storms of factional excesses were now willing to come forward, and Napoleon, not publicly committed to the Jacobins, was able to win many capable assistants from among men of his class. His nervous restlessness found an outlet in erecting buttresses, mounting guns, and invigorating the whole service until a zealous activity of the most promising kind was displayed by officers and men alike. By September twenty-ninth fourteen guns were mounted and four mortars, the essential material was gathered. and by sheer self-assertion



In the collection of the Duc de Trévise

JOSEPHINE

From a pastel by Pierre Prud'hon



Buonaparte was in complete charge. The only check was in the ignorant meddling of Carteaux, who, though energetic and zealous, though born and bred in camp, being the son of a soldier, was, after all, not a soldier, but a very fair artist (painter). For his battle-pieces and portraits of military celebrities he had received large prices, and was as vain of his artistic as of his military talent, though both were mediocre. Strange characters rose to the top in those troublous times: the painter's opponent at Avignon, the leader of the insurgents, had been a tailor; his successor was one Lapoype, a physician. Buonaparte's ready pen stood him again in good stead, and he sent up a memorial to the ministry, explaining the situation, and asking for the appointment of an artillery general with full powers. The commissioners transmitted the paper to Paris, and appointed the memorialist to the higher rank of acting commander.

Though the commanding general could not well yield to his subordinate, he did, most ungraciously, to the Convention legates. Between the seventeenth and twentieth of September effective batteries under Buonaparte's command forced the enemy's frigates to withdraw from the neighborhood of La Seyne on the inner bay. The shot were red hot, the fire concentrated, and the guns served with cool efficiency. Next day the village was occupied and with only four hundred men General Delaborde marched to seize the Eguillette, the key to the siege, as Buonaparte reiterated and reiterated. He was ingloriously routed; the British landed reinforcements and erected strong fortifications over night. They styled the place Fort Mulgrave. It was speedily flanked by three redoubts. To Buonaparte this contemptuous defiance was insufferable: he spoke and Salicetti wrote of the siege as destitute both of brains and means. Thereupon the Paris legates began to represent Carteaux

as an incapable and demand his recall. Buonaparte ransacked the surrounding towns and countryside for cannon and secured a number; he established forges at Ollioules to keep his apparatus in order, and entirely reorganized his personnel. With fair efficiency and substantial quantity of guns and shot, he found himself without sufficient powder and wrote imperiously to his superiors, enforcing successfully his demand. Meantime he made himself conspicuous by personal daring and exposure. The days and nights were arduous because of the enemy's activity. In successive sorties on October first, eighth, and fourteenth the British garrison of Fort Mulgrave gained both ground and prestige by successive victories. It was hard for the French to repress their impatience, but they were not ready yet for a general move: not a single arm of the service was sufficiently strong and the army was becoming demoralized by inactivity. The feud between general and legates grew bitter and the demands of the latter for material were disregarded alike at Paris and by Doppet, who had just captured Lyons, but would part with none of his guns or ammunition or men for use at Toulon. Lapoype and Carteaux quarreled bitterly, and there was such confusion that Buonaparte ended by squarely disobeying his superior and taking many minor movements into his own hand, he was so cocksure that artillery alone would end the siege that the general dubbed him Captain Cannon. Finally the wrangling of all concerned cried to heaven, and on October twenty-third Carteaux was transferred to the Army of Italy with headquarters at Nice. He left for his new post on November seventh, and five days later his successor appeared. In the interim the nominal commander was Lapoype, really Salicetti prompted by Buonaparte.

Thus at length the artist was removed from command,

and a physician was appointed in his stead. The doctor was an ardent patriot who had distinguished himself at the siege of Lyons, which had fallen on October ninth. But on arriving at Toulon the citizen soldier was awed by the magnitude of his new work. On November fifteenth the French pickets saw a Spaniard maltreating a French prisoner on the outworks of Fort Mulgrave. There was an impulsive and spontaneous rush of the besiegers to avenge the insult. General O'Hara landed from the *Victory* with reinforcements for the garrison. Doppet was panic-stricken by the fire and ordered a retreat. Captain Buonaparte with an oath expressed his displeasure. The soldiers cried in angry spite: "Are we always to be commanded by painters and doctors?" Indeed, the newcomer had hardly taken command, leaving matters at loose ends as they were: in a short time he was transferred at his own suggestion to an easier station in the Pyrenees, it being understood that Dugommier, a professional soldier, would be finally appointed commander-in-chief, and that Duteil, the brother of Buonaparte's old friend and commander, was to be made general of artillery. He was a man advanced in years, unable even to mount a horse: but he was devoted to the young captain, trusted his powers, and left him in virtual command. Abundant supplies arrived at the same time from Lyons. On November twentieth the new officers took charge, two days later a general reconnaissance was made, and within a short time the investment was completed. On the thirtieth there was a formidable sally from the town directed against Buonaparte's batteries. In the force were two thousand three hundred and fifty men: about four hundred British, three hundred Sardinians, two hundred and fifty French, and seven hundred each of Neapolitans and Spanish. They were commanded

by General Dundas. Their earliest movements were successful and the commander-in-chief of the besieged came out to see the victory. But the tide turned, the French revolutionists rallied, and the sortie was repulsed. The event was made doubly important by the chance capture of General O'Hara, the English commandant. Such a capture is rare,—Buonaparte was profoundly impressed by the fact. He obtained permission to visit the English general in captivity, but was coldly received. To the question: "What do you require?" came the curt reply: "To be left alone and owe nothing to pity." This striking though uncourtly reply delighted Buonaparte. The success was duly reported to Paris. In the "Moniteur" of December seventh the name of Buona Parte is mentioned for the first time, and as among the most distinguished in the action.

The councils of war before Dugommier's arrival had been numerous and turbulent, although the solitary plan of operations suggested by the commander and his aides would have been adequate only for capturing an inland town, and probably not even for that. From the beginning and with fierce iteration Buonaparte had explained to his colleagues the special features of their task, but all in vain. He reasoned that Toulon depended for its resisting power on the Allies and their fleets, and must be reduced from the side next the sea. The English themselves understood this when they seized and fortified the redoubt of Fort Mulgrave, known also by the French as Little Gibraltar, on the tongue of land separating, to the westward, the inner from the outer bay. That post on the promontory styled the Eguillette by the natives must be taken. From the very moment of his arrival this simple but clever conception had been urged on the council of war

by Buonaparte. But Carteaux could not and would not see its importance: it was not until a skilled commander took charge that Buonaparte's insight was justified and his plan adopted. At the same time it was determined that operations should also be directed against two other strong outposts, one to the north, the other to the northeast, of the town. There was to be a genuine effort to capture Mt. Faron on the north and a demonstration merely against the third point. But the concentration of force was to be against the Eguillette.

Finally, on December seventeenth, after careful preparation, a concerted attack was made at all three points. Officers and men were daring and efficient everywhere. Buonaparte, assuming responsibility for the batteries, was ubiquitous and reckless. The movement on which he had set his heart was successful in every portion; the enemy was not only driven within the interior works, but by the fall of Little Gibraltar his communication with the sea was endangered. The whole peninsula, the fort itself, the point and the neighboring heights were captured. Victor, Muiron, Buonaparte, and Dugommier led the storming columns. The Allies were utterly demoralized by the fierce and bloody struggle. Since, therefore, the supporting fleets could no longer remain in a situation so precarious, the besieged at once made ready for departure, embarking with precipitate haste the troops and many of the inhabitants. The Spaniards fired two frigates loaded with powder and the explosion of the magazines shook the city and its suburbs like an earthquake. In that moment the young Sidney Smith landed from the British ships and laid the trains which kindled an awful conflagration. The captured French fleet lying at anchor, the magazines and shops of the arsenal, all its

enclosures burst into flames, and one explosion followed another in an awe-inspiring volcanic eruption. The besiegers were stupefied as they gazed, and stopped their ears. In a few hours the city was completely evacuated, and the foreign war vessels sailed away from the offing. The news of this decisive victory was despatched without a moment's delay to the Convention. The names of Salicetti, Rcbespierre, Ricord, Fréron, and Barras are mentioned in Dugommier's letters as those of men who had won distinction in various posts; that of Buonaparte does not occur.

There was either jealousy of his merits, which are declared by his enemies to have been unduly vaunted, or else his share had been more insignificant than is generally supposed. He related at St. Helena that during the operations before Toulon he had had three horses killed under him, and showed Las Cases a great scar on his thigh which he said had been received in a bayonet charge at Toulon. "Men wondered at the fortune which kept me invulnerable; I always concealed my dangers in mystery." The hypothesis of his insignificance appears unlikely when we examine the memoirs written by his contemporaries, and consider the precise traditions of a later generation; it becomes untenable in view of what happened on the next day, when the commissioners nominated him for the office of general of brigade, a rank which in the exchange of prisoners with the English was reckoned as equal to that of lieutenant-general. In a report written on the nineteenth to the minister of war, Duteil speaks in the highest terms of Buonaparte. "A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this rare officer. It rests with you, minister, to retain them for the glory of the republic."

On December twenty-fourth the Convention received the news of victory. It was really their reprieve, for news of disaster would have cut short their career. Jubilant over a prompt success, their joy was savage and infernal. With the eagerness of vampires they at once sent two commissioners to wipe the name of Toulon from the map, and its inhabitants from the earth. Fouché, later chief of police and Duke of Otranto under Napoleon, went down from Lyons to see the sport, and wrote to his friend the arch-murderer Collot d'Herbois that they were celebrating the victory in but one way "This night we send two hundred and thirteen rebels into hell-fire." The fact is, no one ever knew how many hundreds or thousands of the Toulon Girondists were swept together and destroyed by the fire of cannon and musketry. Fréron, one of the commissioners, desired to leave not a single rebel alive. Dugommier would listen to no such proposition for a holocaust. Marmont declares that Buonaparte and his artillerymen pleaded for mercy, but in vain.

Running like a thread through all these events was a little counterplot. The Corsicans at Toulon were persons of importance, and had shown their mettle. Salicetti, Buonaparte, Arena, and Cervoni were now men of mark; the two latter had, like Buonaparte, been promoted, though to much lower rank. As Salicetti declared in a letter written on December twenty-eighth, they were scheming to secure vessels and arm them for an expedition to Corsica. But for the time their efforts came to naught; and thenceforward Salicetti seemed to lose all interest in Corsican affairs, becoming more and more involved in the ever madder rush of events in France.

This was not strange, for even a common politician could not remain insensible to the course or the

consequences of the malignant anarchy now raging throughout France. The massacres at Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon were the reply to the horrors of like or worse nature perpetrated in Vendée by the royalists. Danton having used the Paris sections to overawe the Girondist majority of the Convention, Marat gathered his riotous band of sansculottes, and hounded the discredited remnant of the party to death, flight, or arrest. His bloody career was ended only by Charlotte Corday's dagger. Passions were thus inflamed until even Danton's conduct appeared calm, moderate, and inefficient when compared with the reckless bloodthirstiness of Hébert, now leader of the Exagérés. The latter prevailed, the Vendéans were defeated, and Citizen Carrier of Nantes in three months took fifteen thousand human lives by his fiendishly ingenious systems of drowning and shooting. In short, France was chaos, and the Salicettis of the time might hope for anything, or fear everything, in the throes of her disorder. Not so a man like Buonaparte. His instinct led him to stand in readiness at the parting of the ways. Others might choose and press forward; he gave no sign of being moved by current events, but stood with his eye still fixed, though now in a backward gaze, on Corsica, ready, if interest or self-preservation required it, for another effort to seize and hold it as his own. It was self-esteem, not Corsican patriotism, his French interest perhaps, which now prompted him. Determined and revengeful, he was again, through the confusion of affairs at Paris, to secure means for his enterprise, and this time on a scale proportionate to the difficulty. The influence of Toulon upon Buonaparte's fortunes was incalculable. Throughout life he spoke of the town, of the siege and his share therein, of the subsequent events and of the men whose acquaintance he made there, with lively

and emphatic interest. To all associated with the capture he was in after years generous to a fault, except a few enemies like Auna whom he treated with harshness. In particular it must not be forgotten that among many men of minor importance he there began his relations with some of his greatest generals and marshals: Desaix, Marmont, Junot, Muiron, and Chauvet. The experience launched him on his grand career, the intimacies he formed proved a strong support when he forced himself to the front. Moreover, his respect for England was heightened. It was not in violation of a pledge to hold the place for the Bourbon pretender, but by right of sheer ability that they took precedence of the Allies in command. They were haughty and dictatorial because their associates were uncertain and divided. When the Comte de Provence was suggested as a colleague they refused to admit him because he was detested by the best men of his own party. In the garrison of nearly fifteen thousand not a third were British. Buonaparte and others charged them with perfidy in a desire to hold the great fort for themselves, but the charge was untrue and he did not disdain them, but rather admired and imitated their policy.

CHAPTER XVIII

A JACOBIN GENERAL

Transformation in Buonaparte's Character — Confirmed as a French General — Conduct of His Brothers — Napoleon's Caution — His Report on Marseilles — The New French Army — Buonaparte the Jacobin Leader — Hostilities with Austria and Sardinia — Enthusiasm of the French Troops — Buonaparte in Society — His Plan for an Italian Campaign

HITHERTO prudence had not been characteristic of Buonaparte: his escapades and disobedience had savored rather of recklessness. Like scores of others in his class, he had fully exploited the looseness of royal and early republican administration; his madcap and hotspur versatility distinguished him from his comrades not in the kind but in the degree of his bold effrontery. The whole outlook having changed since his final flight to France, his conduct now began to reveal a definite plan — to be marked by punctilious obedience, sometimes even by an almost puerile caution. His family was homeless and penniless; their only hope for a livelihood was in coöperation with the Jacobins, who appeared to be growing more influential every hour. Through the powerful friends that Napoleon had made among the representatives of the Convention, men like the younger Robespierre, Fréron, and Barras, much had already been gained. If his nomination to the office of general of brigade were confirmed, as it was almost certain to be, the rest would follow, since, with his innate capacity for adapting himself to circumstances, he had during the last few weeks successfully cultivated his

power of pleasing, captivating the hearts of Marmont, Junot, and many others.

With such strong chances in his favor, it appeared to Buonaparte that no stumbling-block of technicality should be thrown in the path of his promotion. Accordingly, in the record of his life sent up to Paris, he puts his entrance into the service over a year earlier than it actually occurred, omits as unessential details some of the places in which he had lived and some of the companies in which he had served, declares that he had commanded a battalion at the capture of Magdalena, and, finally, denies categorically that he was ever noble. To this paper, which minimizes nearly to the vanishing-point all mention of Corsica, and emphasizes his services as a Frenchman by its insidious omissions, the overdriven officials in Paris took no exception; and on February sixth, 1794, he was confirmed, receiving an assignment for service in the new and regenerated Army of Italy, which had replaced as if by magic the ragged, shoeless, ill-equipped, and half-starved remnants of troops in and about Nice that in the previous year had been dignified by the same title. This gambler had not drawn the first prize in the lottery, but what he had secured was enough to justify his course, and confirm his confidence in fate. Eight years and three months nominally in the service, out of which in reality he had been absent four years and ten months either on furlough or without one, and already a general! Neither blind luck, nor the revolutionary epoch, nor the superlative ability of the man, but a compound of all these, had brought this marvel to pass. It did not intoxicate, but still further sobered, the beneficiary. This effect was partly due to an experience which demonstrated that strong as are the chains of habit, they are more easily broken than those which his associates forge about a man.

In the interval between nomination and confirmation the young aspirant, through the fault of his friends, was involved in a most serious risk. Salicetti, and the Buonaparte brothers, Joseph, Lucien, and Louis, went wild with exultation over the fall of Toulon, and began by reckless assumptions and untruthful representations to reap an abundant harvest of spoils. Joseph, by the use of his brother's Corsican commission, had posed as a lieutenant-colonel, he was now made a commissary-general of the first class. Louis, without regard to his extreme youth, was promoted to be adjutant-major of artillery — a dignity which was short-lived, for he was soon after ordered to the school at Châlons as a cadet, but which served, like the greater success of Joseph, to tide over a crisis. Lucien retained his post as keeper of the commissary stores in St Maximin, where he was the leading Jacobin, styling himself Lucius Brutus, and rejoicing in the sobriquet of "the little Robespierre."

The positions of Lucien and Louis were fantastic even for revolutionary times. Napoleon was fully aware of the danger, and was correspondingly circumspect. It was possibly at his own suggestion that he was appointed, on December twenty-sixth, 1793, inspector of the shore fortifications, and ordered to proceed immediately on an inspection of the Mediterranean coast as far as Mentone. The expedition removed him from all temptation to an unfortunate display of exultation or anxiety, and gave him a new chance to display his powers. He performed his task with the thoroughness of an expert; but in so doing, his zeal played him a sorry trick, eclipsing the caution of the revolutionist by the eagerness of the sagacious general. In his report to the minister of war he comprehensively discussed both the fortification of the coast and the strengthening of the navy, which were alike indispensable to the wonderful

scheme of operations in Italy which he appears to have been already revolving in his mind. The Army of Italy, and in fact all southeastern France, depended at the moment for sustenance on the commerce of Genoa, professedly a neutral state and friendly to the French republic. This essential trade could be protected only by making interference from the English and the Spaniards impossible, or at least difficult.

Arrived at Marseilles, and with these ideas occupying his whole mind, Buonaparte regarded the situation as serious. The British and Spanish fleets swept the seas, and were virtually blockading all the Mediterranean ports of France. At Toulon, as has been told, they actually entered, and departed only after losing control of the promontory which forms the harbor. There is a similar conformation of the ground at the entrance to the port of Marseilles, but Buonaparte found that the fortress which occupied the commanding promontory had been dismantled. With the instinct of a strategist and with no other thought than that of his duties as inspector, he sat down, and on January fourth, 1794, wrote a most impolitic recommendation that the fortification should be restored in such a way as to "command the town." These words almost certainly referred both to the possible renewal by the conquered French royalists and other malcontents of their efforts to secure Marseilles, and to a conceivable effort on the part of the Allies to seize the harbor. Now it happened that the liberals of the town had regarded this very stronghold as their Bastille, and it had been dismantled by them in emulation of their brethren of Paris. The language and motive of the report were therefore capable of misinterpretation. A storm at once arose among the Marseilles Jacobins against both Buonaparte and his superior, General Lapoype; they were both

denounced to the Convention, and in due time, about the end of February, were both summoned before the bar of that body. In the mean time Buonaparte's nomination as general of brigade had been confirmed, his commission arriving at Marseilles on February sixteenth. It availed nothing toward restoring him to popularity; on the contrary, the masses grew more suspicious and more menacing. He therefore returned to the protection of Salicetti and Robespierre, then at Toulon, whence by their advice he despatched to Paris by special messenger a poor-spirited exculpatory letter, admitting that the only use of restoring the fort would be to "command the town," that is, control it by military power in case of revolution. Having by this language pusillanimously acknowledged a fault which he had not committed, the writer, by the advice of Salicetti and Robespierre, refused to obey the formal summons of the Convention when it came. Those powerful protectors made vigorous representations to their friends in Paris, and Buonaparte was saved. Both they and he might well rely on the distinguished service rendered by the culprit at Toulon; his military achievement might well outweigh a slight political delinquency. On April first, 1794, he assumed the duties of his new command, reporting himself at Nice. Lapoype went to Paris, appeared at the bar of the Convention, and was triumphantly acquitted. Naturally, therefore, no indictment could lie against the inferior, and Buonaparte's name was not even mentioned.

A single circumstance changed the French Revolution from a sectarian dogma into a national movement. By the exertions and plans of Carnot the effective force of the French army had been raised in less than two years from one hundred and twelve thousand to the astonishing figure of over seven hundred and thirty thousand.

The discipline was now rigid, and the machine was perfectly adapted to the workman's hand, although for lack of money the equipment was still sadly defective. In the Army of Italy were nearly sixty-seven thousand men, a number which included all the garrisons and reserves of the coast towns and of Corsica. Its organization, like that of the other portions of the military power, had been simplified, and so strengthened. There were a commander-in-chief, a chief of staff, three generals of division, of whom Masséna was one, and thirteen generals of brigade, of whom one, Buonaparte, was the commander and inspector of artillery. The former was now thirty-four years old. His sire was a wine-dealer of a very humble sort, probably of Jewish blood, and the boy, Italian in origin and feeling, had almost no education. Throughout his wonderful career he was coarse, sullen, and greedy; nevertheless, as a soldier he was an inspired genius, ranked by many as the peer of Napoleon. Having served France for several years as an Italian mercenary, he resigned in 1789, settled in his native town of Nice, and married; but the stir of arms was irresistible and three years later he volunteered under the tricolor. His comrades at once elected him an officer, and in about a year he was head of a battalion, or colonel in our style. In the reorganization he was promoted to be a division general because of sheer merit. For sixteen years he had an unbroken record of success and won from Napoleon the caressing title: "Dear Child of Victory."

The younger Robespierre, with Ricord and Salicetti, were the "representatives of the people." The first of these was, to outward appearance, the leading spirit of the whole organism, and to his support Buonaparte was now thoroughly committed. The young artillery commander was considered by all at Nice to be a pro-

nounced "Montagnard," that is, an extreme Jacobin. Augustin Robespierre had quickly learned to see and hear with the eyes and ears of his Corsican friend, whose fidelity seemed assured by hatred of Paoli and by a desire to recover the family estates in his native island. Many are pleased to discuss the question of Buonaparte's attitude toward the Jacobin terrorists. The dilemma they propose is that he was either a convinced and sincere terrorist or that he fawned on the terrorists from interested motives. This last appears to have been the opinion of Augustin Robespierre, the former that of his sister Marie, for the time an intimate friend of the Buonaparte sisters. Both at least have left these opinions on record in letters and memoirs. There is no need to impale ourselves on either horn, if we consider the youth as he was, feeling no responsibility whatever for the conditions into which he was thrown, taking the world as he found it and using its opportunities while they lasted. For the time and in that place there were terrorists: he made no confession of faith, avoided all snares, and served his adopted country as she was in fact with little reference to political shibboleths. He so served her then and henceforth that until he lost both his poise and his indispensable power, she laid herself at his feet and adored him. Whatever the ties which bound them at first, the ascendancy of Buonaparte over the young Robespierre was thorough in the end. His were the suggestions and the enterprises, the political conceptions, the military plans, the devices to obtain ways and means. It was probably his advice which was determinative in the scheme of operations finally adopted. With an astute and fertile brain, with a feverish energy and an unbounded ambition, Buonaparte must attack every problem or be wretched. Here was a most interesting one, complicated by geographical,

political, naval, and military elements. That he seized it, considered it, and found some solution is inherently probable. The conclusion too has all the marks of his genius. Yet the glory of success was justly Masséna's. A select third of the troops were chosen and divided into three divisions to assume the offensive, under Masséna's direction, against the almost impregnable posts of the Austrians and Sardinians in the upper Apennines. The rest were held in garrison partly as a reserve, partly to overawe the newly annexed department of which Nice was the capital.

Genoa now stood in a peculiar relation to France. Her oligarchy, though called a republic, was in spirit the antipodes of French democracy. Her trade was essential to France, but English influence predominated in her councils and English force worked its will in her domains. In October, 1793, a French supply-ship had been seized by an English squadron in the very harbor. Soon afterward, by way of rejoinder to this act of violence, the French minister at Genoa was officially informed from Paris that as it appeared no longer possible for a French army to reach Lombardy by the direct route through the Apennines, it might be necessary to advance along the coast through Genoese territory. This announcement was no threat, but serious earnest; the plan had been carefully considered and was before long to be put into execution. It was merely as a feint that in April, 1794, hostilities were formally opened against Sardinia and Austria. Masséna seized Ventimiglia on the sixth. Advancing by Oneglia and Ormea, in the valley of the Stura, he turned the position of the allied Austrians and Sardinians, thus compelling them to evacuate their strongholds one by one, until on May seventh the pass of Tenda, leading direct into Lombardy, was abandoned by them.

The result of this movement was to infuse new enthusiasm into the army, while at the same time it set free, for offensive warfare, large numbers of the garrison troops in places now no longer in danger. Masséna wrote in terms of exultation of the devotion and endurance which his troops had shown in the sacred name of liberty. "They know how to conquer and never complain. Marching barefoot, and often without rations, they abuse no one, but sing the loved notes of '*Ça ira*' — 'T will go, 't will go! We'll make the creatures that surround the despot at Turin dance the Carmagnole!" Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, was an excellent specimen of the benevolent despot; it was he whom they meant. Augustin Robespierre wrote to his brother Maximilien, in Paris, that they had found the country before them deserted: forty thousand souls had fled from the single valley of Oneglia, having been terrified by the accounts of French savagery to women and children, and of their impiety in devastating the churches and religious establishments.

Whether the phenomenal success of this short campaign, which lasted but a month, was expected or not, nothing was done to improve it, and the advancing battalions suddenly stopped, as if to make the impression that they could go farther only by way of Genoese territory. Buonaparte would certainly have shared in the campaign had it been a serious attack; but, except to bring captured stores from Oneglia, he did nothing, devoting the months of May and June to the completion of his shore defenses, and living at Nice with his mother and her family. That famous and coquettish town was now the center of a gay republican society in which Napoleon and his pretty sisters were important persons. They were the constant companions of young Robespierre and Ricord. The former, amazed by the

activity of his friend's brain, the scope of his plans, and the terrible energy which marked his preparations, wrote of Napoleon that he was a man of "transcendent merit." Marmont, speaking of Napoleon's charm at this time, says: "There was so much future in his mind. . . . He had acquired an ascendancy over the representatives which it is impossible to describe." He also declares, and Salicetti, too, repeatedly asseverated, that Buonaparte was the "man, the plan-maker" of the Robespierres.

The impression which Salicetti and Marmont expressed was doubtless due to the conclusions of a council of war held on May twentieth by the leaders of the two armies — of the Alps and of Italy — to concert a plan of cooperation. Naturally each group of generals desired the foremost place for the army it represented. Buonaparte overrode all objections, and compelled the acceptance of a scheme entirely his own, which with some additions and by careful elaboration ultimately developed into the famous plan of campaign in Italy. These circumstances are noteworthy. Again and again it has been charged that this grand scheme was bodily stolen from the papers of his great predecessors, one in particular, of whom more must be said in the sequel. Napoleon was a student and an omnivorous reader, he knew what others had done and written; but the achievement which launched him on his career was due to the use of his own senses, to his own assimilation and adaptation of other men's experiences and theories, which had everything to commend them except that perfection of detail and energy of command which led to actual victory. But affairs in Genoa were becoming so menacing that for the moment they demanded the exclusive attention of the French authorities. Austrian troops had disregarded her neutrality and trespassed on her territory; the land was full of French deserters,

and England, recalling her successes in the same line during the American Revolution, had established a press in the city for printing counterfeit French money, which was sent by secret mercantile communications to Marseilles, and there was put into circulation. It was consequently soon determined to amplify greatly the plan of campaign, and likewise to send a mission to Genoa. Buonaparte was himself appointed the envoy, and thus became the pivot of both movements — that against Piedmont and that against Genoa.

CHAPTER XIX

VICISSITUDES IN WAR AND DIPLOMACY

Signs of Maturity — The Mission to Genoa — Course of the French Republic — The "Terror" — Thermidor — Buonaparte a Scapegoat — His Prescience — Adventures of His Brothers — Napoleon's Defense of His French Patriotism — Bloodshedding for Amusement — New Expedition Against Corsica — Buonaparte's Advice for Its Conduct.

BUONAPARTE'S plan for combining operations against both Genoa and Sardinia was at first hazy. In his earliest efforts to expand and clarify it, he wrote a rambling document, still in existence, which draws a contrast between the opposite policies to be adopted with reference to Italy and Spain. In it he also calls attention to the scarcity of officers suitable for concerted action in a great enterprise, and a remark concerning the course to be pursued in this particular case contains the germ of his whole military system. "Combine your forces in a war, as in a siege, on one point. The breach once made, equilibrium is destroyed, everything else is useless, and the place is taken. Do not conceal, but concentrate, your attack." In the matter of politics he sees Germany as the main prop of opposition to democracy; Spain is to be dealt with on the defensive, Italy on the offensive. But, contrary to what he actually did in the following year, he advises against proceeding too far into Piedmont, lest the adversary should gain the advantage of position. This paper Robespierre the younger had in his pocket when he left for Paris, summoned to aid his brother in difficulties which were now pressing fast upon him.

Ricord was left behind to direct, at least nominally, the movements both of the armies and of the embassy to Genoa. Buonaparte continued to be the real power. Military operations having been suspended to await the result of diplomacy, his instructions from Ricord were drawn so as to be loose and merely formal. On July eleventh he started from Nice, reaching his destination three days later. During the week of his stay — for he left again on the twenty-first — the envoy made his representations, and laid down his ultimatum that the republic of Genoa should preserve absolute neutrality, neither permitting troops to pass over its territories, nor lending aid in the construction of military roads, as she was charged with doing secretly. His success in overawing the oligarchy was complete, and a written promise of compliance to these demands was made by the Doge. Buonaparte arrived again in Nice on the twenty-eighth. We may imagine that as he traveled the romantic road between the mountains and the sea, the rising general and diplomat indulged in many rosy dreams, probably feeling already on his shoulders the insignia of a commander-in-chief. But he was returning to disgrace, if not to destruction. A week after his arrival came the stupefying news that the hour-glass had once again been reversed, that on the very day of his own exultant return to Nice, Robespierre's head had fallen, that the Mountain was shattered, and that the land was again staggering to gain its balance after another political earthquake.

The shock had been awful, but it was directly traceable to the accumulated disorders of Jacobin rule. A rude and vigorous but eerie order of things had been inaugurated on November twenty-fourth, 1793, by the so-called republic. There was first the new calendar, in which the year I began on September twenty-second.

1792, the day on which the republic had been proclaimed. In it were the twelve thirty-day months, with their names of vintage, fog, and frost; of snow, rain, and wind; of bud, flower, and meadow; of seed, heat, and harvest: the whole terminated most unpoetically by the five or six supplementary days named *sansculottides*, — *sansculottes* meaning without knee-breeches, a garment confined to the upper classes; that is, with long trousers like the common people, — and these days were so named because they were to be a holiday for the long-trousered populace which was to use the new reckoning. There was next the new, strange, and unhallowed spectacle, seen in history for the first time, the realization of a nightmare — a whole people finally turned into an army, and at war with nearly all the world. The reforming Girondists had created the situation, and the Jacobins, with grim humor, were unflinchingly facing the logical consequences of such audacity. Carnot had given the watchword of attack in mass and with superior numbers; the times gave the frenzied courage of sentimental exaltation. Before the end of 1793 the foreign enemies of France, though not conquered, had been checked on the frontier; the outbreak of civil war in Vendée had been temporarily suppressed; both Lyons and Toulon had been retaken.

Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, and Billaud-Varennes were theorists after the manner of Rousseau. Their new gospel of social regeneration embraced democracy, civic virtue, moral institutions, and public festivals. These were their shibboleths and catch-words. Incidentally they extolled paternalism in government, general conscription, compulsory military service, and, on the very eve of the greatest industrial revival known to history, a return to agricultural society! The sanction of all this was not moral suasion: essential to the system was

Spartan simplicity and severity, compulsion was the means to their utopia.¹ The Jacobins were nothing if not thorough; and here was another new and awful thing — the “Terror” — which had broken loose with its foul furies of party against party through all the land. It seemed at last as if it were exhausting itself, though for a time it had grown in intensity as it spread in extent. It had created three factions in the Mountain. Early in 1794 there remained but a little handful of avowed and still eager terrorists in the Convention — Hébert and his friends. These were the atheists who had abolished religion and the past, bowing down before the fetish which they dubbed Reason. They were seized and put to death on March twenty-fourth. There then remained the cliques of Danton and Robespierre; the former claiming the name of moderates, and telling men to be calm, the latter with no principle but devotion to a person who claimed to be the regenerator of society. These hero-worshippers were for a time victorious. Danton, like Hébert, was foully murdered, and Robespierre remained alone, virtually dictator. But his theatrical conduct in decreeing by law the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, and in organizing tawdry festivals to supply the place of worship, utterly embittered against him both atheists and pious people. In disappointed rage at his failure, he laid aside the characters of prophet and mild saint to give vent to his natural wickedness and to become a devil.

During the long days of June and July there raged again a carnival of blood, known to history as the “Great Terror.” In less than seven weeks upward of twelve

¹ In Buchez et Roux, *Histoire Parlementaire*, XXXI, pp 268-290, 415-427, XXXII, pp 335-381 *et seq.*, and in *Œuvres de St. Just.*

pp. 360-420, will be found a few examples of their views in their own words.

hundred victims were immolated. The unbridled license of the guillotine broadened as it ran. First the aristocrats had fallen, then royalty, then their sympathizers, then the hated rich, then the merely well-to-do, and lastly anybody not cringing to existing power. The reaction against Robespierre was one of universal fear. Its inception was the work of Tallien, Fouché, Barras, Carrier, Fréron, and the like, men of vile character, who knew that if Robespierre could maintain his pose of the "Incorruptible" their doom was sealed. In this sense Robespierre was what Napoleon called him at St. Helena, "the scapegoat of the Revolution." The uprising of these accomplices was, however, the opportunity long desired by the better elements in Parisian society, and the two antipodal classes made common cause. Dictator as Robespierre wished to be, he was formed of other stuff, for when the reckoning came his brutal violence was cowed. On July twenty-seventh (the ninth of Thermidor), the Convention turned on him in rebellion, extreme radicals and moderate conservatives combining for the effort. Terrible scenes were enacted. The sections of Paris were divided, some for the Convention, some for Robespierre. The artillerymen who were ordered by the latter to batter down the part of the Tuileries where his enemies were sitting hesitated and disobeyed; at once all resistance to the decrees of the Convention died out. The dictator would have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his half-committed suicide. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the Convention was no longer trusted by the nation — the only organized power with popular support which was left was the army.

This was the news which, traveling southward, finally reached Toulon, Marseilles, and Nice, cities where Robespierre's stanchest adherents were flaunting their newly gained importance. No wonder if the brains of common men reeled. The recent so-called parties had disappeared for the moment like wraiths. The victorious group in the Convention, now known as the Thermidorians, was compounded of elements from them both, and claimed to represent the whole of France as the wretched factions who had so long controlled the government had never done. Where now should those who had been active supporters of the late administration turn for refuge? The Corsicans who had escaped from the island at the same time with Salicetti and the Buonapartes were nearly all with the Army of Italy. Employment had been given to them, but, having failed to keep Corsica for France, they were not in favor. It had already been remarked in the Committee of Public Safety that their patriotism was less manifest than their disposition to enrich themselves. This too was the opinion of many among their own countrymen, especially of their own partizans shut up in Bastia or Calvi and deserted. Salicetti, ever ready for emergencies, was not disconcerted by this one; and with adroit baseness turned informer, denouncing as a suspicious schemer his former protégé and lieutenant, of whose budding greatness he was now well aware. He was apparently both jealous and alarmed. Possibly, however, the whole procedure was a ruse; in the critical juncture the apparent traitor was by this conduct able efficiently to succor and save his compatriot.

Buonaparte's mission to Genoa had been openly political; secretly it was also a military reconnaissance, and his confidential instructions, virtually dictated by himself, had unfortunately leaked out. They had di-

rected him to examine the fortifications in and about both Savona and Genoa, to investigate the state of the Genoese artillery, to inform himself as to the behavior of the French envoy to the republic, to learn as much as possible of the intentions of the oligarchy — in short, to gather all information useful for the conduct of a war “the result of which it is impossible to foresee.” Buonaparte, knowing now that he had trodden dangerous ground in his unauthorized and secret dealings with the younger Robespierre, and probably foreseeing the coming storm, began to shorten sail immediately upon reaching Nice. Either he was prescient and felt the new influences in the air, or else a letter now in the war office at Paris, and purporting to have been written on August seventh to Tilly, the French agent at Genoa, is an antedated fabrication written later for Salicetti’s use.¹ Speaking, in this paper, of Robespierre the younger, he said: “I was a little touched by the catastrophe, for I loved him and thought him spotless. But were it my own father, I would stab him to the heart if he aspired to become a tyrant.” If the letter be genuine, as is probable, the writer was very far-sighted. He knew that its contents would speedily reach Paris in the despatches of Tilly, so that it was virtually a public renunciation of Jacobinism at the earliest possible date, an anchor to windward in the approaching tempest. But momentarily the trick was of no avail; he was first superseded in his command, then arrested on August tenth, and, fortunately for himself, imprisoned two days later in Fort Carré, near Antibes, instead of being sent direct to Paris as some of his friends were. This temporary shelter from the devastating blast he owed to Salicetti, who would, no doubt, without hesitation have destroyed a friend for his own safety, but was

¹ Jung: Bonaparte et son temps, II, 455.

willing enough to spare him if not driven to extremity.

As the true state of things in Corsica began to be known in France, there was a general disposition to blame and punish the influential men who had brought things to such a desperate pass and made the loss of the island probable, if not certain. Salicetti, Multedo, and the rest quickly unloaded the whole blame on Buonaparte's shoulders, so that he had many enemies in Paris. Thus by apparent harshness to one whom he still considered a subordinate, the real culprit escaped suspicion. Assured of immunity from punishment himself, Salicetti was content with his rival's humiliation, and felt no real rancor toward the family. This is clear from his treatment of Louis Buonaparte, who had fallen from place and favor along with his brother, but was by Salicetti's influence soon afterward made an officer of the home guard at Nice. Joseph had rendered himself conspicuous in the very height of the storm by a brilliant marriage; but neither he nor Fesch was arrested, and both managed to pull through with whole skins. The noisy Lucien was also married, but to a girl who, though respectable, was poor; and in consequence he was thoroughly frightened at the thought of losing his means of support. But though menaced with arrest, he was sufficiently insignificant to escape for the time.

Napoleon was kept in captivity but thirteen days. Salicetti apparently found it easier than he had supposed to exculpate himself from the charge either of participating in Robespierre's conspiracy or of having brought about the Corsican insurrection. More than this, he found himself firm in the good graces of the Thermidorians, among whom his old friends Barras and Fréron were held in high esteem. It would therefore be a simple thing to liberate General Buonaparte, if only a proper

expression of opinion could be secured from him. The clever prisoner had it ready before it was needed. To the faithful Junot he wrote a kindly note declining to be rescued by a body of friends organized to storm the prison or scale its walls.¹ Such a course would have compromised him further. But to the "representatives of the people" he wrote in language which finally committed him for life. He explained that in a revolutionary epoch there are but two classes of men, patriots and suspects. It could easily be seen to which class a man belonged who had fought both intestine and foreign foes. "I have sacrificed residence in my department, I have abandoned all my goods, I have lost all for the republic. Since then I have served at Toulon with some distinction, and I have deserved a share with the Army of Italy in the laurels it earned at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro. On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to regard nothing but principle." The letter concludes with a passionate appeal to each one of the controlling officials separately and by name, that is, to both Salicetti and Albitte, for justice and restoration. "An hour later, if the wicked want my life, I will gladly give it to them, I care so little for it, I weary so often of it! Yes; the idea that it may be still useful to my country is all that makes me bear the burden with courage." The word for country which he employed, *patrie*, could only be interpreted as referring to France.

Salicetti in person went through the form of examining the papers offered in proof of Buonaparte's statements; found them, as a matter of course, satisfactory; and the commissioners restored the suppliant to partial liberty, but not to his post. He was to remain at army headquarters, and the still terrible Committee of Safety was

¹ Correspondance de Napoléon, I, No 35.

to receive regular reports of his doings. This, too, was but a subterfuge; on August twentieth he was restored to his rank. A few weeks later commissioners from the Thermidorians arrived, with orders that for the present all offensive operations in Italy were to be suspended in order to put the strength of the district into a maritime expedition against Rome and ultimately against Corsica, which was now in the hands of England. Buonaparte immediately sought, and by Salicetti's favor obtained, the important charge of equipping and inspecting the artillery destined for the enterprise. He no doubt hoped to make the venture tell in his personal interest against the English party now triumphant in his home. This was the middle of September. Before beginning to prepare for the Corsican expedition, the army made a final demonstration to secure its lines. It was during the preparatory days of this short campaign that a dreadful incident occurred. Buonaparte had long since learned the power of women, and had been ardently attentive in turn both to Mme. Robespierre and to Mme. Ricord. "It was a great advantage to please them," he said; "for in a lawless time a representative of the people is a real power." Mme. Turreau, wife of one of the new commissioners, was now the ascendant star in his attentions. One day, while walking arm in arm with her near the top of the Tenda pass, Buonaparte took a sudden freak to show her what war was like, and ordered the advance-guard to charge the Austrian pickets. The attack was not only useless, but it endangered the safety of the army; yet it was made according to command, and human blood was shed. The story was told by Napoleon himself, at the close of his life, in a tone of repentance, but with evident relish.¹

¹ Las Cases. *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*, I, 141.

Buonaparte was present at the ensuing victories, but only as a well-informed spectator and adviser, for he was yet in nominal disgrace. Within five days the enemies' lines were driven back so as to leave open the two most important roads into Italy — that by the valley of the Bormida to Alessandria, and that by the shore to Genoa. The difficult pass of Tenda fell entirely into French hands. The English could not disembark their troops to strengthen the Allies. The commerce of Genoa with Marseilles was reestablished by land. "We have celebrated the fifth sansculottide of the year II (September twenty-first, 1794) in a manner worthy of the republic and the National Convention," wrote the commissioners to their colleagues in Paris. On the twenty-fourth, General Buonaparte was released by them from attendance at headquarters, thus becoming once again a free man and his own master. He proceeded immediately to Toulon in order to prepare for the Corsican expedition. Once more the power of a great nation was, he hoped, to be directed against the land of his birth, and he was an important agent in the plan.

To regain, if possible, some of his lost influence in the island, Buonaparte had already renewed communication with former acquaintances in Ajaccio. In a letter written immediately after his release in September, 1794, to the Corsican deputy Multedo, he informed his correspondent that his birthplace was the weakest spot on the island, and open to attack. The information was correct. Paoli had made an effort to strengthen it, but without success. "To drive the English," said the writer of the letter, "from a position which makes them masters of the Mediterranean, . . . to emancipate a large number of good patriots still to be found in that department, and to restore to their firesides the good

republicans who have deserved the care of their country by the generous manner in which they have suffered for it,—this, my friend, is the expedition which should occupy the attention of the government ” His fortune was in a sense dependent on success: the important position of artillery inspector could not be held by an absentee and it was soon filled by the appointment of a rival compatriot, Casabianca. In the event of failure Buonaparte would be destitute. Perhaps the old vista of becoming a Corsican hero opened up once again to a sore and disappointed man, but it is not probable: the horizon of his life had expanded too far to be again contracted, and the present task was probably considered but as a bridge to cross once more the waters of bitterness. On success or failure hung his fate. Two fellow-adventurers were Junot and Marmont. The former was the child of plain French burghers, twenty-three years old, a daring, swaggering youth, indifferent to danger, already an intimate of Napoleon's, having been his secretary at Toulon. His chequered destiny was interwoven with that of his friend and he came to high position. But though faithful to the end, he was always erratic and troublesome; and in an attack of morbid chagrin he came to a violent end in 1813. The other comrade was but a boy of twenty, the son of an officer who, though of the lower nobility, was a convinced revolutionary. The boys had met several years earlier at Dijon and again as young men at Toulon, where the friendship was knitted which grew closer and closer for twenty years. At Wagram, Marmont became a marshal. Already he had acquired habits of luxurious ease and the doubtful fortunes of his Emperor exasperated him into critical impatience. He so magnified his own importance that at last he deserted. The labored memoirs he wrote are the

apology for his life and for his treachery. Though without great genius, he was an able man and an industrious recorder of valuable impressions. Not one of the three accomplished anything during the Corsican expedition; their common humiliation probably commended both of his junior comrades to Buonaparte's tenderness, and thereafter both enjoyed much of his confidence, especially Marmont, in whom it was utterly misplaced.

CHAPTER XX

THE END OF APPRENTICESHIP

The English Conquest of Corsica — Effects in Italy — The Buonapartes at Toulon — Napoleon Thwarted Again — Departure for Paris — His Character Determined — His Capacities — Reaction From the "Terror" — Resolutions of the Convention — Parties in France — Their Lack of Experience — A New Constitution — Different Views of Its Value.

THE turmoils of civil war in France had now left Corsica to her own pursuits for many months. Her internal affairs had gone from bad to worse, and Paoli, unable to control his fierce and wilful people, had found himself helpless. Compelled to seek the support of some strong foreign power, he had instinctively turned to England, and the English fleet, driven from Toulon, was finally free to help him. On February seventeenth, 1794, it entered the fine harbor of St. Florent, and captured the town without an effort. Establishing a depot which thus separated the two remaining centers of French influence, Calvi and Bastia, the English admiral next laid siege to the latter. The place made a gallant defense, holding out for over three months, until on May twenty-second Captain Horatio Nelson, who had virtually controlled operations for eighty-eight days continuously, — nearly the entire time, — directed the guns of the *Agamemnon* with such destructive force against the little city that when the land forces from St. Florent appeared it was weakened beyond the power of resistance and surrendered.¹ The

¹ For a full account of these important operations see Mahan *Life of Nelson*, I, 123 *et seq.*

terms made by its captors were the easiest known to modern warfare, the conquered being granted all the honors of war. As a direct and immediate result, the Corsican estates met, and declared the island a constitutional monarchy under the protection of England. Sir Gilbert Elliot was appointed viceroy, and Paoli was recalled by George III to England. On August tenth fell Calvi, the last French stronghold in the country, hitherto considered impregnable by the Corsicans.

The presence of England so close to Italian shores immediately produced throughout Lombardy and Tuscany a reaction of feeling in favor of the French Revolution and its advanced ideas. The Committee of Safety meant to take advantage of this sentiment and reduce the Italian powers to the observance of strict neutrality at least, if nothing more. They hoped to make a demonstration at Leghorn and punish Rome for an insult to the republic still unavenged — the death of the French minister, in 1793, at the hands of a mob; perhaps they might also drive the British from Corsica. This explained the arrival of the commissioners at Nice with the order to cease operations against Sardinia and Austria, for the purpose of striking at English influence in Italy, and possibly in Corsica.

Everything but one was soon in readiness. To meet the English fleet, the shipwrights at Toulon must prepare a powerful squadron. They did not complete their gigantic task until February nineteenth, 1795. We can imagine the intense activity of any man of great power, determined to reconquer a lost position: what Buonaparte's fire and zeal must have been we can scarcely conceive; even his fiercest detractors bear witness to the activity of those months. When the order to embark was given, his organization and material were both as nearly perfect as possible. His mother

had brought the younger children to a charming house near by, where she entertained the influential women of the neighborhood; and thither her busy son often withdrew for the pleasures of a society which he was now beginning thoroughly to enjoy. Thanks to the social diplomacy of this most ingenious family, everything went well for a time, even with Lucien; and Louis, now sixteen, was made a lieutenant of artillery. At the last moment came what seemed the climax of Napoleon's good fortune, the assurance that the destination of the fleet would be Corsica. Peace was made with Tuscany. Rome could not be reached without a decisive engagement with the English; therefore the first object of the expedition would be to engage the British squadron which was cruising about Corsica. Victory would of course mean entrance into Corsican harbors.

On March eleventh the new fleet set sail. In its very first encounter with the English on March thirteenth the fleet successfully manœuvered and just saved a fine eighty-gun ship, the *Ça Ira*, from capture by Nelson. Next day there was a partial fleet action which ended in a disaster, and two fine ships were captured, the *Ça Ira* and the *Censeur*; the others fled to Hyères, where the troops were disembarked from their transports, and sent back to their posts.¹ Naval operations were not resumed for three months. Once more Buonaparte was the victim of uncontrollable circumstance. Destitute of employment, stripped even of the little credit gained in the last half-year,² he stood for the seventh time on the threshold of the world, a suppliant at the door. In some respects he was worse equipped for success than at the beginning, for he now

¹ Marmont·Mémoires, I, 77-78

² Inspection report in Jung, II,

477 "Too much ambition and intrigue for his advancement."

had a record to expunge. To an outsider the spring of 1795 must have appeared the most critical period of his life.¹ He himself knew better; in fact, this ill-fated expedition was probably soon forgotten altogether. In his St. Helena reminiscences, at least, he never recalled it: at that time he was not fond of mentioning his failures, little or great, being chiefly concerned to hand himself down to history as a man of lofty purposes and unsullied motives. Besides, he was never in the slightest degree responsible for the terrible waste of millions in this ill-starred maritime enterprise; all his own plans had been for the conduct of the war by land.

The Corsican administration had always had in it at least one French representative. Between the latest of these, Lacombe Saint-Michel, now a member of the Committee of Safety, and the Salicetti party no love was ever lost. It was a general feeling that the refugee Corsicans on the Mediterranean shore were too near their home. They were always charged with unscrupulous planning to fill their own pockets. Now, somehow or other, inexplicably perhaps, but nevertheless certainly, a costly expedition had been sent to Corsica under the impulse of these very men, and it had failed. The unlucky adventurers had scarcely set their feet on shore before Lacombe secured Buonaparte's appointment to the Army of the West, where he would be far from old influences, with orders to proceed immediately to his post. The papers reached Marseilles, whither the Buonapartes had already betaken themselves, during the month of April. On May second,² accompanied by Louis, Junot, and Marmont, the broken general set

¹ He was far down the list, one hundred and thirty-ninth in the line of promotion.

² Possibly the twelfth. See Jung, III, 1

out for Paris, where he arrived with his companions eight days later, and rented shabby lodgings in the Fossés-Montmartre, now Aboukir street. The style of the house was Liberty Hotel.

At this point Buonaparte's apprentice years may be said to have ended: he was virtually the man he remained to the end. A Corsican by origin, he retained the national sensibility and an enormous power of endurance both physical and intellectual, together with the dogged persistence found in the medieval Corsicans. He was devoted with primitive virtue to his family and his people, but was willing to sacrifice the latter, at least, to his ambition. His moral sense, having never been developed by education, and, worse than that, having been befogged by the extreme sensibility of Rousseau and by the chaos of the times which that prophet had brought to pass, was practically lacking. Neither the hostility of his father to religion, nor his own experiences with the Jesuits, could, however, entirely eradicate a superstition which passed in his mind for faith. Sometimes he was a scoffer, as many with weak convictions are, but in general he preserved a formal and outward respect for the Church. He was, however, a stanch opponent of Roman centralization and papal pretensions. His theoretical education had been narrow and one-sided; but his reading and his authorship, in spite of their superficial and desultory character, had given him certain large and fairly definite conceptions of history and politics. But his practical education! What a polishing and sharpening he had had against the revolving world moving many times faster than in most ages! He was an adept in the art of civil war, for he had been not merely an interested observer, but an active participant in it during five years in two countries. Long the victim of wiles more

secret than his own, he had finally grown most wily in diplomacy; an ambitious politician, his pulpy principles were republican in their character so far as they had any tissue or firmness.

His acquisitions in the science of war were substantial and definite. Neither a martinet himself nor in any way tolerant of routine, ignorant in fact of many hateful details, among others of obedience, he yet rose far above tradition or practice in his conception of strategy. He was perceptibly superior to the world about him in almost every aptitude, and particularly so in power of combination, in originality, and in far-sightedness. He could neither write nor spell correctly, but he was skilled in all practical applications of mathematics: town and country, mountains and plains, seas and rivers, were all quantities in his equations. Untrustworthy himself, he strove to arouse trust, faith, and devotion in those about him; and concealing successfully his own purpose, he read the hearts of others like an open book. Of pure-minded affection for either men or women he had so far shown only a little, and had experienced in return even less; but he had studied the arts of gallantry, and understood the leverage of social forces. To these capacities, some embryonic, some perfectly formed, add the fact that he was now a cosmopolitan, and there will be outline, relief, and color to his character. "I am in that frame of mind," he said of himself about this time, "in which men are when on the eve of battle, with a persistent conviction that since death is imminent in the end, to be uneasy is folly. Everything makes me brave death and destiny; and if this goes on, I shall in the end, my friend, no longer turn when a carriage passes. My reason is sometimes astonished at all this; but it is the effect produced on me by the moral spectacle of this land [*ce pays-ci*, not *patrie*], and by the

habit of running risks." This is the power and the temper of a man of whom an intimate and confidential friend predicted that he would never stop short until he had mounted either the throne or the scaffold.

The overthrow of Robespierre was the result of an alliance between what have been called the radicals and the conservatives in the Convention. Both were Jacobins, for the Girondists had been discredited, and put out of doors. It was not, however, the Convention, but Paris, which took command of the resulting movement. The social structure of France has been so strong, and the nation so homogeneous, that political convulsions have had much less influence there than elsewhere. But the "Terror" had struck at the heart of nearly every family of consequence in the capital, and the people were utterly weary of horrors. The wave of reaction began when the would-be dictator fell. A wholesome longing for safety, with its attendant pleasures, overpowered society, and light-heartedness returned. Underneath this temper lay but partly concealed a grim determination not to be thwarted, which awed the Convention. Slowly, yet surely, the Jacobins lost their power. As once the whole land had been mastered by the idea of "federation," and as a later patriotic impulse had given as a watchword "the nation," so now another refrain was in every mouth — "humanity." The very songs of previous stages, the "*Ça ira*" and the "*Car-magnole*," were displaced by new and milder ones. With Paris in this mood, it was clear that the proscribed might return, and the Convention, for its intemperate severity, must abdicate.

This, of course, meant a new political experiment; but being, as they were, sanguine admirers of Rousseau, the French felt no apprehension at the prospect. The constitution of the third republic in France has been

considered a happy chance by many. Far from being perfectly adapted to the needs of the nation, the fine qualities it possesses are the outcome, not of chance, nor of theory, but of a century's experience. It should be remembered that France in the eighteenth century had had no experience whatever of constitutional government, and the spirit of the age was all for theory in politics. Accordingly the democratic monarchy of 1791 had failed because, its framework having been built of empty visions, its constitution was entirely in the air. The same fate had now overtaken the Girondist experiment of 1792 and the Jacobin usurpation of the following year, which was ostensibly sanctioned by the popular adoption of a new constitution. With perfect confidence in Rousseau's idea that government is based on a social contract between individuals, the nation had sworn its adhesion to two constitutions successively, and had ratified the act each time by appropriate solemnities. Already the bubble of such a conception had been punctured. Was it strange that the Convention determined to repeat the same old experiment? Not at all. They knew nothing better than the old idea, and never doubted that the fault lay, not in the system, but in its details; they believed they could improve on the work of their predecessors by the change and modification of particulars. Aware, therefore, that their own day had passed, they determined, before dissolving, to construct a new and improved form of government. The work was confided to a committee of eleven, most of whom were Girondists recalled for the purpose in order to hoodwink the public. They now separated the executive and judiciary from each other and from the legislature, divided the latter into two branches, so as to cool the heat of popular sentiment before it was expressed in statutes, and, avoiding the pitfall dug for itself by

the National Assembly, made members of the Convention eligible for election under the new system.

If the monarchy could have been restored at the same time, these features of the new charter would have reproduced in France some elements of the British constitution, and its adoption would probably have pacified the dynastic rulers of Europe. But the restoration of monarchy in any form was as yet impossible. The Bourbons had utterly discredited royalty, and the late glorious successes had been won partly by the lavish use in the enemy's camp of money raised and granted by radical democrats, partly by the prowess of enthusiastic republicans. The compact, efficient organization of the national army was the work of the Jacobins, and while the Mountain was discredited in Paris, it was not so in the provinces; moreover, the army which was on foot and in the field was in the main a Jacobin army. Royalty was so hated by most Frenchmen that the sad plight of the child dauphin, dying by inches in the Temple, awakened no compassion, and its next lineal representative was that hated thing, a voluntary exile; the nobility, who might have furnished the material for a French House of Lords, were traitors to their country, actually bearing arms in the levies of her foes. The national feeling was a passion; Louis XVI had been popular enough until he had outraged it first by ordering the Church to remain obedient to Rome, and then by appealing to foreign powers for protection. The emigrant nobles had stumbled over one another in their haste to manifest their contempt for nationality by throwing themselves into the arms of their own class in foreign lands.

Moreover, another work of the Revolution could not be undone. The lands of both the emigrants and the Church had either been seized and divided among the

adherents of the new order, or else appropriated to state uses. Restitution was out of the question, for the power of the new owners was sufficient to destroy any one who should propose to take away their possessions. This is a fact particularly to be emphasized, because, making all allowances, the subsequent history of France has been determined by the alliance of a landed peasantry with the petty burghers of the cities and towns. What both have always desired is a strong hand in government which assures their property rights. Whenever any of the successive forms and methods has failed its fate was doomed. In this temper of the masses, in the flight of the ruling class, in the distemper of the radical democracy, a constitutional monarchy was unthinkable. A presidential government on the model of that devised and used by the United States was equally impossible, because the French appear already to have had a premonition or an instinct that a ripe experience of liberty was essential to the working of such an institution. The student of the revolutionary times will become aware how powerful the feeling already was among the French that a single strong executive, elected by the masses, would speedily turn into a tyrant. They have now a nominal president, but his election is indirect, his office is representative, not political, and his duties are like an impersonal, colorless reflection of those performed by the English crown. The constitution-makers simply could not fall back on an experience of successful free government which did not exist. Absolute monarchy had made gradual change impossible, for oppression dies only in convulsions. Experience was in front, not behind, and must be gained through suffering.

It was therefore a grim necessity which led the Thermidorians of the Convention to try another political nostrum. What should it be? There had always been

a profound sense in France of her historic continuity with Rome. Her system of jurisprudence, her speech, her church, her very land, were Roman. Recalling this, the constitution-framers also recollected that these had been the gifts of imperial and Christian Rome. It was a curious but characteristic whim which consequently suggested to the enemies of ecclesiasticism the revival of Roman forms dating from the heathen commonwealth. This it was which led them to commit the administration of government in both external and internal relations to a divided executive. There, however, the resemblance to Rome ended, for instead of two consuls there were to be five directors. These were to sit as a committee, to appoint their own ministerial agents, together with all officers and officials of the army, and to fill the few positions in the administrative departments which were not elective, except those in the treasury, which was a separate, independent administration. All executive powers except those of the treasury were likewise to be in their hands. They were to have no veto, and their treaties of peace must be ratified by the legislature; but they could declare war without consulting any one. The judiciary was to be elected directly by the people, and the judges were to hold office for about a year. The legislature was to be separated into a senate with two hundred and fifty members, called the Council of Ancients, which had the veto power, and an assembly called the Council of Juniors, or, more popularly, from its number, the Five Hundred, which had the initiative in legislation. The members of the former must be at least forty years old and married; every aspirant for a seat in the latter must be twenty-five and of good character. Both these bodies were alike to be elected by universal suffrage working indirectly through secondary electors, and

limited by educational and property qualifications. There were many wholesome checks and balances. This constitution is known as that of I Vendémiaire, An IV, or September twenty-second, 1795. It became operative on October twenty-sixth.

The scheme was formed, as was intended, under Girondist influence, and was acceptable to the nation as a whole. In spite of many defects, it might after a little experience have been amended so as to work, if the people had been united and hearty in its support. But they were not. The Thermidorians, who were still Jacobins at heart, ordered that at least two-thirds of the men elected to sit in the new houses should have been members of the Convention, on the plea that they alone had sufficient experience of affairs to carry on the public business, at least for the present. Perhaps this was intended as some offset to the enforced closing of the Jacobin Club on November twelfth, 1794, due to menaces by the higher classes of Parisian society, known to history as "the gilded youth." On the other hand, the royalists saw in the new constitution an instrument ready to their hand, should public opinion, in its search for means to restore quiet and order, be carried still further away from the Revolution than the movement of Thermidor had swept it. Their conduct justified the measures of the Jacobins.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ANTECHAMBER TO SUCCESS

Punishment of the Terrorists — Dangers of the Thermidorians — Successes of Republican Arms — Some Republican Generals — Military Prodiges — The Treaty of Basel — Vendean Disorders Repressed — A "White Terror" — Royalist Activity — Friction Under the New Constitution — Arrival of Buonaparte in Paris — Paris Society — Its Power — The People Angry — Resurgence of Jacobinism — Buonaparte's Dejection — His Relations with Mme. Permon — His Magnanimity.

FROM time to time after the events of Thermidor the more active agents of the Terror were sentenced to transportation, and the less guilty were imprisoned. On May seventh, 1795, three days before Buonaparte's arrival in Paris, Fouquier-Tinville, and fifteen other wretches who had been but tools, the executioners of the revolutionary tribunal, were put to death. The National Guard had been reorganized, and Pichegru was recalled from the north to take command of the united forces in Paris under a committee of the Convention with Barras at its head.

This was intended to overawe those citizens of Paris who were hostile to the Jacobins. They saw the trap set for them, and were angry. During the years of internal disorder and foreign warfare just passed the economic conditions of the land had grown worse and worse, until, in the winter of 1794-95, the laboring classes of Paris were again on the verge of starvation. As usual, they attributed their sufferings to the government, and there were bread riots. Twice in the spring

of 1795 — on April first and May twentieth — the unemployed and hungry rose to overthrow the Convention, but they were easily put down by the soldiers on both occasions. The whole populace, as represented by the sections or wards of Paris, resented this use of armed force, and grew uneasy. The Thermidorians further angered it by introducing a new metropolitan administration, which greatly diminished the powers and influence of the sections, without, however, destroying their organization. The people of the capital, therefore, were ready for mischief. The storming of the Tuileries on August tenth, 1792, had been the work of the Paris mob. Why could they not in turn, another mob, reactionary and to a degree even royalist, overthrow the tyranny of the Jacobins as they themselves had overthrown the double-faced administration of the King?

A crisis might easily have been precipitated before Buonaparte's arrival in Paris, but it was delayed by events outside the city. The year 1794 had been a brilliant season for the republican arms and for republican diplomacy. We have seen how the Piedmontese were forced beyond the maritime Alps; the languid and worthless troops of Spain were expelled from the Pyrenean strongholds and forced southward; in some places, beyond the Ebro. Pichegru, with the Army of the North, had driven the invaders from French soil and had conquered the Austrian Netherlands. Jourdan, with the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, had defeated the Austrians at Fleurus in a battle decided by the bravery of Marceau, thus confirming the conquest. Other generals were likewise rising to eminence. Hoche had in 1793 beaten the Austrians under Wurmser at Weissenburg, and driven them from Alsace. He had now further heightened his fame by his successes against

the insurgents of the west. Saint-Cyr, Bernadotte, and Kléber, with many others of Buonaparte's contemporaries, had also risen to distinction in minor engagements.

Of peasant birth, Pichegru was nevertheless appointed by ecclesiastical influence as a scholar at Brienne. In the dearth of generals he was selected for promotion by Saint-Just as was Hoche at the time when Carnot discovered Jourdan. Having assisted Hoche in the conquest of Alsace when a division general and only thirty-two years old, he began the next year, in 1794, to deploy his extraordinary powers, and with Moreau as second in command he swept the English and Austrians out of the Netherlands. Both these generals were sensitive and jealous men; after brilliant careers under the republic they turned royalists and came to unhappy ends. Moreau was two years the junior. He was the son of a Breton lawyer and rose to notice both as a local politician, and as a volunteer captain in the Breton struggles for independence with which he had no sympathy. As a great soldier he ranks with Hoche after Napoleon in the revolutionary time. Hoche was younger still, having been born in 1768. In 1784 he enlisted as a common soldier and rose from the ranks by sheer ability. He died at the age of thirty, but as a politician and strategist he was already famous. Kléber was an Alsatian who had been educated in the military school at Munich and was already forty-one years old. Having enlisted under the Revolution as a volunteer, he so distinguished himself on the Rhine that he was swiftly promoted; but, thwarted in his ambition to have an independent command, he lost his ardor and did not again distinguish himself until he secured service under Napoleon in Egypt. There he exhibited such capacity that he was regarded as one of Bonaparte's

rivals. He was assassinated by an Oriental in Cairo. Bernadotte was four years the senior of Bonaparte, the son of a lawyer in Paris. He too enlisted in the ranks, as a royal marine, and rose by his own merits. He was a rude radical whose military ability was paralleled by his skill in diplomacy. His swift promotion was obtained in the Rhenish campaigns. Gouvion Saint-Cyr was also born in 1764 at Toul. He was a marquis but an ardent reformer, and a born soldier. He began as a volunteer captain on the staff of Custine, and rising like the others mentioned became an excellent general, though his chances for distinction were few. Jourdan was likewise a nobleman, born at Limoges to the rank of count in 1762. His long career was solid rather than brilliant, though he gained great distinction in the northern campaigns and ended as a marshal, the military adviser of Joseph Bonaparte in Naples and Madrid.

The record of military energy put forth by the liberated nation under Jacobin rule stands, as Fox declared in the House of Commons, absolutely unique. Twenty-seven victories, eight in pitched battle; one hundred and twenty fights; ninety thousand prisoners; one hundred and sixteen towns and important places captured; two hundred and thirty forts or redoubts taken; three thousand eight hundred pieces of ordnance, seventy thousand muskets, one thousand tons of powder, and ninety standards fallen into French hands — such is the incredible tale. Moreover, the army had been purged with as little mercy as a mercantile corporation shows to incompetent employees. It is often claimed that the armies of republican France and of Napoleon were, after all, the armies of the Bourbons. Not so. The conscription law, though very imperfect in itself, was supplemented by the general enthusiasm; a nation was now in the ranks instead of hirelings; the reorganiza-

tion had remodeled the whole structure, and between January first, 1792, and January twentieth, 1795, one hundred and ten division commanders, two hundred and sixty-three generals of brigade, and one hundred and thirty-eight adjutant-generals either resigned, were suspended from duty, or dismissed from the service. The republic had new leaders and new men in its armies.

The nation had apparently determined that the natural boundary of France and of its own revolutionary system was the Rhine. Nice and Savoy would round out their territory to the south. This much the new government, it was understood, would conquer, administer, and keep; the Revolution in other lands, impelled but not guided by French influence, must manage its own affairs. This was, of course, an entirely new diplomatic situation. Under its pressure Holland, by the aid of Pichegru's army, became the Batavian Republic, and ceded Dutch Flanders to France; while Prussia abandoned the coalition, and in the treaty of Basel, signed on April fifth, 1795, agreed to the neutrality of all north Germany. In return for the possessions of the ecclesiastical princes in central Germany, which were eventually to be secularized, she yielded to France undisputed possession of the left bank of the Rhine. Spain, Portugal, and the little states both of south Germany and of Italy were all alike weary of the contest, the more so as they were honeycombed with liberal ideas. They were already preparing to desert England and Austria, the great powers which still stood firm. With the exception of Portugal, they acceded within a few weeks to the terms made at Basel. Rome, as the instigator of the unyielding ecclesiastics of Vendée, was, of course, on the side of Great Britain and the Empire.

At home the military success of the republic was for



In the collection of Mr. Edmond Taigny

**MARIE-JOSEPHINE-ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE,
CALLED JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH**

From the design by Jean Baptiste Isabey (pencil drawing retouched in
water color) made in 1798

a little while equally marked. Before the close of 1794 the Breton peasants who, under the name of Chouans, had become lawless highwaymen were entirely crushed; and the English expedition sent to Quiberon in the following year to revive the disorders was a complete, almost ridiculous failure. The insurrection of Vendée had dragged stubbornly on, but it was stamped out in June, 1795, by the execution of over seven hundred of the emigrants who had returned on English vessels to fan the royalist blaze which was kindling again.

The royalists, having created the panic of five years previous, were not to be outdone even by the Terror. Charette, the Vendean leader, retaliated by a holocaust of two thousand republican prisoners whom he had taken. After the events of Thermidor the Convention had thrown open the prison doors, put an end to bloodshed, and proclaimed an amnesty. The evident power of the Parisian burghers, the form given by the Girondists to the new constitution, the longing of all for peace and for a return of comfort and prosperity, still further emboldened the royalists, and enabled them to produce a widespread revulsion of feeling. They rose in many parts of the south, instituting what is known from the colors they wore as the "White Terror," and pitilessly murdering, in the desperation of timid revenge, their unsuspecting and unready neighbors of republican opinions. The scenes enacted were more terrible, the human butchery was more bloody, than any known during the darkest days of the revolutionary movement in Paris. This might well be considered the preliminary trial to the Great White Terror of 1815, in which the frenzy and fanaticism of royalists and Roman Catholics surpassed the most frantic efforts of radicals in lawless bloodshed. Imperialists, free-thinkers, and Protestants were the victims.

The Jacobins, therefore, in view of so dangerous a situation, and not without some reason, had determined that they themselves should administer the new constitution. They were in the most desperate straits because the Paris populace now held them directly responsible for the existing scarcity of food, a scarcity amounting to famine. From time to time for months the mob invaded the hall of the Convention, craving bread with angry, hungry clamor. The members mingled with the disorderly throng on the floor and temporarily soothed them by empty promises. But each inroad of disorder was worse than the preceding until the Mountain was not only without support from the rabble, but an object of loathing and contempt to them and their half-starved leaders. Hence their only chance for power was in some new rearrangement under which they would not be so prominent in affairs. The royalists at the same time saw in the provisions of the new charter a means to accomplish their own ends; and relying upon the attitude of the capital, in which mob and burghers alike were angry, determined simultaneously to strike a blow for mastery, and to supplant the Jacobins. Evidence of their activity appeared both in military and political circles. Throughout the summer of 1795 there was an unaccountable languor in the army. It was believed that Pichegru had purposely palsied his own and Jourdan's abilities, and the needless armistice he made with Austria went far to confirm the idea. It was afterward proved that several members of the Convention had been in communication with royalists. Among their agents was a personage of some importance — a certain Aubry — who, having returned after the events of Thermidor, never disavowed his real sentiments as a royalist; and being later made chairman of the army committee, was in that position when Buonaparte's

career was temporarily checked by degradation from the artillery to the infantry. For this absurd reason he was long but unjustly thought also to have caused the original transfer to the west

The Convention was aware of all that was taking place, but was also helpless to correct the trouble. Having abolished the powerful and terrible Committee of Safety, which had conducted its operations with such success as attends remorseless vigor, it was found necessary on August ninth to reconstruct something similar to meet the new crisis. At the same time the spirit of the hour was propitiated by forming sixteen other committees to control the action of the central one. Such a dispersion of executive power was a virtual paralysis of action, but it was to be only temporary, they would soon centralize their strength in an efficient way. The constitution was adopted only a fortnight later, on August twenty-second. Immediately the sections of Paris began to display irritation at the limitations set to their choice of new representatives. They had many sympathizers in the provinces, and the extreme reactionaries from the Revolution were jubilant. Fortunately for France, Carnot was temporarily retained to control the department of war. He was not removed until the following March.

When General Buonaparte reached Paris, and went to dwell in the mean and shabby lodgings which his lean purse compelled him to choose, he found the city strangely metamorphosed. Animated by a settled purpose not to accept the position assigned to him in the Army of the West, and, if necessary, to defy his military superiors, his humor put him out of all sympathy with the prevalent gaiety. Bitter experience had taught him that in civil war the consequences of victory and defeat are alike inglorious. In the fickleness of public opinion

the avenging hero of to-day may easily become the reprobated outcast of to-morrow. What reputation he had gained at Toulon was already dissipated in part; the rest might easily be squandered entirely in Vendée. He felt and said that he could wait. But how about his daily bread?

The drawing-rooms of Paris had opened like magic before the "sesame" of Thermidor and the prospects of settled order under the Directory. There were visiting, dining, and dancing; dressing, flirtation, and intrigue; walking, driving, and riding — all the avocations of a people soured with the cruel and bloody past, and reasserting its native passion for pleasure and refinement. All classes indulged in the wildest speculation, securities public and corporate were the sport of the exchange, the gambling spirit absorbed the energies of both sexes in desperate games of skill and chance. The theaters, which had never closed their doors even during the worst periods of terror, were thronged from pit to gallery by a populace that reveled in excitement. The morality of the hour was no better than the old; for there was a strange mixture of elements in this new society. The men in power were of every class — a few of the old aristocracy, many of the wealthy burghers, a certain proportion of the colonial nabobs from the West Indies and elsewhere, adventurers of every stripe, a few even of the city populace, and some country common folk. The purchase and sale of the confiscated lands, the national domain which furnished a slender security for the national debt and depreciated bonds, had enriched thousands of the vulgar sort. The newly rich lost their balance and their stolidity, becoming as giddy and frivolous and aggressive as the worst. The ingredients of this queer hodgepodge had yet to learn one another's language and nature; the niceties of speech

gesture, and mien which once had a well-understood significance in the higher circles of government and society were all to be readjusted in accordance with the ideas of the motley crowd and given new conventional currency. In such a disorderly transition vice does not require the mask of hypocrisy, virtue is helpless because unorganized, and something like riot characterizes conduct. The sound and rugged goodness of many newcomers, the habitual respectability of the veterans, were for the moment alike inactive because not yet kneaded into the lump they had to leaven.

There was, nevertheless, a marvelous exhibition of social power in this heterogeneous mass, nothing of course proportionate in extent to what had been brought forth for national defense, but still, of almost if not entirely equal significance. Throughout the revolutionary epoch there had been much discussion concerning reforms in education. It was in 1794 that Monge finally succeeded in founding the great Polytechnic School, an institution which clearly corresponded to a national characteristic, since from that day it has strengthened the natural bias of the French toward applied science, and tempted them to the undue and unfortunate neglect of many important humanizing disciplines. The Conservatory of Music and the Institute were permanently reorganized soon after. The great collections of the Museum of Arts and Crafts (*Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*) were begun, and permanent lecture courses were founded in connection with the National Library, the Botanical Garden, the Medical School, and other learned institutions. Almost immediately a philosophical literature began to appear; pictures were painted, and the theaters reopened with new and tolerable pieces written for the day and place. In the very midst of war, moreover, an attempt was made to eman-

cipate the press. The effort was ill advised, and the results were so deplorable for the conduct of affairs that the newspapers were in the event more firmly muzzled than ever.

When Buonaparte had made his living arrangements, and began to look about, he must have been stupefied by the hatred for the Convention so generally and openly manifested on every side. The provinces had looked upon the Revolution as accomplished. Paris was evidently in such ill humor with the body which represented it that the republic was to all appearance virtually undone. "Reelect two thirds of the Convention members to the new legislature!" said the angry demagogues of the Paris sections "Never! Those men who, by their own confession, have for three years in all these horrors been the cowardly tools of a sentiment they could not restrain, but are now self-styled and reformed moderates! Impossible!" Whether bribed by foreign gold, and working under the influence of royalists, or by reason of the famine, or through the determination of the well-to-do to have a radical change, or from all these influences combined, the sections were gradually organizing for resistance, and it was soon clear that the National Guard was in sympathy with them. The Convention was equally alert, and began to arm for the conflict. They already had several hundred artillerymen and five thousand regulars who were imbued with the national rather than the local spirit; they now began to enlist a special guard of fifteen hundred from the desperate men who had been the trusty followers of Hébert and Robespierre. The fighting spirit of the Convention was unquenchable. Having lodged the "two thirds" in the coming government, they virtually declared war on all enemies internal and external. By their decree of October twenty-fourth, 1792, they had

announced that the natural limits of France were their goal. Having virtually obtained them, they were now determined to defend them. This was the legacy of the Convention to the Directory, a legacy which indefinitely prolonged the Revolution and nullified the new polity from the outset

For a month or more Buonaparte was a mere onlooker, or at most an interested examiner of events, weighing and speculating in obscurity much as he had done three years before. The war department listened to and granted his earnest request that he might remain in Paris until there should be completed a general reassignment of officers, which had been determined upon, and, as his good fortune would have it, was already in progress. As the first weeks passed, news arrived from the south of a reaction in favor of the Jacobins. It became clearer every day that the Convention had moral support beyond the ramparts of Paris, and within the city it was possible to maintain something in the nature of a Jacobin salon. Many of that faith who were disaffected with the new conditions in Paris — the Corsicans in particular — were welcomed at the home of Mme. Permon by herself and her beautiful daughter, afterward Mme. Junot and Duchess of Abrantès. Salicetti had chosen the other child, a son now grown, as his private secretary, and was of course a special favorite in the house. The first manifestation of reviving Jacobin confidence was shown in the attack made on May twentieth upon the Convention by hungry rioters who shouted for the constitution of 1793. The result was disastrous to the radicals because the tumult was quelled by the courage and presence of mind shown by Boissy d'Anglas, a calm and determined moderate. Commissioned to act alone in provisioning Paris, he bravely accepted his responsibility and mounted the president's chair in the midst of

the tumult to defend himself. The mob brandished in his face the bloody head of Féraud, a fellow-member of his whom they had just murdered. The speaker uncovered his head in respect, and his undaunted mien cowed the leaders, who slunk away, followed by the rabble. The consequence was a total annihilation of the Mountain on May twenty-second. The Convention committees were disbanded, their artillerymen were temporarily dismissed, and the constitution of 1793 was abolished.

The friendly home of Mme. Permon was almost the only resort of Buonaparte, who, though disillusioned, was still a Jacobin. Something like desperation appeared in his manner, the lack of proper food emaciated his frame, while uncertainty as to the future left its mark on his wan face and in his restless eyes. It was not astonishing, for his personal and family affairs were apparently hopeless. His brothers, like himself, had now been deprived of profitable employment; they, with him, might possibly and even probably soon be numbered among the suspects; destitute of a powerful patron, and with his family once more in actual want, Napoleon was scarcely fit in either garb or humor for the society even of his friends. His hostess described him as having "sharp, angular features; small hands, long and thin; his hair long and disheveled; without gloves; wearing badly made, badly polished shoes; having always a sickly appearance, which was the result of his lean and yellow complexion, brightened only by two eyes glistening with shrewdness and firmness." Bourrienne, who had now returned from diplomatic service, was not edified by the appearance or temper of his acquaintance, who, he says, "was ill clad and slovenly, his character cold, often inscrutable. His smile was hollow and often out of place. He had moments of fierce gaiety which made you uneasy, and indisposed to love him."

No wonder the man was ill at ease. His worst fears were realized when the influence of the Mountain was wiped out, — Carnot, the organizer of victory, as he had been styled, being the only one of all the old leaders to escape. Salicetti was too prominent a partizan to be overlooked by the angry burghers. For a time he was concealed by Mme. Permon in her Paris home. He escaped the vengeance of his enemies in the disguise of her lackey, flying with her when she left for the south to seek refuge for herself and children. Even the rank and file among the members of the Mountain either fled or were arrested. That Buonaparte was unmolested appears to prove how cleverly he had concealed his connection with them. The story that in these days he proposed for the hand of Mme. Permon, though without any corroborative evidence, has an air of probability, partly in the consideration of a despair which might lead him to seek any support, even that of a wife as old as his mother, partly from the existence of a letter to the lady which, though enigmatical, displays an interesting mixture of wounded pride and real or pretended jealousy. The epistle is dated June eighteenth, 1795. He felt that she would think him duped, he explains, if he did not inform her that although she had not seen fit to give her confidence to him, he had all along known that she had Salicetti in hiding. Then follows an address to that countryman, evidently intended to clear the writer from all taint of Jacobinism, and couched in these terms: "I could have denounced thee, but did not, although it would have been but a just revenge so to do. Which has chosen the truer part? Go, seek in peace an asylum where thou canst return to better thoughts of thy country. My lips shall never utter thy name. Repent, and above all, appreciate my motives. This I deserve, for they are noble and generous." In

these words to the political refugee he employs the familiar republican "thou"; in the peroration, addressed, like the introduction, to the lady herself, he recurs to the polite and distant "you." "Mme. Permon, my good wishes go with you as with your child. You are two feeble creatures with no defense. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be with you. Above all, be prudent and never remain in the large cities. Adieu. Accept my friendly greetings."¹

The meaning of this missive is recondite; perhaps it is this: Mme. Permon, I loved you, and could have ruined the rival who is your protégé with a clear conscience, for he once did me foul wrong, as he will acknowledge. But farewell. I bear you no grudge. Or else it may announce another change in the political weather by the veering of the cock. As a good citizen, despising the horrors of the past, I could have denounced you, Salicetti. I did not, for I recalled old times and your helplessness, and wished to heap coals of fire on your head, that you might see the error of your way. The latter interpretation finds support in the complete renunciation of Jacobinism which the writer made soon afterward, and in his subsequent labored explanation that in the "Supper of Beaucaire" he had not identified himself with the Jacobin soldier (so far an exact statement of fact), but had wished only by a dispassionate presentation of facts to show the hopeless case of Marseilles, and to prevent useless bloodshed.

¹ Correspondance, I, No. 40.

CHAPTER XXII

BONAPARTE THE GENERAL OF THE CONVENTION ¹

Disappointments — Another Furlough — Connection with Barras — Official Society in Paris — Buonaparte as a Beau — Condition of His Family — A Political General — An Opening in Turkey — Opportunities in Europe — Social Advancement — Official Degradation — Schemes for Restoration — Plans of the Royalists — The Hostility of Paris to the Convention — Buonaparte, General of the Convention Troops — His Strategy.

THE overhauling of the army list with the subsequent reassignment of officers turned out ill for Buonaparte. Aubry, the head of the committee, appears to have been utterly indifferent to him, displaying no ill will, and certainly no active good will, toward the sometime Jacobin, whose name, moreover, was last on the list of artillery officers in the order of seniority. According to the regulations, when one arm of the service was overmanned, the superfluous officers were to be transferred to another. This was now the case with the artillery, and Buonaparte, as a supernumerary, was on June thirteenth again ordered to the west, but this time only as a mere infantry general of brigade. He appears to have felt throughout life more vindictiveness toward Aubry, the man whom he believed to have been

¹ For this chapter the *Mémoires du roi Joseph*, I, and Bohtlingk *Napoleon Buonaparte*, etc., I, are valuable references, in addition to those already given. The memoirs of Barras are particularly misleading except for comparison

For social conditions, cf. Goncourt, *Histoire de la Société Française sous le Directoire*, and in particular Adolph Schmidt *Tableaux de la Révolution Française*, *Pariser Zustände während der Revolutionszeit*.

the author of this particular misfortune, than toward any other person with whom he ever came in contact. In this rigid scrutiny of the army list, exaggerated pretensions of service and untruthful testimonials were no longer accepted. For this reason Joseph also had already lost his position, and was about to settle with his family in Genoa, while Louis was actually sent back to school, being ordered to Châlons. Poor Lucien, overwhelmed in the general ruin of the radicals, and with a wife and child dependent on him, was in despair. The other members of the family were temporarily destitute, but self-helpful.

In this there was nothing new; but, for all that, the monotony of the situation must have been disheartening. Napoleon's resolution was soon taken. He was either really ill from privation and disappointment, or soon became so. Armed with a medical certificate, he applied for and received a furlough. This step having been taken, the next, according to the unchanged and familiar instincts of the man, was to apply under the law for mileage to pay his expenses on the journey which he had taken as far as Paris in pursuance of the order given him on March twenty-ninth to proceed to his post in the west. Again, following the precedents of his life, he calculated mileage not from Marseilles, whence he had really started, but from Nice, thus largely increasing the amount which he asked for, and in due time received. During his leave several projects occupied his busy brain. The most important were a speculation in the sequestered lands of the emigrants and monasteries, and the writing of two monographs — one a history of events from the ninth of Fructidor, year II (August twenty-sixth, 1794), to the beginning of year IV (September twenty-third, 1795), the other a memoir on the Army of Italy. The first

notion was doubtless due to the frenzy for speculation, more and more rife, which was now comparable only to that which prevailed in France at the time of Law's Mississippi scheme or in England during the South Sea Bubble. It affords an insight into financial conditions to know that a gold piece of twenty francs was worth seven hundred and fifty in paper. A project for purchasing a certain property as a good investment for his wife's dowry was submitted to Joseph, but it failed by the sudden repeal of the law under which such purchases were made. The two themes were both finished, and another, "A Study in Politics: being an Inquiry into the Causes of Troubles and Discords," was sketched, but never completed. The memoir on the Army of Italy was virtually the scheme for offensive warfare which he laid before the younger Robespierre; it was now revised, and sent to the highest military power — the new central committee appointed as a substitute for the Committee of Safety. These occupations were all very well, but the furlough was rapidly expiring, and nothing had turned up. Most opportunely, the invalid had a relapse, and was able to secure an extension of leave until August fourth, the date on which a third of the committee on the reassignment of officers would retire, among them the hated Aubry.

Speaking at St. Helena of these days, he said: "I lived in the Paris streets without employment. I had no social habits, going only into the set at the house of Barras, where I was well received. . . . I was there because there was nothing to be had elsewhere. I attached myself to Barras because I knew no one else. Robespierre was dead; Barras was playing a rôle: I had to attach myself to somebody and something." It will not be forgotten that Barras and Fréron had been Dantonists when they were at the siege of Toulon with

Buonaparte. After the events of Thermidor they had forsworn Jacobinism altogether, and were at present in alliance with the moderate elements of Paris society. Barras's rooms in the Luxembourg were the center of all that was gay and dazzling in that corrupt and careless world. They were, as a matter of course, the resort of the most beautiful and brilliant women, influential, but not over-scrupulous. Mme. Tallien, who has been called "the goddess of Thermidor," was the queen of the coterie; scarcely less beautiful and gracious were the widow Beauharnais and Mme. Récamier. Barras had been a noble; the instincts of his class made him a delightful host.

What Napoleon saw and experienced he wrote to the faithful Joseph. The letters are a truthful transcript of his emotions, the key-note of which is admiration for the Paris women. "Carriages and the gay world reappear, or rather no more recall as after a long dream that they have ever ceased to glitter. Readings, lecture courses in history, botany, astronomy, etc., follow one another. Everything is here collected to amuse and render life agreeable; you are taken out of your thoughts; how can you have the blues in this intensity of purpose and whirling turmoil? The women are everywhere, at the play, on the promenades, in the libraries. In the scholar's study you find very charming persons. Here only of all places in the world they deserve to hold the helm: the men are mad about them, think only of them, and live only by means of their influence. A woman needs six months in Paris to know what is her due and what is her sphere."¹ As yet he had not met Mme. Beauharnais. The whole tone of the correspondence is cheerful, and indicates that Buonaparte's efforts for

¹ Napoleon to Joseph, July, 1795; in Du Casse. *Les rois frères de Napoléon* 8 and in *Tung* III 41

a new alliance had been successful, that his fortunes were looking up, and that the giddy world contained something of uncommon interest. As his fortunes improved, he grew more hopeful, and appeared more in society. On occasion he even ventured upon little gallantries. Presented to Mme. Tallien, he was frequently seen at her receptions. He was at first shy and reserved, but time and custom put him more at his ease. One evening, as little groups were gradually formed for the interchange of jest and repartee, he seemed to lose his timidity altogether, and, assuming the mien of a fortune-teller, caught his hostess's hand, and poured out a long rigmarole of nonsense which much amused the rest of the circle.

These months had also improved the situation of the family. His mother and younger sisters were somehow more comfortable in their Marseilles home. Strange doings were afterward charged against them, but it is probable that these stories are without other foundation than spite. Napoleon had received a considerable sum for mileage, nearly twenty-seven hundred francs, and, good son as he always was, it is likely that he shared the money with his family. Both Elisa and the little Pauline now had suitors. Fesch, described by Lucien as "ever fresh, not like a rose, but like a good radish," was comfortably waiting at Aix in the house of old acquaintances for a chance to return to Corsica. Joseph's arrangements for moving to Genoa were nearly complete, and Louis was comfortably settled at school in Châlons. "Brutus" Lucien was the only luckless wight of the number: his fears had been realized, and, having been denounced as a Jacobin, he was now lying terror-stricken in the prison of Aix, and all about him men of his stripe were being executed.

On August fifth the members of the new Committee

of Safety finally entered on their duties. Almost the first document presented at the meeting was Buonaparte's demand for restoration to his rank in the artillery. It rings with indignation, and abounds with loose statements about his past services, boldly claiming the honors of the last short but successful Italian campaign. The paper was referred to the proper authorities, and, a fortnight later, its writer received peremptory orders to join his corps in the west. What could be more amusingly characteristic of this persistent man than to read, in a letter to Joseph under date of the following day, August twentieth: "I am attached at this moment to the topographical bureau of the Committee of Safety for the direction of the armies in Carnot's place. If I wish, I can be sent to Turkey by the government as general of artillery, with a good salary and a splendid title, to organize the artillery of the Grand Turk." Then follow plans for Joseph's appointment to the consular service, for a meeting at Leghorn, and for a further land speculation. At the close are these remarks, which not only exhibit great acuteness of observation, but are noteworthy as displaying a permanent quality of the man, that of always having an alternative in readiness: "It is quiet, but storms are gathering, perhaps; the primaries are going to meet in a few days. I shall take with me five or six officers. . . . The commission and decree of the Committee of Safety, which employs me in the duty of directing the armies and plans of campaign, being most flattering to me, I fear they will no longer allow me to go to Turkey. We shall see. I may have on hand a campaign to-day. . . . Write always as if I were going to Turkey."

This was all half true. By dint of soliciting Barras and Doucet de Pontécoulant, another well-wisher, both men of influence, and by importuning Fréron, then at

the height of his power, but soon to display a ruinous incapacity, Buonaparte had actually been made a member of the commission of four which directed the armies, and Dutot had been sent in his stead to the west. Moreover, there was likewise a chance for realizing those dreams of achieving glory in the Orient which had haunted him from childhood. At this moment there was a serious tension in the politics of eastern Europe, and the French saw an opportunity to strike Austria on the other side by an alliance with Turkey. The latter country was of course entirely unprepared for war, and asked for the appointment of a French commission to reconstruct its gun-foundries and to improve its artillery service. Buonaparte, having learned the fact, had immediately prepared two memorials, one on the Turkish artillery, and another on the means of strengthening Turkish power against the encroachments of European monarchies. These he sent up with an application that he should be appointed head of the commission, inclosing also laudatory certificates of his uncommon ability from Doulcet and from Debry, a newly made friend.

But the vista of an Eastern career temporarily vanished. The new constitution, adopted, as already stated, on August twenty-second, could not become operative until after the elections. On August thirty-first Buonaparte's plan for the conduct of the coming Italian campaign was read by the Convention committee, found satisfactory, and adopted. It remains in many respects the greatest of all Napoleon's military papers, its only fault being that no genius inferior to his own could carry it out. At intervals some strategic authority revives the charge that this plan was bodily appropriated from the writings of Maillebois, the French general who led his army to disaster in Italy

during 1746. There is sufficient evidence that Buonaparte read Maillebois, and any reader may see the resemblances of the two plans. But the differences, at first sight insignificant, are as vital as the differences of character in the two men. Like the many other charges of plagiarism brought against Napoleon by pedants, this one overlooks the difference between mediocrity and genius in the use of materials. It is not at all likely that the superiors of Buonaparte were ignorant of the best books concerning the invasion of Italy or of their almost contemporary history. They brought no charges of plagiarism for the excellent reason that there is none, and they were impressed by the suggestions of their general. It is even possible that Buonaparte formed his plan before reading Maillebois. Volney declared he had heard it read and commented by its author shortly after his return from Genoa and Nice.¹ The great scholar was already as profoundly impressed as a year later Carnot, and now the war commission. A few days later the writer and author of the plan became aware of the impression he had made: it seemed clear that he had a reality in hand worth every possibility in the Orient. He therefore wrote to Joseph that he was going to remain in Paris, explaining, as if incidentally, that he could thus be on the lookout for any desirable vacancy in the consular service, and secure it, if possible, for him.

Dreams of another kind had supplanted in his mind all visions of Oriental splendor, for in subsequent letters to the same correspondent, written almost daily, he unfolds a series of rather startling schemes, which among other things include a marriage, a town house, and a country residence, with a cabriolet and three horses. How all this was to come about we cannot

¹ Chaptal · *Mes souvenirs sur Napoléon*, p. 198.

entirely discover. The marriage plan is clearly stated. Joseph had wedded one of the daughters of a comparatively wealthy merchant. He was requested to sound his brother-in-law concerning the other, the famous Désirée Clary, who afterward became Mme Bernadotte. Two of the horses were to be supplied by the government in place of a pair which he might be supposed to have possessed at Nice in accordance with the rank he then held, and to have sold, according to orders, when sent on the maritime expedition to Corsica. Where the third horse and the money for the houses were to come from is inscrutable; but, as a matter of fact, Napoleon had already left his shabby lodgings for better ones in Michodière street, and was actually negotiating for the purchase of a handsome detached residence near that of Bourrienne, whose fortunes had also been retrieved. The country-seat which the speculator had in view, and for which he intended to bid as high as a million and a half of francs, was knocked down to another purchaser for three millions or, as the price of gold then was, about forty thousand dollars! So great a personage as he now was must, of course, have a secretary, and the faithful Junot had been appointed to the office.

The application for the horses turned out a serious matter, and brought the adventurer once more to the verge of ruin. The story he told was not plain, the records did not substantiate it, the hard-headed officials of the war department evidently did not believe a syllable of his representations, — which, in fact, were untruthful, — and, the central committee having again lost a third of its members by rotation, among them Doulcet, there was no one now in it to plead Buonaparte's cause. Accordingly there was no little talk about the matter in very influential circles, and almost simultaneously was issued the report concerning his

formal request for restoration, which had been delayed by the routine prescribed in such cases, and was only now completed. It was not only adverse in itself, but contained a confidential inclosure animadverting severely on the irregularities of the petitioner's conduct, and in particular on his stubborn refusal to obey orders and join the Army of the West. Thus it happened that on September fifteenth the name of Buonaparte was officially struck from the list of general officers on duty, "in view of his refusal to proceed to the post assigned him." It really appeared as if the name of Napoleon might almost have been substituted for that of Tantalus in the fable. But it was the irony of fate that on this very day the subcommittee on foreign affairs submitted to the full meeting a proposition to send the man who was now a disgraced culprit in great state and with a full suite to take service at Constantinople in the army of the Grand Turk!

No one had ever understood better than Buonaparte the possibilities of political influence in a military career. Not only could he bend the bow of Achilles, but he always had ready an extra string. Thus far in his ten years of service he had been promoted only once according to routine; the other steps of the height which he had reached had been secured either by some startling exhibition of ability or by influence or chicane. He had been first Corsican and then French, first a politician and then a soldier. Such a veteran was not to be dismayed even by the most stunning blow; had he not even now three powerful protectors — Barras, Tallien, and Fréron? He turned his back, therefore, with ready adaptability on the unsympathetic officials of the army, the mere soldiers with cool heads and merciless judgment. The evident short cut to restoration was to carry through the project of employment

at Constantinople; it had been formally recommended, and to secure its adoption he renewed his importunate solicitations. His rank he still held; he might hope to regain position by some brilliant stroke such as he could execute only without the restraint of orders and on his own initiative. His hopes grew, or seemed to, as his suit was not rejected, and he wrote to Joseph on September twenty-sixth that the matter of his departure was urgent; adding, however: "But at this moment there are some ebullitions and incendiary symptoms." He was right in both surmises. The Committee of Safety was formally considering the proposition for his transfer to the Sultan's service, while simultaneously affairs both in Paris and on the frontiers alike were "boiling."

Meantime the royalists and clericals had not been idle. They had learned nothing from the events of the Revolution, and did not even dimly understand their own position. Their own allies repudiated both their sentiments and their actions in the very moments when they believed themselves to be honorably fighting for self-preservation. English statesmen like Granville and Harcourt now thought and said that it was impossible to impose on France a form of government distasteful to her people; but the British regent and the French pretender, who, on the death of his unfortunate nephew, the dauphin, had been recognized by the powers as Louis XVIII, were stubbornly united under the old Bourbon motto, "All or nothing." The change in the Convention, in Paris society, even in the country itself, which was about to desert its extreme Jacobinism and to adopt the new constitution by an overwhelming vote — all this deceived them, and they determined to strike for everything they had lost. Preparations, it is now believed, were all ready for an inroad from the Rhine

frontier, for Pichegru to raise the white flag and to advance with his troops on Paris, and for a simultaneous rising of the royalists in every French district. On October fourth an English fleet had appeared on the northern shore of France, having on board the Count of Artois and a large body of emigrants, accompanied by a powerful force of English, composed in part of regulars, in part of volunteers. This completed the preliminary measures.

With the first great conflict in the struggle, avowed royalism had only an indirect connection. By this time the Paris sections were thoroughly reorganized, having purged themselves of the extreme democratic elements from the suburbs. They were well drilled, well armed, and enthusiastic for resistance to the decree of the Convention requiring the compulsory reëlection of the "two thirds" from its existing membership. The National Guard was not less embittered against that measure. There were three experienced officers then in Paris who were capable of leading an insurrection, and could be relied on to oppose the Convention. These were Danican, Duhoux d'Hauterive, and Laffont, all royalists at heart; the last was an emigrant, and avowed it. The Convention had also by this time completed its enlistment, and had taken other measures of defense; but it was without a trustworthy person to command its forces, for among the fourteen generals of the republic then present in Paris, only two were certainly loyal to the Convention, and both these were men of very indifferent character and officers of no capacity.

The Convention forces were technically a part of the army known as that of the interior, of which Menou was the commander. The new constitution having been formally proclaimed on September twenty-third, the signs of open rebellion in Paris became too clear to be

longer disregarded, and on that night a mass meeting of the various sections was held in the Odéon theater in order to prepare plans for open resistance. That of Lepelletier, in the heart of Paris, comprising the wealthiest and most influential of the mercantile class, afterward assembled in its hall and issued a call to rebellion. These were no contemptible foes: on the memorable tenth of August, theirs had been the battalion of the National Guard which died with the Swiss in defense of the Tuileries. Menou, in obedience to the command of the Convention to disarm the insurgent sections, confronted them for a moment. But the work was not to his taste. After a short parley, during which he feebly recommended them to disperse and behave like good citizens, he withdrew his forces to their barracks, and left the armed and angry sections masters of the situation. Prompt and energetic measures were more necessary than ever. For some days already the Convention leaders had been discussing their plans. Carnot and Tallien finally agreed with Barras that the man most likely to do thoroughly the active work was Buonaparte. But, apparently, they dared not altogether trust him, for Barras himself was appointed commander-in-chief. His "little Corsican officer, who will not stand on ceremony," as he called him, was to be nominally lieutenant. On October fourth Buonaparte was summoned to a conference. The messengers sought him at his lodgings and in all his haunts, but could not find him. It was nine in the evening when he appeared at headquarters in the Place du Carrousel. This delay gave Barras a chance to insinuate that his ardent republican friend, who all the previous week had been eagerly soliciting employment, was untrustworthy in the crisis, and had been negotiating with the sectionaries. Buonaparte reported himself as having come

from the section of Lepelletier, but as having been reconnoitering the enemy. After a rather tart conversation, Barras appointed him aide-de-camp, the position for which he had been destined from the first. Whatever was the general's understanding of the situation, that of the aide was clear — that he was to be his own master.¹

Not a moment was lost, and throughout the night most vigorous and incessant preparation was made. Buonaparte was as much himself in the streets of Paris as in those of Ajaccio, except that his energy was proportionately more feverish, as the defense of the Tuileries and the riding-school attached to it, in which the Convention sat, was a grander task than the never-accomplished capture of the Corsican citadel. The avenues and streets of a city somewhat resemble the main and tributary valleys of a mountain-range, and the task of campaigning in Paris was less unlike that of manœuvring in the narrow gorges of the Apennines than might be supposed; at least Buonaparte's strategy was nearly identical for both. All his measures were masterly. The foe, scattered as yet throughout Paris

¹ My account of this momentous crisis in Buonaparte's life was written after a careful study of all the authorities and accounts as far as known. The reader will find in the monograph, *Zivy: Le treize Vendémiaire*, many reprints of documents and certain conclusions drawn from them. The result is good as far as it goes, but, like all history written from public papers solely, it is incomplete. Buonaparte was only one of seven generals appointed to serve under Barras. It seems likewise true that his exploits did not bring him into general notice, for Mallet du Pan speaks of him as a "Cor-

sican terrorist" and Rémusat records her mother's amazement that a man so little known should have made so good a marriage. But, on the other hand, Thiébault declares that Buonaparte's activities impressed every one, Barras's labored effort is suspicious, and then, as at Toulon, there are the results. Some people in power gave him credit, for they bestowed on him an extraordinary reward. Then, too, why should we utterly discard Buonaparte's own evidence, which corroborates, at least as far as the text goes, the evidence drawn from other sources?

on both sides of the river, was first cut in two by seizing and fortifying the bridges across the Seine; then every avenue of approach was likewise guarded, while flanking artillery was set in the narrow streets to command the main arteries. Thanks to Barras's suggestion, the dashing, reckless, insubordinate Murat, who first appears at the age of twenty-seven on the great stage in these events, had under Buonaparte's orders brought in the cannon from the camp of Sablons. These in the charge of a ready artillerist were invaluable, as the event proved. Finally a reserve, ready for use on either side of the river, was established in what is now the Place de la Concorde, with an open line of retreat toward St. Cloud behind it. Every order was issued in Barras's name, and Barras, in his memoirs, claims all the honors of the day. He declares that his aide was afoot, while he was the man on horseback, ubiquitous and masterful. He does not even admit that Buonaparte bestrode a cab-horse, as even the vanquished were ready to acknowledge. The sections, of course, knew nothing of the new commander or of Buonaparte, and recalled only Menou's pusillanimity. Without cannon and without a plan, they determined to drive out the Convention at once, and to overwhelm its forces by superior numbers. The quays of the left bank were therefore occupied by a large body of the National Guard, ready to rush in from behind when the main attack, made from the north through the labyrinth of streets and blind alleys then designated by the name of St. Honoré, and by the short, wide passage of l'Échelle, should draw the Convention forces away in that direction to resist it. A kind of rendezvous had been appointed at the church of St. Roch, which was to be used as a depot of supplies and a retreat. Numerous sectionaries were, in fact, posted there as auxiliaries at the crucial instant.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DAY OF THE PARIS SECTIONS

The Warfare of St Roch and the Pont Royal — Order Restored — Meaning of the Conflict — Political Dangers — Buonaparte's Dilemma — His True Attitude — Sudden Wealth — The Directory and Their General — Buonaparte in Love — His Corsican Temperament — His Matrimonial Adventures.

IN this general position the opposing forces confronted each other on the morning of October fifth, the thirteenth of Vendémiaire. In point of numbers the odds were tremendous, for the Convention forces numbered only about four thousand regulars and a thousand volunteers, while the sections' force comprised about twenty-eight thousand National Guards. But the former were disciplined, they had cannon, and they were desperately able, and there was no distracted, vacillating leadership. What the legend attributes to Napoleon Buonaparte as his commentary on the conduct of King Louis at the Tuileries was to be the Convention's ideal now. The "man on horseback" and the hot fire of cannon were to carry the day. Both sides seemed loath to begin. But at half-past four in the afternoon it was clear that the decisive moment had come. As if by instinct, but in reality at Danican's signal, the forces of the sections from the northern portion of the capital began to pour through the narrow main street of St. Honoré, behind the riding-school, toward the chief entrance of the Tuileries. They no doubt felt safer in the rear of the Convention hall, with the high walls of houses all about, than they would have done in the open

spaces which they would have had to cross in order to attack it from the front. Just before their compacted mass reached the church of St. Roch, it was brought to a halt. Suddenly becoming aware that in the side streets on the right were yawning the muzzles of hostile cannon, the excited citizens lost their heads, and began to discharge their muskets. Then with a swift, sudden blast, the street was cleared by a terrible discharge of the canister and grape-shot with which the field-pieces of Barras and Buonaparte were loaded. The action continued about an hour, for the people and the National Guard rallied again and again, each time to be mowed down by a like awful discharge. At last they could be rallied no longer, and retreated to the church, which they held. On the left bank a similar *mêlée* ended in a similar way. Three times Laffont gathered his forces and hurled them at the Pont Royal; three times they were swept back by the cross-fire of artillery. The scene then changed like the vanishing of a mirage. Awe-stricken messengers appeared, hurrying everywhere with the prostrating news from both sides of the river, and the entire Parisian force withdrew to shelter. Before nightfall the triumph of the Convention was complete. The dramatic effect of this achievement was heightened by the appearance on horseback here, there, and everywhere, during the short hour of battle, of an awe-inspiring leader; both before and after, he was unseen. In spite of Barras's claims, there can be no doubt that this dramatic personage was Buonaparte. If not, for what was he so signally rewarded in the immediate sequel? Barras was no artillerist, and this was the appearance of an expert giving masterly lessons in artillery practice to an astonished world, which little dreamed what he was yet to demonstrate as to the worth of his chosen arm on wider battle-fields. For the moment it

suited Buonaparte to appear merely as an agent. In his reports of the affair his own name is kept in the background. It is evident that from first to last he intended to produce the impression that, though acting with Jacobins, he does so because they for the time represent the truth: he is not for that reason to be identified with them.

Thus by the "whiff of grape-shot" what the wizard historian of the time "specifically called the French Revolution" was not "blown into space" at all. Though there was no renewal of the reign of terror, yet the Jacobins retained their power and the Convention lived on under the name of the Directory. It continued to live on in its own stupid anarchical way until the "man on horse-back" of the thirteenth Vendémiaire had established himself as the first among French generals and the Jacobins had rendered the whole heart of France sick. While the events of October twenty-fifth were a bloody triumph for the Convention, only a few conspicuous leaders of the rebels were executed, among them Laffont; and harsh measures were enacted in relation to the political status of returned emigrants. But in the main an unexpected mercy controlled the Convention's policy. They closed the halls in which the people of the mutinous wards had met, and once more reorganized the National Guard. Order was restored without an effort. Beyond the walls of Paris the effect of the news was magical. Artois, afterward Charles X, though he had landed three days before on Île Dieu, now reëmbarked, and sailed back to England, while the other royalist leaders prudently held their followers in check and their measures in abeyance. The new constitution was in a short time offered to the nation, and accepted by an overwhelming majority, the members of the Convention were assured of their ascendancy in the new legis-

lature, and before long the rebellion in Vendée and Brittany was so far crushed as to release eighty thousand troops for service abroad. For the leaders of its forces the Convention made a most liberal provision: the division commanders of the thirteenth of Vendémiaire were all promoted. Buonaparte was made second in command of the Army of the Interior: in other words, was confirmed in an office which, though informally, he had both created and rendered illustrious. As Barras almost immediately resigned, this was equivalent to very high promotion.

This memorable "day of the sections," as it is often called, was an unhallowed day for France and French liberty. It was the first appearance of the army since the Revolution as a support to political authority; it was the beginning of a process which made the commander-in-chief of the army the dictator of France. All purely political powers were gradually to vanish in order to make way for a military state. The temporary tyranny of the Convention rested on a measure, at least, of popular consent; but in the very midst of its preparations to perpetuate a purely civil and political administration, the violence of the sections had compelled it to confide the new institutions to the keeping of soldiers. The idealism of the new constitution was manifest from the beginning. Every chance which the Directory had for success was dependent, not on the inherent worth of the system or its adaptability to present conditions, but on the support of interested men in power, among these the commanders of the army were not the least influential. After the suppression of the sections, the old Convention continued to sit under the style of the Primary Assembly, and was occupied in selecting those of its members who were to be returned to the legislature under the new constitution. There

being no provision for any interim government, the exercise of real power was suspended, the elections were a mere sham; the magistracy was a house swept and garnished, ready for the first comer to occupy it.

As the army and not the people had made the coming administration possible, the executive power would from the first be the creature of the army; and since under the constitutional provisions there was no legal means of compromise between the Directory and the legislature in case of conflict, so that the stronger would necessarily crush the weaker, the armed power supporting the directors must therefore triumph in the end, and the man who controlled that must become the master of the Directory and the ruler of the country. Moreover, a people can be free only when the first and unquestioning devotion of every citizen is not to a party, but to his country and its constitution, his party allegiance being entirely secondary. This was far from being the case in France: the nation was divided into irreconcilable camps, not of constitutional parties, but of violent partizans; many even of the moderate republicans now openly expressed a desire for some kind of monarchy. Outwardly the constitution was the freest so far devised. It contained, however, three fatal blunders which rendered it the best possible tool for a tyrant: it could not be changed for a long period; there was no arbiter but force between a warring legislative and executive; the executive was now supported by the army.

It is impossible to prove that Buonaparte understood all this at the time. When at St. Helena he spoke as if he did; but unfortunately his later writings, however valuable from the psychological, are worthless from the historical, standpoint. They abound in misrepresentations which are in part due to lapse of time and weak-

ness of memory, in part to wilful intention. Wishing the Robespierre-Salicetti episode of his life to be forgotten, he strives in his memoirs to create the impression that the Convention had ordered him to take charge of the artillery at Toulon, when in fact he was in Marseilles as a mere passer-by on his journey to Nice, and in Toulon as a temporary adjunct to the army of Carteaux, having been made an active participant partly through accident, partly by the good will of personal friends. In the same way he also devised a fable about the "day of the sections," in order that he might not appear to have been scheming for himself in the councils of the Convention, and that Barras's share in his elevation might be consigned to oblivion. This story of Napoleon's has come down in three stages of its development, by as many different transcribers, who heard it at different times. The final one, as given by Las Cases, was corrected by Napoleon's own hand.¹ It runs as follows: On the night of October third he was at the theater, but hearing that Menou had virtually retreated before the wards, and was to be arrested, he left and went to the meeting of the Convention, where, as he stood among the spectators, he heard his own name mentioned as Menou's successor. For half an hour he deliberated what he should do if chosen. If defeated, he would be execrated by all coming generations, while victory would be almost odious. How could he deliberately become the scapegoat of so many crimes to which he had been an utter stranger? Why go as an avowed Jacobin and in a few hours swell the list of names uttered with horror? "On the other hand, if the Convention be crushed, what becomes of the great truths of our Revolution? Our many victories, our blood so often shed, are all nothing but shameful deeds.

¹ *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, II, 246.

The foreigner we have so thoroughly conquered triumphs and overwhelms us with his contempt; an incapable race, an overbearing and unnatural following, reappear triumphant, throw up our crime to us, wreak their vengeance, and govern us like helots by the hand of a stranger. Thus the defeat of the Convention would crown the brow of the foreigner, and seal the disgrace and slavery of our native land." Such thoughts, his youth, trust in his own power and in his destiny, turned the balance.

Statements made under such circumstances are not proof; but there is this much probability of truth in them, that if we imagine the old Buonaparte in disgrace as of old, following as of old the promptings of his curiosity, indifferent as of old to the success of either principle, and by instinct a soldier as of old, — if we recall him in this character, and remember that he is no longer a youthful Corsican patriot, but a mature cosmopolitan consumed with personal ambition, — we may surely conclude that he was perfectly impartial as to the parties involved, leaned toward the support of the principles of the Revolution as he understood them, and saw in the complications of the hour a probable opening for his ambition. At any rate, his conduct after October fourth seems to uphold this view. He was a changed man, ardent, hopeful, and irrepressible, as he had ever been when lucky; but now, besides, daring, overbearing, and self-confident to a degree which those characteristic qualities had never reached before.

His first care was to place on a footing of efficiency the Army of the Interior, scattered in many departments, undisciplined and disorganized; the next, to cow into submission all the low elements in Paris, still hungry and fierce, by reorganizing the National Guard, and forming a picked troop for the special protection of the legislature; the next, to show himself as the powerful

friend of every one in disgrace, as a man of the world without rancor or exaggerated partizanship. At the same time he plunged into speculation, and sent sums incredibly large to various members of his family, a single remittance of four hundred thousand francs being mentioned in his letters. Lucien was restored to the arms of his low-born but faithful and beloved wife, and sent to join his mother and sisters in Marseilles, Louis was brought from Châlons, and made a lieutenant; Jerome was put at school in Paris; and to Joseph a consular post was assured. Putting aside all bashfulness, General Buonaparte became a full-fledged society man and a beau. No social rank was now strange to him; the remnants of the old aristocracy, the wealthy citizens of Paris, the returning Girondists, many of whom had become pronounced royalists, the new deputies, the officers who in some turn of the wheel had, like himself, lost their positions, but were now, through his favor, reinstated — all these he strove to court, flatter, and make his own.

Such activity, of course, could not pass unnoticed. The new government had been constituted without disturbance, the Directory chosen, and the legislature installed. Of the five directors — Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, Letourneaux de la Manche, and Larévellière-Lépeaux, — all had voted for the death of Louis XVI, and were so-called regicides; but, while varying widely in character and ability, they were all, excepting Barras, true to their convictions. They scarcely understood how strong the revulsion of popular feeling had been, and, utterly ignoring the impossibility of harmonious action among themselves, hoped to exercise their power with such moderation as to win all classes to the new constitution. They were extremely disturbed by the course of the general commanding their army in seeking intimacy with men of all opinions, but were unwilling

to interpret it aright. Under the Convention, the Army of the Interior had been a tool, its commander a mere puppet; now the executive was confronted by an independence which threatened a reversal of rôles. This situation was the more disquieting because Buonaparte was a capable and not unwilling police officer. Among many other invaluable services to the government, he closed in person the great club of the Panthéon, which was the rallying-point of the disaffected¹ Throughout another winter of famine there was not a single dangerous outbreak. At the same time there were frequent manifestations of jealousy in lower circles, especially among those who knew the origin and career of their young master.

Toward the close of the year the bearing and behavior of the general became constrained, reserved, and awkward. Various reasons were assigned for this demeanor. Many thought it was due to a consciousness of social deficiency, and his detractors still declare that Paris life was too fierce for even his self-assurance, pointing to the change in his handwriting and grammar, to his alternate silence and loquacity, as proof of mental uneasiness; to his sullen musings and coarse threats as a theatrical affectation to hide wounded pride; and to his coming marriage as a desperate shift to secure a social dignity proportionate to the career he saw opening before him in politics and war. In a common man not subjected to a microscopic examination, such conduct would be attributed to his being in love; the wedding would ordinarily be regarded as the natural and beautiful consequence of a great passion.

¹ This important exploit has been questioned. But see the American edition of Martin's History of France, II, 16. Babœuf reopened at the Panthéon the club which had been closed at the

Evêché by the Convention and reorganized a secret society in connection with it. This Panthéon club was shut by Napoleon in person on February 26, 1796. See likewise the Mémorial, II, 257, 258.

Men have not forgotten that Buonaparte once denounced love as a hurtful passion from which God should protect his creatures; and they have, for this, among other reasons, pronounced him incapable of disinterested affection. But it is also true that he likewise denounced Buttafuoco for having, among other crimes committed by him, "married to extend his influence", and we are forced to ask which of the two sentiments is genuine and characteristic. Probably both and neither, according to the mood of the man. Outward caprice is, in great natures, often the mask of inward perseverance, especially among the unprincipled who suit their language to their present purpose, in fine disdain of commonplace consistency. The primitive Corsican was both rude and gentle, easily moved to tears at one time, insensate at another, selfish at one moment, lavish at another; and yet he had a consistent character. Although disliking in later life to be called a Corsican, Napoleon was nevertheless typical of his race: he could despise love, yet render himself its willing slave; he was fierce and dictatorial, yet, as the present object of his passion said, "tenderer and weaker than anybody dreamed."¹

And thus it was in the matter of his courtship: there were elements in it of romantic, abandoned passion, but likewise of shrewd, calculating selfishness. In his callow youth his relations to the other sex had been either childish, morbid, or immoral. During his earliest manhood he had appeared like one who desired the training rather than the substance of gallantry. As a Jacobin he sought such support as he could find in the

¹ The best references for the history of Josephine de Beauharnais are Masson. Joséphine de Beauharnais, 1763-1796, and Joséphine, impératrice et reine; Hall-

Napoleon's letters to Josephine; Lévy Napoléon intime, together with the memoirs of Joseph, Bourrienne, Ducrest, Dufort de Cheverney, and Rémusat

good will of the women related to men in power; as a French patriot he put forth strenuous efforts to secure an influential alliance through matrimony. He appears to have addressed Mme. Permon, whose fortune, despite her advanced age, would have been a great relief to his destitution. Refused by her, he was in a disordered and desperate emotional state until military and political success gave him sufficient self-confidence to try once more. With his feet firmly planted on the ladder of ambition, he was not indifferent to securing social props for a further rise, but was nevertheless in such a tumult of feeling as to make him particularly receptive to real passion. He had made advances for the hand of the rich and beautiful Désirée Clary;¹ the first evidence in his correspondence of a serious intention to marry her is contained in the letter of June eighteenth, 1795, to Joseph; and for a few weeks afterward he wrote at intervals with some impatience, as if she were coy. In explanation it is claimed that Napoleon, visiting her long before at the request of Joseph, who was then enamoured of her, had himself become interested, and persuading his brother to marry her sister, had entered into an understanding with her which was equivalent to a betrothal. Time and distance had cooled his ardor. He now virtually threw her over for Mme. Beauharnais, who dazzled and infatuated him. This claim is probably founded on fact, but there is no evidence sufficient to sustain a charge of positive bad faith on the part of Napoleon. Neither he nor Mlle. Clary appears to have been ardent when Joseph as intermediary began, according to French custom, to arrange the preliminaries of marriage; and when General Buonaparte fell madly in love with Mme. Beauharnais the matter was dropped.

¹ See Hochschild *Désirée, reine de Suède*.

CHAPTER XXIV

A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION AND INTEREST ¹

The Taschers and Beauharnais — Execution of Alexandre Beauharnais — Adventures of His Widow — Meeting of Napoleon and Josephine — The Latter's Uncertainties — Her Character and Station — Passion and Convenience — The Bride's Dowry — Buonaparte's Philosophy of Life — The Ladder to Glory.

IN 1779, while the boys at Brienne were still tormenting the little untamed Corsican nobleman, and driving him to his garden fortalice to seek lonely refuge from their taunts in company with his Plutarch, there had arrived in Paris from Martinique a successful planter of that island, a French gentleman of good family, M. Tascher de la Pagerie, bringing back to that city for the second time his daughter Josephine. She was then a girl of sixteen, without either beauty or education, but thoroughly matured, and with a quick Creole intelligence and a graceful liteness of figure which made her a most attractive woman. She had spent the years of her life from ten to fourteen in the convent of Port Royal. Having passed the interval in her native isle, she was about to contract a marriage which her relatives in France had arranged. Her betrothed was the younger son of a family friend, the Marquis de Beauharnais. The bride landed on October twentieth, and the ceremony took place on December thirteenth. The young vicomte brought his wife home to a suitable establishment in the capital. Two children

¹ The authorities for this chapter are as for the last.

were born to them — Eugène and Hortense; but before the birth of the latter the husband quarreled with his wife, for reasons that have never been known. The court granted a separation, with alimony, to Mme de Beauharnais, who some years later withdrew to her father's home in Martinique. Her husband sailed to America with the forces of Bouillé, and remained there until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he returned, and was elected a deputy to the States-General.

Becoming an ardent republican, he was several times president of the National Assembly, and his house was an important center of influence. In 1790 M. Tascher died, and his daughter, with her children, returned to France. It was probably at her husband's instance, for she at once joined him at his country-seat, where they continued to live, as "brother and sister," until Citizen Beauharnais was made commander of the Army of the Rhine. As the days of the Terror approached, every man of noble blood was more and more in danger. At last Beauharnais's turn came; he too was denounced to the Commune, and imprisoned. Before long his wife was behind the same bars. Their children were in the care of an aunt, Mme. Églé, who had been, and was again to be, a woman of distinction in the social world, but had temporarily sought the protection of an old acquaintance, a former abbé, who had become a member of the Commune. The gallant young general was not one of the four acquitted out of the batch of forty-nine among whom he was finally summoned to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. He died on June twenty-third, 1794, true to his convictions, acknowledging in his farewell letter to his wife a fraternal affection for her, and committing solemnly to her charge his own good name, which she was to restore by proving his devotion to France. The children were to be her consolation; they

were to wipe out the disgrace of his punishment by the practice of virtue and — civism!

During her sojourn in prison Mme. Beauharnais had made a most useful friend. This was a fellow-sufferer of similar character, but far greater gifts, whose maiden name was Cabarrus, who was later Mme de Fontenay, who was afterward divorced and, having married Tallien, the Convention deputy at Bordeaux, became renowned as his wife, and who, divorced a second and married a third time, died as the Princesse de Chimay. The ninth of Thermidor saved them both from the guillotine. In the days immediately subsequent they had abundant opportunity to display their light but clever natures. Mme. Beauharnais, as well as her friend, unfolded her wings like a butterfly as she escaped from the bars of her cell. Being a Creole, and having matured early, her physical charms were already fading. Her spirit, too, had reached and passed its zenith; for in her letters of that time she describes herself as listless. Nevertheless, in those very letters there is some sprightliness, and considerable ability of a certain kind. A few weeks after her liberation, having apprenticed Eugène and Hortense to an upholsterer and a dressmaker respectively,¹ she was on terms of intimacy with Barras so close as to be considered suspicious, while her daily intercourse was with those who had brought her husband to a terrible end. In a luxurious and licentious society, she was a successful intriguer in matters both of politics and of pleasure; versed in the arts of coquetry and dress, she became for the needy and ambitious a successful intermediary with those in power. Preferring, as she rather ostentatiously asserted, to be guided by another's will, she gave little thought to her children, or to the sad legacy of her husband's good name. She

¹ See Pulitzer: *Une idylle sous Napoléon I.*

emulated, outwardly at least, the unprincipled worldliness of those about her, although her friends believed her kind-hearted and virtuous. Whatever her true nature was, she had influence among the foremost men of that gay set which was imitating the court circles of old, and an influence which had become not altogether agreeable to the immoral Provençal noble who entertained and supported the giddy coterie. Perhaps the extravagance of the languid Creole was as trying to Barras as it became afterward to her second husband.

The meeting of Napoleon and Josephine was an event of the first importance.¹ His own account twice relates that a beautiful and tearful boy presented himself, soon after the disarmament of the sections, to the commander of the city, and asked for the sword of his father. The request was granted, and next day the boy's mother, Mme. Beauharnais, came to thank the general for his kindly act of restitution. Captivated by her grace, Buonaparte was thenceforward her slave. A cold critic must remember that in the first place there was no disarmament of anybody after the events of October fifth, the only action of the Convention which might even be construed into hostility being a decree making emigrants ineligible for election to the legislature under the new constitution; that in the second place this story attributes to destiny what was really due to the friendship of Barras, a fact which his beneficiary would have liked to forget or conceal; and finally, that the beneficiary left another account in which he confessed that he had first met his wife at Barras's house, this being confirmed by Lucien in his memoirs. Of the passion there is no doubt; it was a composite emotion, made up in part of sentiment, in part of self-interest. Those who are born to rude and simple conditions in life are

¹ *Mémorial*, II, 258; III, 402

often dazzled by the charmed etiquette and mysterious forms of artificial society. Napoleon never affected to have been born to the manner, nor did he ever pretend to have adopted its exacting self-control, for he could not; although after the winter of 1795 he frequently displayed a weak and exaggerated regard for social conventions. It was not that he had need to assume a false and superficial polish, or that he particularly cared to show his equality with those accustomed to polite society; but that he probably conceived the splendid display and significant formality of that ancient nobility which had so cruelly snubbed him from the outset as being, nevertheless, the best conceivable prop to a throne.

Lucien looked on with interest, and thought that during the whole winter his brother was rather courted than a suitor. In his memoirs he naively wonders what Napoleon would have done in Asia, — either in the Indian service of England, or against her in that of Russia, for in his early youth he had also thought of that, — in fact, what he would have done at all, without the protection of women, in which he so firmly believed, if he had not, after the manner of Mohammed, found a Kadijah at least ten years older than himself, by whose favor he was set at the opening of a great career. There are hints, too, in various contemporary documents and in the circumstances themselves that Barras was an adroit match-maker. In a letter attributed to Josephine, but without address, a bright light seems to be thrown on the facts. She asks a female friend for advice on the question of the match. After a jocular introduction of her suitor as anxious to become a father to the children of Alexandre de Beauharnais and the husband of his widow, she gives a sportive but merciless dissection of her own character, and declares that while

she does not love Buonaparte, she feels no repugnance. But can she meet his wishes or fulfil his desires? "I admire the general's courage; the extent of his information about all manner of things, concerning which he talks equally well; the quickness of his intelligence, which makes him catch the thought of another even before it is expressed: but I confess I am afraid of the power he seems anxious to wield over all about him. His piercing scrutiny has in it something strange and inexplicable, that awes even our directors; think, then, how it frightens a woman."¹ The writer is also terrified by the very ardor of her suitor's passion. Past her first youth, how can she hope to keep for herself that "violent tenderness" which is almost a frenzy? Would he not soon cease to love her, and regret the marriage? If so, her only resource would be tears — a sorry one, indeed, but still the only one. "Barras declares that if I marry the general, he will secure for him the chief command of the Army of Italy. Yesterday Buonaparte, speaking of this favor, which, although not yet granted, already has set his colleagues in arms to murmuring, said: 'Do they think I need protection to succeed? Some day they will be only too happy if I give them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I shall go far.' What do you think of this assurance of success? Is it not a proof of confidence arising from excessive self-esteem? A general of brigade protecting the heads of the government! I don't know; but sometimes this ridiculous self-reliance leads me to the point of believing everything possible which this strange man would have me do; and with his imagination, who can reckon what he would undertake?" This letter, though often quoted, is so remarkable that, as some think, it

¹ Given in Aubenas: *Histoire de l'impératrice Joséphine*, I, 293. This writer is frankly not an historian but an apologist.

may be a later invention. If written later, it was probably the invention of Josephine herself.¹

The divinity who could awaken such ardor in a Napoleon was in reality six years older than her suitor, and Lucien proves by his exaggeration of four years that she certainly looked more than her real age. She had no fortune, though by the subterfuges of which a clever woman could make use she led Buonaparte to think her in affluent circumstances. She had no social station; for her drawing-room, though frequented by men of ancient name and exalted position, was not graced by the presence of their wives. The very house she occupied had a doubtful reputation, having been a gift to the wife of Talma the actor from one of her lovers, and being a loan to Mme. Beauharnais from Barras. She had thin brown hair, a complexion neither fresh nor faded, expressive eyes, a small retroussé nose, a pretty mouth, and a voice that charmed all listeners. She was rather undersized, but her figure was so perfectly proportioned as to give the impression of height and suppleness. Its charms were scarcely concealed by the clothing she wore, made as it was in the suggestive fashion of the day, with no support to the form but a belt, and as scanty about her shoulders as it was about her shapely feet. It appears to have been her elegance and her manners, as well as her sensuality, which overpowered Buonaparte; for he described her as having "the calm and dignified demeanor which belongs to the old régime."

What motives may have combined to overcome her scruples we cannot tell; perhaps a love of adventure, probably an awakened ambition for a success in other domains than the one which advancing years would soon compel her to abandon. She knew that Buonaparte

¹ Coston. *Premières années de Napoléon Bonaparte*

had no fortune whatever, but she also knew, on the highest authority, that both favor and fortune would by her assistance soon be his. At all events, his suit made swift advance, and by the end of January, 1796, he was secure of his prize. His love-letters, to judge from one which has been preserved, were as fiery as the despatches with which he soon began to electrify his soldiers and all France. "I awaken full of thee," he wrote, "thy portrait and yester eve's intoxicating charm have left my senses no repose. Sweet and matchless Josephine, how strange your influence upon my heart! Are you angry, do I see you sad, are you uneasy, . . . my soul is moved with grief, and there is no rest for your friend; but is there then more when, yielding to an overmastering desire, I draw from your lips, your heart, a flame which consumes me? Ah, this very night, I knew your portrait was not you! Thou leavest at noon; three hours more, and I shall see thee again. Meantime, *mio dolce amor*, a thousand kisses; but give me none, for they set me all afire." What genuine and reckless passion! The "thou" and "you" may be strangely jumbled; the grammar may be mixed and bad; the language may even be somewhat indelicate, as it sounds in other passages than those given: but the meaning would be strong enough incense for the most exacting woman.

On February ninth, 1796, their banns were proclaimed; on March second the bridegroom received his bride's dowry in his own appointment, on Carnot's motion, not on that of Barras, as chief of the Army of Italy, still under the name of Buonaparte;¹ on the seventh he was

¹ Carnot thoroughly understood and appreciated the genius shown in Buonaparte's plan for an Italian campaign, and converted the Directorate to his opinion. They sent a copy to Schérer, then

in command at Nice, and he returned it in a temper, declaring that the man who made such a plan had better come and work it. The Directory took him at his word.

handed his commission; on the ninth the marriage ceremony was performed by the civil magistrate; and on the eleventh the husband started for his post. In the marriage certificate at Paris the groom gives his age as twenty-eight, but in reality he was not yet twenty-seven; the bride, who was thirty-three, gives hers as not quite twenty-nine. Her name is spelled Detascher, his Bonaparte. A new birth, a new baptism, a new career, a new start in a new sphere, Corsica forgotten, Jacobinism renounced, General and Mme. Bonaparte made their bow to the world. The ceremony attracted no public attention, and was most unceremonious, no member of the family from either side being present. Madame Mère, in fact, was very angry, and foretold that with such a difference in age the union would be barren.

There was one weird omen which, read aright, distinguishes the otherwise commonplace occurrence. In the wedding-ring were two words — "To destiny." The words were ominous, for they were indicative of a policy long since formed and never afterward concealed, being a pretense to deceive Josephine as well as the rest of the world: the giver was about to assume a new rôle, — that of the "man of destiny," — to work for a time on the imagination and superstition of his age. Sometimes he forgot his part, and displayed the shrewd, calculating, hard-working man behind the mask, who was less a fatalist than a personified fate, less a child of fortune than its maker. "Great events," he wrote a very short time later from Italy, "ever depend but upon a single hair. The adroit man profits by everything, neglects nothing which can increase his chances; the less adroit, by sometimes disregarding a single chance, fails in everything." Here is the whole philosophy of Bonaparte's life. He may have been sincere at times in the other profession; if so, it was because he could find

no other expression for what in his nature corresponded to romance in others.

The general and his adjutant reached Marseilles in due season. Associated with them were Marmont, Junot, Murat, Berthier, and Duroc. The two last named had as yet accomplished little: Berthier was forty-three, Duroc only twenty-three. Both were destined to close intimacy with Napoleon and to a career of high renown. The good news of Napoleon's successes having long preceded them, the home of the Bonapartes had become the resort of many among the best and most ambitious men in the southern land. Elisa was now twenty, and though much sought after, was showing a marked preference for Pasquale Bacciocchi, the poor young Corsican whom she afterward married. Pauline was sixteen, a great beauty, and deep in a serious flirtation with Fréron, who, not having been elected to the Five Hundred, had been appointed to a lucrative but uninfluential office in the great provincial town — that of commissioner for the department. Caroline, the youngest sister, was blossoming with greater promise even than Pauline. Napoleon stopped a few days under his mother's roof to regulate these matrimonial proceedings as he thought most advantageous. On March twenty-second he reached the headquarters of the Army of Italy. The command was assumed with simple and appropriate ceremonial. The short despatch to the Directory announcing this momentous event was signed "Bonaparte." The Corsican nobleman di Buonaparte was now entirely transformed into the French general Bonaparte. The process had been long and difficult: loyal Corsican; mercenary cosmopolitan, ready as an expert artillery officer for service in any land or under any banner, lastly, Frenchman, liberal, and revolutionary. So far he had been consistent in each

character; for years to come he remained stationary as a sincere French patriot, always of course with an eye to the main chance. As events unfolded, the transformation began again; and the "adroit" man, taking advantage of every chance, became once more a cosmopolitan — this time not as a soldier, but as a statesman, not as a servant, but as the *imperator universalis*, too large for a single land, determined to reunite once more all Western Christendom, and, like the great German Charles a thousand years before, make the imperial limits conterminous with those of orthodox Christianity. The power of this empire was, however, to rest on a Latin, not on a Teuton, not on Germany, but on France. Its splendor was not to be embodied in Aachen nor in the Eternal City, but in Paris; and its destiny was not to bring in a Christian millennium for the glory of God, but a scientific equilibrium of social states to the glory of Napoleon's dynasty, permanent because universally beneficent.

CHAPTER XXV

EUROPE AND THE DIRECTORY

The First Coalition — England and Austria — The Armies of the Republic — The Treasury of the Republic — Necessary Zeal — The Directory — Its Members — The Abbé Sieyès — Carnot as a Model Citizen — His Capacity as a Military Organizer — His Personal Character — His Policy — France at the Opening of 1796 — Plans of the Directory — Their Inheritance.

THE great European coalition against France which had been formed in 1792 had in it little centripetal force. In 1795 Prussia, Spain, and Tuscany withdrew for reasons already indicated in another connection, and made their peace on terms as advantageous as they could secure. Holland was conquered by France in the winter of 1794-95, and to this day the illustrated school-books recall to every child of the French Republic the half-fabulous tale of how a Dutch fleet was captured by French hussars. The severity of the cold was long remembered as phenomenal, and the frozen harbors rendered naval resistance impossible, while cavalry manœvered with safety on the thick

¹ For this and the succeeding chapters we have the memoirs of Thibaudeau, Marmont, Doucet de Pontécoulant, Hyde de Neuville, and the duchess of Abrantès — Madame Junot. Among the histories, the most important are those of Blanc, Taine, Sybel, Sorel, and Mortimer-Ternaux. Special studies: C. Rousset, *Les Volontaires de 1791-1794* Chassin *Pacifications*

de l'Ouest and *Dictature de Hoche* Mallet du Pan *Correspondance avec la cour de Vienne* Also the *Correspondence of Sandoz* Many original papers are printed in Huffer: *Oesterreich und Preussen*, Bailleu *Preussen und Frankreich*, 1795-1797, and in the *Amtliche Sammlung von Akten aus der Zeit der Helvetischen Republik*.

ice. The Batavian Republic, as the Dutch commonwealth was now called, was really an appanage of France.

But England and Austria, though deserted by their strongest allies, were still redoubtable enemies. The policy of the former had been to command the seas and destroy the commerce of France on the one hand, on the other to foment disturbance in the country itself by subsidizing the royalists. In both plans she had been successful: her fleets were ubiquitous, the Chouan and Vendean uprisings were perennial, and the emigrant aristocrats menaced every frontier. Austria, on the other hand, had once been soundly thrashed. Since Frederick the Great had wrested Silesia from her, and thereby set Protestant Prussia among the great powers, she had felt that the balance of power was disturbed, and had sought everywhere for some territorial acquisition to restore her importance. The present emperor, Francis II, and his adroit minister, Thugut, were equally stubborn in their determination to draw something worth while from the seething caldron before the fires of war were extinguished. They thought of Bavaria, of Poland, of Turkey, and of Italy; in the last country especially it seemed as if the term of life had been reached for Venice, and that at her impending demise her fair domains on the mainland would amply replace Silesia. Russia saw her own advantage in the weakening either of Turkey or of the central European powers, and became the silent ally of Austria in this policy.

The great armies of the French republic had been created by Carnot, with the aid of his able lieutenant, Dubois de Crancé; they were organized and directed by the unassisted genius of the former. Being the first national armies which Europe had known, they were animated as no others had been by that form of patriotism which rests not merely on animal instinct, but on

a principle. They had fought with joyous alacrity for the assertion, confirmation, and extension of the rights of man. For the two years from Valmy to Fleurus (1792-94) they had waged a holy war. But victory modified their quality and their attitude. The French people were too often disenchanted by their civilian rulers; the army supplanted the constitution after 1796. Conscious of its strength, and of itself as the armed nation, yet the officers and men drew closer and closer for reciprocal advantage, not merely political but material. The civil government must have money, the army alone could command money, and on all the military organization took a full commission. Already some of the officers were reveling in wealth and splendor, more desired to follow the example, the rank and file longed for at least a decent equipment and some pocket money. As yet the curse of pillage was not synonymous with conquest, as yet the free and generous ardor of youth and military tradition exerted its force, as yet self-sacrifice to the extreme of endurance was a virtue, as yet the canker of lust and debauchery had not ruined the life of the camp. Emancipated from the bonds of formality and mere contractual relation to superiors, manhood asserted itself in troublesome questionings as to the motives and plans of officers, discussion of what was done and what was to be done, above all in searching criticism of government and its schemes. These were so continuously misleading and disingenuous that the lawyer politician who played such a rôle at Paris seemed despicable to the soldiery, and "rogue of a lawyer" was almost synonymous to the military mind with placeholder and civil ruler. In the march of events the patriotism of the army had brought into prominence Rousseau's conception of natural boundaries. There was but one opinion in the entire nation concerning its



From the collection of W C Crane

Engraved by G Fiesinger

BUONAPARTE

Drawn by S Guerin Deposited in the National Library on the
29th Vendémiaire of the year 7 of the
French Republic

frontiers, to wit: that Nice, Savoy, and the western bank of the Rhine were all by nature a part of France. As to what was beyond, opinion had been divided, some feeling that they should continue fighting in order to impose their own system wherever possible, while others, as has previously been explained, were either indifferent, or else maintained that the nation should fight only for its natural frontier. To the support of the latter sentiment came the general longing for peace which was gradually overpowering the whole country.

No people ever made such sacrifices for liberty as the French had made. Through years of famine they had starved with grim determination, and the leanness of their race was a byword for more than a generation. They had been for over a century the victims of a system abhorrent to both their intelligence and their character — a system of absolutism which had subsisted on foreign wars and on successful appeals to the national vainglory. Now at last they were to all appearance exhausted, their treasury was bankrupt, their paper money was worthless, their agriculture and industries were paralyzed, their foreign commerce was ruined; but they cherished the delusion that their liberties were secure. Their soldiers were badly fed, badly armed, and badly clothed; but they were freemen under such discipline as is possible only among freemen. Why should not their success in the arts of peace be as great as in the glorious and successful wars they had carried on? There was, therefore, both in the country and in the government, as in the army, a considerable and ever growing party which demanded a general peace, but only with the "natural" frontier, and a small one which felt peace to be imperative even if the nation should be confined within its old boundaries.

But such a reasonable and moderate policy was

impossible on two accounts. In consequence of the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, the radical party still survived and controlled the machinery of government; and, in spite of the seeming supremacy of moderate ideas, the royalists were still irreconcilable. In particular there was the religious question, which in itself comprehended a political, social, and economic revolution which men like those who sat in the Directory refused to understand because they chose to treat it on the basis of pure theory.¹ The great western district of France was Roman, royalist, and agricultural. There was a unity in their life and faith so complete that any disturbance of the equilibrium produced frenzy and chaos, an embattled strife for life itself. It was a discovery to Hoche, that to pacify the Vendée brute force was quite insufficient. The peasantry were beggared and savage but undismayed. While he used force with nobles, strangers, and madmen, his conquest was in the main moral because he restored to the people their fields and their church, their institutions somewhat modified and improved, but still their old institutions. No man less gigantic in moral stature would have dared thus to defy the petty atheistic fanaticism of the Directory. France had secured enlightened legislation which was not enforced, religious liberty which could not be practised because of ill will in the government, civil liberty which was a mere sham because of internal violence, political liberty which was a chimera before hostile foreigners. Hence it seemed to the administration that one evil must cure another. Intestine disturbances, they naively believed, could be kept under some measure of control only by an aggressive foreign policy which should deceive the insurgent elements as to the resources of the government. Thus far, by hook

¹ See the author's French Revolution and Religious Reform.

or by crook, the armies, so far as they had been clothed and paid and fed at all, had been fed and paid and clothed by the administration at Paris. If the armies should still march and fight, the nation would be impressed by the strength of the Directory.

The Directory was by no means a homogeneous body. It is doubtful whether Barras was a sincere republican, or sincere in anything except in his effort to keep himself afloat on the tide of the times. It has been believed by many that he hoped for the restoration of monarchy through disgust of the nation with such intolerable disorders as they would soon associate with the name of republic. His friendship for General Bonaparte was a mixed quantity; for while he undoubtedly wished to secure for the state in any future crisis the support of so able a man, he had at the same time used him as a sort of social scapegoat. His own strength lay in several facts: he had been Danton's follower, he had been an officer, and was appointed for that reason commanding general against the Paris sections; he had been shrewd enough to choose Bonaparte as his agent so that he enjoyed the prestige of Bonaparte's success; and in the new society of the capital he was magnificent, extravagant, and licentious, the only representative in the Directory of the newly aroused passion for life and pleasure, his colleagues being severe, unostentatious, and economical democrats.

Barras's main support in the government was Rewbell, a vigorous Alsatian and a bluff democrat, enthusiastic for the Revolution and its extension. He was no Frenchman himself, but a German at heart, and thought that the German lands — Holland, Switzerland, Germany itself — should be brought into the great movement. Like Barras, who needed disorder for his Orleanist schemes and for the supply of his lavish

purse, Rewbell despised the new constitution; but for a different reason. To him it appeared a flimsy, theoretical document, so subdividing the exercise of power as to destroy it altogether. His rôle was in the world of finance, and he was always suspected, though unjustly, of unholy alliances with army contractors and stock manipulators. Larévellière was another doctrinaire, but, in comparison with Rewbell, a bigot. He had been a Girondist, a good citizen, and active in the formation of the new constitution, but he lacked practical common sense, and hated the Church with as much narrow bitterness as the most rancorous modern agnostic, — seeking, however, not merely its destruction, but, like Robespierre, to substitute for it a cult of reason and humanity. The fourth member of the Directory, Letourneur, was a plain soldier, an officer in the engineers. With abundant common sense and a hard head, he, too, was a sincere republican; but he was a tolerant one, a moderate, kindly man like his friend Carnot, with whom, as time passed by and there was gradually developed an irreconcilable split in the Directory, he always voted in a minority of two against the other three.

At first the notorious Abbé Sieyès had been chosen a member of the executive. He was both deep and dark, like Bonaparte, to whom he later rendered valuable services. His ever famous pamphlet, which in 1789 triumphantly proved that the Third Estate was neither more nor less than the French nation, had made many think him a radical. As years passed on he became the oracle of his time, and as such acquired an enormous influence even in the days of the Terror, which he was helpless to avert, and which he viewed with horror and disgust. Whatever may have been his original ideas, he appears to have been for some time after the thirteenth of Vendémiaire an Orleanist, the head of a party which

desired no longer a strict hereditary and absolute monarchy, but thought that in the son of Philippe Égalité they had a useful prince to preside over a constitutional kingdom. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps for the one he gave, which was that the new constitution was not yet the right one, he flatly refused the place in the Directory which was offered to him.

It was as a substitute for this dangerous visionary that Carnot was made a director. He was now in his forty-third year, and at the height of his powers. In him was embodied all that was moderate and sound, consequently all that was enduring, in the French Revolution; he was a thorough scholar, and his treatise on the metaphysics of the calculus forms an important chapter in the history of mathematical physics. As an officer in the engineers he had attained the highest distinction, while as minister of war he had shown himself an organizer and strategist of the first order. But his highest aim was to be a model French citizen. In his family relations as son, husband, and father, he was held by his neighbors to be a pattern; in his public life he strove with equal sincerity of purpose to illustrate the highest ideals of the eighteenth century. Such was the ardor of his republicanism that no man nor party in France was so repugnant but that he would use either one or both, if necessary, for his country's welfare, although he was like Chatham in his lofty scorn for parties. To him as a patriot, therefore, France, as against the outer world, was first, no matter what her government might be; but the France he yearned for was a land regenerated by the gospel of humanity, awakened to the highest activity by the equality of all before the law, refined by that self-abnegation of every man which makes all men brothers, and destroys the menace of the law.

And yet he was no dreamer. While a member of the National Assembly he had displayed such practical common sense in his chosen field of military science, that in 1793 the Committee of Safety intrusted to him the control of the war. The standard of rank and command was no longer birth nor seniority nor influence, but merit. The wild and ignorant hordes of men which the conscription law had brought into the field were something hitherto unknown in Europe. It was Carnot who organized, clothed, fed, and drilled them. It was he who devised the new tactics and evolved the new and comprehensive plans which made his national armies the power they became. It was in Carnot's administration that the young generals first came to the fore. It was by his favor that almost every man of that galaxy of modern warriors who so long dazzled Europe by their feats of arms first appeared as a candidate for advancement. Moreau, Macdonald, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Kléber, Mortier, Ney, Pichegru, Desaix, Berthier, Augereau, and Bonaparte himself, — each one of these was the product of Carnot's system. He was the creator of the armies which for a time made all Europe tributary to France.

Throughout an epoch which laid bare the meanness of most natures, his character was unsmirched. He began life under the ancient régime by writing and publishing a eulogy on Vauban, who had been disgraced for his plain speaking to Louis XIV. When called to a share in the government he was the advocate of a strong nationality, of a just administration within, and of a fearless front to the world. While minister of war he on one occasion actually left his post and hastened to Maubeuge, where defeat was threatening Jourdan, devised and put into operation a new plan, led in person the victorious assault, and then returned to Paris to inspire the country and the army with news of the

victory; all this he did as if it were commonplace duty, without advertising himself by parade or ceremony. Even Robespierre had trembled before his biting irony and yet dared not, as he wished, include him among his victims. After the events of Thermidor, when it was proposed to execute all those who had authorized the bloody deeds of the Terror, excepting Carnot, he prevented the sweeping measure by standing in his place to say that he too had acted with the rest, had held like them the conviction that the country could not otherwise be saved, and that therefore he must share their fate.

In the milder light of the new constitution the dark blot on his record thus frankly confessed grew less repulsive as the continued dignity and sincerity of his nature asserted themselves in a tolerance which he believed to be as needful now as ruthless severity once had been. For a year the glory of French arms had been eclipsed: his dominant idea was first to restore their splendor, then to make peace with honor and give the new life of his country an opportunity for expansion in a mild and firm administration of the new laws. If he had been dictator in the crisis, no doubt his plan, arduous as was the task, might have been realized; but, with Letourneur in a minority of two, against an unprincipled adventurer leading two bigots, it was impossible to secure the executive unity necessary for success.

At the opening of the year 1796, therefore, the situation of France was quite as distracting as ever, and the foundation of her institutions more than ever unstable. There was hopeless division in the executive, and no coördination under the constitution between it and the other branches of the government, while the legislature did not represent the people. The treasury was empty, famine was as wide-spread as ever, administration

virtually non-existent. The army, checked for the moment, moped unsuccessful, dispirited, and unpaid. Hunger knows little discipline, and with temporary loss of discipline the morals of the troops had been undermined. To save the constitution public opinion must be diverted from internal affairs, and conciliated. To that end the German emperor must be forced to yield the Rhine frontier, and money must be found at least for the most pressing necessities of the army and of the government. If the republic could secure for France her natural borders, and command a peace by land, it might hope for eventual success in the conflict with England. To this end its territorial conquests must be partitioned into three classes: those within the "natural limits," and already named, for incorporation; those to be erected into buffer states to fend off from the tender republic absolutism and all its horrors; and finally such districts as might be valuable for exchange in order to the eventual consolidation of the first two classes. Of the second type the Directory considered as most important the Germanic Confederation. There was the example of Catherine's dealing with Poland by which to proceed. As that had been partitioned, so should Germany. From its lands should be created four electorates, one to indemnify the House of Orange for Holland, one for Würtemberg, the others according to circumstances would be confided to friendly hands.

The means to the end were these. Russia must be reduced to inactivity by exciting against her through bribes and promises all her foes to the eastward. Prussia must be cajoled into coopération by pressure on King George of Hanover, even to the extinction of his kingdom, and by the hope of a consolidated territory with the possibility of securing the Imperial dignity. Austria

was to be partly compelled, partly bribed, into a continental coalition against Great Britain by adjustment of her possessions both north and south of the Alps. Into a general alliance against Great Britain, Spain must be dragged by working on the fears of the queen's paramour Godoy, prime minister and controller of Spanish destinies. This done, Great Britain, according to the time-honored, well-worn device of France, royal or radical, should be invaded and brought to her knees. The plan was as old as Philippe le Bel, and had appeared thereafter once and again at intervals either as a *bona fide* policy or a device to stir the French heart and secure money from the public purse for the public defense. For this purpose of the Directory the ruined maritime power of the republic must be restored, new ships built and old ones refitted; in the meantime, as did Richelieu or Mazarin, rebellion against the British government must be roused and supported among malcontents everywhere within the borders of Great Britain, especially in Ireland. Such was the stupid plan of the Directory: two well-worn expedients, both discredited as often as tried. To the territorial readjustment of Europe, Prussia, though momentarily checked, was already pivotal; but the first efforts of French diplomacy at Berlin resulted in a flat refusal to go farther than the peace already made, or entertain the chimerical proposals now made. Turning then to Austria, the Directory concluded the armistice of February first, 1796, but at Vienna the offer of Munich and two thirds of Bavaria, of an outlet to the Adriatic and of an alliance against Russia for the restoration of Poland — of course without Galicia, which Austria should retain — was treated only as significant of what French temerity dared propose and when heard was scornfully disdained. The program for Italy was retained substantially as laid down

in 1793: the destruction of the papal power, the overthrow of all existing governments, the plunder of their rich treasures, the annihilation of feudal and ecclesiastical institutions, and the regeneration of its peoples on democratic lines. Neither the revolutionary elements of the peninsula nor the jealous princes could be brought to terms by the active and ubiquitous French agents, even in Genoa, though there was just sufficient dallying everywhere between Venice and Naples to keep alive hope and exasperate the unsuccessful negotiators. The European world was worried and harassed by uncertainties, by dark plots, by mutual distrust. It was unready for war, but war was the only solvent of intolerable troubles. England, Austria, Russia, and France under the Directory must fight or perish.

It must not be forgotten that this was the monarchical, secular, and immemorial policy of France as the disturber of European peace; continued by the republic, it was rendered more pernicious and exasperating to the upholders of the balance of power. Not only was the republic more energetic and less scrupulous than the monarchy, her rivals were in a very low estate indeed. Great Britain had stripped France and Holland of their colonies, but these new possessions and the ocean highway must be protected at enormous expense. The Commons refused to authorize a new loan, and the nation was exhausted to such a degree that Pitt and the King, shrinking from the opprobrious attacks of the London populace, and noting with anguish the renewal of bloody disorder in Ireland, made a feint of peace negotiations through the agent they employed in Switzerland to foment royalist demonstrations against France wherever possible. Wickham asked on March eighth, 1796, on what terms the Directory would make an honorable peace, and in

less than three weeks received a rebuff which declared that France would under no circumstances make restitution of its continental conquests. In a sense it was Russia's Polish policy which kept Prussia and Austria so occupied with the partition that the nascent republic of France was not strangled in its cradle by the contiguous powers. Provided she had the lion's share of Poland, Catherine was indifferent to the success of Jacobinism. But she soon saw the danger of a general conflagration and, applying Voltaire's epithet for ecclesiasticism to the republic, cried all abroad. Crush the Infamous! Conscious of her old age, distrusting all the possible successors to her throne. Paul the paranoiac, Constantine the coarse libertine, and the super-elegant Alexander, she refused a coalition with England and turned her activities eastward against the Cossacks and into Persia; but she consented to be the intermediary between Austria and Great Britain. Austria wanted the Netherlands, but only if she could secure with them a fortified girdle wherewith to protect and hold them. She likewise desired the Milanese and the Legations in Italy, as well as Venetia. As the price of continued war on France, these lands and a subsidy of three million pounds were the terms exacted from Great Britain. With no army at his disposal and his naval resources strained to the utmost, George III agreed to pay a hundred and fifty thousand pounds per month until parliament would make the larger grant. Thugut, the Austrian minister, accepted. Cobenzl, the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, arranged affairs with Catherine concerning Bavaria, the French royalists under Condé bribed Pichegru into a promise of yielding the fortresses of the north to their occupation, the Austrian army on the Rhine was strengthened. In retort Jourdan was stationed on the lower and Moreau

on the upper Rhine, each with eighty thousand men, Bonaparte was despatched to Italy, and Hoche made ready a motley crew of outlaws and Vendéans wherewith to enter Ireland, join Wolfe Tone and his United Irishmen, and thus let loose the elements of civil war in that unhappy island. Europe at large expected the brunt of the struggle north of the Alps in central Germany: the initiated knew better.

CHAPTER XXVI

BONAPARTE ON A GREAT STAGE ¹

Bonaparte and the Army of Italy — The System of Pillage — The General as a Despot — The Republican Armies and French Politics — Italy as the Focal Point — Condition of Italy — Bonaparte's Sagacity — His Plan of Action — His Army and Generals — Strength of the Army of Italy — The Napoleonic Maxims of Warfare — Advance of Military Science — Bonaparte's Achievements — His Financial Policy — Effects of His Success.

THE struggle which was imminent was for nothing less than a new lease of national life for France. It dawned on many minds that in such a combat changes of a revolutionary nature — as regarded not merely the provisioning and management of armies, as regarded not merely the grand strategy to be adopted and carried out by France, but as regarded the very structure and relations of other European nations — would be justifiable. But to be justifiable they must be adequate, and to be adequate they must be unexpected and thorough. What should they be? The Œdipus who solves this riddle for France is the man of the hour. He was found in Bonaparte. What mean these ringing words from the headquarters at Nice, which, on March twenty-seventh, 1796, fell on the ears of a hungry, eager soldiery and a startled world? "Soldiers, you are naked, badly fed. The government owes you much; it can give you nothing. Your long-suffering, the courage you

¹ The state of Europe may be studied in the Correspondence of Mallet du Pan and in the Archives

Woronzoff, in Vivenot Thugut and Clerfayt, Daudet. Les Bourbons et la Russie; La Conspira-

show among these crags, are splendid, but they bring you no glory; not a ray is reflected upon you. I wish to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Rich provinces, great towns, will be in your power; there you will find honor, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, can you be found lacking in honor, courage, or constancy?"

Such language has but one meaning. By a previous understanding with the Directory, the French army was to be paid, the French treasury to be replenished, at the expense of the lands which were the seat of war. Corsicans in the French service had long been suspected of sometimes serving their own interests to the detriment of their adopted country. Bonaparte was no exception, and occasionally he felt it necessary to justify himself. For example, he had carefully explained that his marriage bound him to the republic by still another tie. Yet it appears that his promotion, his engagement with the directors, and his devotion to the republic were all concerned primarily with personal ambition, though secondarily and incidentally with the perpetuation of a government professedly based on the Revolution. From the outset of Napoleon's independent career, something of the future dictator appears. This implied promise that pillage, plunder, and rapine should henceforth go unpunished in order that his soldiers might line their pockets is the indication of a settled policy which was more definitely expressed in each successive proclamation as it issued from his pen. It was repeated whenever new energy was to be inspired into faltering columns, whenever some unparalleled effort in a dark design was to be demanded from the rank and file of

tion de Pichegru; Sorel: *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, Lecky: *England in the XVIII century*; Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*; the me-

moirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski; also the diplomatic papers of Thugut, Clerfayt, Hermann, and Sandoz.

the army, until at last a point-blank promise was made that every man should return to France with money enough in his pocket to become a landowner.

There was magic in the new spell, the charm never ceased to work; with that first call from Nice began the transformation of the French army, fighting now no longer for principle, but for glory, victory, and booty. Its leader, if successful, would be in no sense a constitutional general, but a despotic conqueror. Outwardly gracious, and with no irritating condescension; considerate wherever mercy would strengthen his reputation; fully aware of the influence a dramatic situation or a pregnant aphorism has upon the common mind, and using both with mastery, appealing as a climax to the powerful motive of greed in every heart, Bonaparte was soon to be not alone the general of consummate genius, not alone the organizing lawgiver of conquered lands and peoples, but, what was essential to his whole career, the idol of an army which was not, as of old, the servant of a great nation, but, as the new era had transformed it, the nation itself.

The peculiar relation of Bonaparte to Italy, to Corsica, and to the Convention had made him, as early as 1794, while yet but chief of artillery, the real director of the Army of Italy. He had no personal share in the victorious campaign of that year, but its victories, as he justly claimed, were due to his plans. During the unsuccessful Corsican expedition of the following winter, for which he was but indirectly responsible, the Austro-Sardinians in Piedmont had taken advantage of its absorbing so many French troops to undo all that had so far been accomplished. During the summer of 1795 Spain and Prussia had made peace with France. In consequence all northern Europe had been declared neutral, and the field of operations on the Rhine had

been confined to the central zone of Germany, while at the same time the French soldiers who had formed the Army of the Pyrenees had been transferred to the Maritime Alps. In 1796, therefore, the great question was whether the Army of the Rhine or that of Italy was to be the chief weapon of offense against Austria.

Divided interests and warped convictions quickly created two opinions in the French nation, each of which was held with intensity and bitterness by its supporters. So far the Army of the Rhine was much the stronger, and the Emperor had concentrated his strength to oppose it. But the wisest heads saw that Austria might be flanked by way of Italy. The gate to Lombardy was guarded by the sturdy little army of Victor Amadeus, assisted by a small Austrian force. If the house of Savoy, which was said to wear at its girdle the keys of the Alps, could be conquered and brought to make a separate peace, the Austrian army could be overwhelmed, and a highway to Vienna opened first through the plains of Lombardy, then by the Austrian Tyrol, or else by the Venetian Alps. Strangely enough, the plainest and most forcible exposition of this plan was made by an emigrant in London, a certain Dutheil, for the benefit of England and Austria. But the Allies were deaf to his warnings, while in the mean time Bonaparte enforced the same idea upon the French authorities, and secured their acceptance of it. Both he and they were the more inclined to the scheme because once already it had been successfully initiated; because the general, having studied Italy and its people, thoroughly understood what contributions might be levied on them; because the Army of the Rhine was radically republican and knew its own strength, because therefore the personal ambitions of Bonaparte, and in fact the very existence of the Directory, alike depended on success elsewhere than in central Europe.

Having been for centuries the battle-field of rival dynasties, Italy, though a geographical unit with natural frontiers more marked than those of any other land, and with inhabitants fairly homogeneous in birth, speech, and institutions, was neither a nation nor a family of kindred nations, but a congeries of heterogeneous states. Some of these, like Venice and Genoa, boasted the proud title of republics; they were in reality narrow, commercial, even piratical oligarchies, destitute of any vigorous political life. The Pope, like other petty rulers, was but a temporal prince, despotic, and not even enlightened, as was the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Naples and the Milanese both groaned under the yoke of foreign rulers, and the only passable government in the length and breadth of the land was that of the house of Savoy in Piedmont and Sardinia, lands where the revolutionary spirit of liberty was most extended and active. The petty courts, like those of Parma and Modena, were nests of intrigue and corruption. There was, of course, in every place that saving remnant of high-minded men which is always providentially left as a seed; but the people as a whole were ignorant and enervated. The accumulations of ages, gained by an extensive and lucrative commerce, or by the tilling of a generous soil, had not been altogether dissipated by misrule, and there was even yet rich store of money in many of the venerable and still splendid cities. Nowhere in the ancient seats of the Roman commonwealth, whose memory was now the cherished fashion in France, could anything more than a reflection of French revolutionary principles be discerned; the rights of man and republican doctrine were attractive subjects of debate in many cities throughout the peninsula, but there was little of that fierce devotion to their realization so prevalent beyond the Alps.

The sagacity of Bonaparte saw his account in these

conditions. Being a professed republican, he could announce himself as the regenerator of society, and the liberator of a people. If, as has been supposed, he already dreamed of a throne, where could one be so easily founded with the certainty of its endurance? As a conqueror he would have a divided, helpless, and wealthy people at his feet. If the old flame of Corsican ambition were not yet extinguished, he felt perhaps that he could wreak the vengeance of a defeated and angry people upon Genoa, their oppressor for ages.

His preparations began as early as the autumn of 1795, when, with Carnot's assistance, the united Pyrenean and Italian armies were directed to the old task of opening the roads through the mountains and by the sea-shore into Lombardy and central Italy. They won the battle of Loano, which secured the Maritime Alps once more, but a long winter amid these inclement peaks had left the army wretched and destitute of every necessity. It had been difficult throughout that winter to maintain even the Army of the Interior in the heart of France; the only chance for that of Italy was movement. The completed plan of action was forwarded from Paris in January. But, as has been told, Schérer, the commanding general, and his staff were outraged, refusing to consider its suggestions, either those for supplying their necessities in Lombardy, or those for the daring and venturesome operations necessary to reach that goal.

Bonaparte, who could invent such schemes, alone could realize them; and the task was intrusted to him. For the next ten weeks no sort of preparation was neglected. The nearly empty chest of the Directory was swept clean; from that source the new commander received forty-seven thousand five hundred francs in cash, and drafts for twenty thousand more; forced loans for considerable sums were made in Toulon and Marseilles;

and Salicetti levied contributions of grain and forage in Genoa according to the plan which had been preconcerted between him and the general in their Jacobin days. The army which Bonaparte finally set in motion was therefore a fine engine of war. Its immediate necessities relieved, the veterans warmed to their work, and that notable promise of booty worked them to the pitch of genuine enthusiasm. The young commander, moreover, was as circumspect as a man of the first ability alone could be when about to make the venture of his life and play for the stake of a world. His generals of division were themselves men of mark — personages no less than Masséna, Augereau, Laharpe, and Sérurier. Of Masséna some account has already been given. Augereau was Bonaparte's senior by thirteen years, of humble and obscure origin, who had sought his fortunes as a fencing-master in the Bourbon service at Naples, and having later enlisted in the French forces sent to Spain in 1792, rose by his ability to be general of brigade, then division commander in the Army of Italy. He was rude in manner and plebeian in feeling, jealous of Bonaparte, but brave and capable. In the sequel he played an important part and rose to eminence, though he distrusted both the Emperor and the empire and flinched before great crises. Neither Laharpe nor Sérurier was distinguished beyond the sphere of their profession, but in that they were loyal and admirable. Laharpe was a member of the famous Swiss family banished from home for devotion to liberty. Under Luckner in Germany he had earned and kept the sobriquet of "the brave"; until he was mortally wounded in a night attack, while crossing the Po after Millesimo, he continued his brilliant career, and would have gone far had he been spared. Sérurier was a veteran of the Seven Years' War and of Portugal, already fifty-four years old.

Able and trustworthy, he was loaded with favors by Napoleon and survived until 1819. It might have been very easy to exasperate such men. But what the commander-in-chief had to do was done with such smoothness and skill that even they could find no ground for carping, and though at first cold and reticent, before long they yielded to the influences which filled with excitement the very air they breathed.

At this moment, besides the National Guard, France had an army, and in some sense a navy: of both the effective fighting force numbered upward of half a million. Divided nominally into nine armies, instead of fourteen as first planned, there were in reality but seven; of these, four were of minor importance: a small, skeleton Army of the Interior, a force in the west under Hoche twice as large and with ranks better filled, a fairly strong army in the north under Macdonald, and a similar one in the Alps under Kellermann, with Berthier and Vaubois as lieutenants, which soon became a part of Bonaparte's force. These were, if possible, to preserve internal order and to watch England, while three great active organizations were to combine for the overthrow of Austria. On the Rhine were two of the active armies — one near Düsseldorf under Jourdan, another near Strasburg under Moreau. Macdonald was of Scottish Jacobite descent, a French royalist converted to republicanism by his marriage. He was now thirty-one years old. Trained in the regiment of Dillon, he alone of its officers remained true to democratic principles on the outbreak of the Revolution. He was made a colonel for his bravery at Jemmapes, and for his loyalty when Dumouriez went over to the Austrians he was promoted to be general of brigade. For his services under Pichegru in Holland he had been further rewarded by promotion, and after the peace of Campo Formio was transferred

from the Rhine to Italy. He was throughout a loyal friend of Bonaparte and received the highest honors. Kellermann was a Bavarian, and when associated with Bonaparte a veteran, sixty-one years old. He had seen service in the Seven Years' War and again in Poland during 1771. An ardent republican, he had served with distinction from the beginning of the revolutionary wars: though twice charged with incapacity, he was triumphantly acquitted. He linked his fortunes to those of Bonaparte without jealousy and reaped abundant laurels. Of Berthier and the other great generals we have already spoken. Vaubois reached no distinction. At the portals of Italy was Bonaparte, with a third army, soon to be the most active of all. At the outset he had, all told, about forty-five thousand men; but the campaign which he conducted had before its close assumed such dimensions that in spite of its losses the Army of Italy contained nearly double that number of men ready for the field, besides the garrison troops and invalids. The figures on the records of the war department were invariably much greater; but an enormous percentage, sometimes as high as a third, was always in the hospitals, while often as many as twenty thousand were left behind to hold various fortresses. Bonaparte, for evident reasons, uniformly represented his effective force as smaller than it was, and stunned the ears of the Directory with ever reiterated demands for reinforcement. A dispassionate estimate would fix the number of his troops in the field at any one time during these operations as not lower than thirty-five thousand nor much higher than eighty thousand.

Another element of the utmost importance entered into the coming campaign. The old vicious system by which a vigilant democracy had jealously prescribed to its generals every step to be taken was swept away

by Bonaparte, who as Robespierre's "man" had been thoroughly familiar with its workings from the other end. He was now commander-in-chief, and he insisted on the absolute unity of command as essential to the economy of time. This being granted, his equipment was complete. It will be remembered that in 1794 he had explained to his patrons how warfare in the field was like a siege: by directing all one's force to a single point a breach might be made, and the equilibrium of opposition destroyed. To this conception of concentration for attack he had, in concert with the Directory, added another, that of expansion in a given territory for sustenance. He had still a third, that war must be made as intense and awful as possible in order to make it short, and thus to diminish its horrors. Trite and simple as these aphorisms now appear, they were all original and absolutely new, at least in the quick, fierce application of them made by Bonaparte. The traditions of chivalry, the incessant warfare of two centuries and a half, the humane conceptions of the Church, the regard for human life, the difficulty of communications, the scarcity of munitions and arms, — all these and other elements had combined to make war under mediocre generals a stately ceremonial, and to diminish the number of actual battles, which took place, when they did, only after careful preparation, as an unpleasant necessity, by a sort of common agreement, and with the ceremony of a duel.

Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick, all men of cold-blooded temperament, had been the greatest generals of their respective ages, and were successful much in proportion to their lack of sentiment and disregard of conventionalities. Their notions and their conduct displayed the same instincts as those of Bonaparte, and their minds were enlarged by a study of great cam-

paings like that which had fed his inchoate genius and had made possible his consummate achievement. He had much the same apparatus for warfare as they. The men of Europe had not materially changed in stature, weight, education, or morals since the closing years of the Thirty Years' War. The roads were somewhat better, the conformation of mountains, hills, and valleys was better known, and like his great predecessors, though unlike his contemporaries, Bonaparte knew the use of a map; but in the main little was changed in the conditions for moving and manœuvering troops. News traveled slowly, the semaphore telegraph was but slowly coming into use, and the fastest couriers rode from Nice to Paris or from Paris to Berlin in seven days. Fire-arms of every description were little improved: Prussia actually claimed that she had been forced to negotiate for peace because France controlled the production of gun-flints. The forging of cannon was finer, and the artillery arm was on the whole more efficient. In France there had been considerable change for the better in the manual and in tactics, the rest of Europe followed the old and more formal ways. Outside the republic, ceremony still held sway in court and camp; youthful energy was stifled in routine; and the generals opposed to Bonaparte were for the most part men advanced in years, wedded to tradition, and incapable of quickly adapting their ideas to meet advances and attacks based on conceptions radically different from their own. It was at times a positive misery to the new conqueror that his opponents were such inefficient fossils. Young and at the same time capable; using the natural advantages of his territory to support the bravery of his troops; with a mind which was not only accurate and decisive, but comprehensive in its observations; unhampered by control or by principle; opposed to

generals who could not think of a boy of twenty-six as their equal; with the best army and the finest theater of war in Europe; finally, with a genius independently developed, and with conceptions of his profession which summarized the experience of his greatest predecessors, Bonaparte performed feats that seemed miraculous even when compared with those of Hoche, Jourdan, or Moreau, which had already so astounded the world.

Within eleven days the Austrians and Sardinians were separated, the latter having been defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days, a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy, and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance — the first, of nine days, against Wurmser and Quasdanowich; the second, of sixteen days, against Wurmser; the third, of twelve days, against Alvinczy; and the fourth, of thirty days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain passes to his army. Within fifteen days after beginning hostilities against the Pope, he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino; and within thirty-six days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna, the French were at Leoben, distant only ninety miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the Empire. In the year between March twenty-seventh, 1796, and April seventh, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system, and initiated the process which has given a predominance apparently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu.

It is impossible to estimate the enormous sums of money which he exacted for the conduct of a war that

he chose to say was carried on to emancipate Italy. The soldiers of his army were well clad, well fed, and well equipped from the day of their entry into Milan; the arrears of their pay were not only settled, but they were given license to prey on the country until a point was reached which seemed to jeopardize success, when common pillage was promptly stopped by the severest examples. The treasury of the Directory was not filled as were those of the conquering officers, but it was no longer empty. In short, France reached the apex of her revolutionary greatness; and as she was now the foremost power on the Continent, the shaky monarchies in neighboring lands were forced to consider again questions which in 1795 they had hoped were settled. As Bonaparte foresaw, the destinies of Europe had indeed hung on the fate of Italy.

Europe had grown accustomed to military surprises in the few preceding years. The armies of the French republic, fired by devotion to their principles and their nation, had accomplished marvels. But nothing in the least foreshadowing this had been wrought even by them. Then, as now, curiosity was inflamed, and the most careful study was expended in analyzing the process by which such miracles had been performed. The investigators and their readers were so overpowered by the spectacle and its results that they were prevented by a sort of awe-stricken credulity from recognizing the truth; and even yet the notion of a supernatural influence fighting on Bonaparte's side has not entirely disappeared. But the facts as we know them reveal cleverness dealing with incapacity, energy such as had not yet been seen fighting with languor, an embodied principle of great vitality warring with a lifeless, vanishing system. The consequences were startling, but logical; the details sound like a romance from the land of Eblis.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CONQUEST OF PIEDMONT AND THE MILANESE ¹

The Armies of Austria and Sardinia — Montenotte and Millesimo — Mondovi and Cherasco — Consequences of the Campaign — The Plains of Lombardy — The Crossing of the Po — Advance Toward Milan — Lodi — Retreat of the Austrians — Moral Effects of Lodi

VICTOR AMADEUS of Sardinia was not unaccustomed to the loss of territory in the north, because from immemorial times his house had relinquished picturesque but unfruitful lands beyond the Alps to gain fertile fields below them. It was a hard blow, to be sure, that Savoy, which gave name to his family, and Nice, with its beautiful and commanding site, should have been lost to his crown. But so far, in every general European convulsion, some substantial morsels had fallen to the lot of his predecessors, who had looked on Italy "as an artichoke to be eaten leaf by leaf"; and it was probable that a slice of Lombardy would be his own prize at the next pacification. He had spent his reign in strengthening his army, and as the foremost military power in Italy his young and vigorous people, with the help of Austria, were defending the passes into their territory. The road from their capital to Savona on the sea wound by Ceva and Millesimo over the main ridge of the Apennines, at the summit of which it was joined by the highway through Dego and Cairo leading

¹ The latest important authorities on this campaign and its results are, in addition to those already given, Sargent Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign. Sorel. Bonaparte et Hoche en

southwestward from Milan through Alessandria. The Piedmontese, under Colli, were guarding the approach to their own capital; the Austrians, under Beaulieu, that to Milan. Collectively their numbers were somewhat greater than those of the French; but the two armies were separated.

Beaulieu began operations on April tenth by ordering an attack on the French division of Laharpe, which had been thrown forward to Voltri. The Austrians under Argenteau were to fall on its rear from Montenotte, a village to the north of Savona, with the idea of driving that wing of Bonaparte's army back along the shore road, on which it was hoped they would fall under the fire of Nelson's guns. Laharpe, however, retreated to Savona in perfect safety, for the English fleet was not near. Thereupon Bonaparte, suddenly revealing the new formation of his army in the north and south line, assumed the offensive. Argenteau, having been held temporarily in check by the desperate resistance of a handful of French soldiers under Colonel Rampon, was surprised and overwhelmed at Montenotte on the twelfth by a force much larger than his own. Next day Masséna and Augereau drove back toward Dego

1797. Bonaparte et le Directoire, Vol. V of his large work. Colin: *Études sur la Campagne de 1796 en Italie*. Fabry *Histoire de l'armée d'Italie, 1796-1797*. Bouvier. *Bonaparte en Italie, 1796*. Graham's Despatches, edited by Rose, in *English Historical Review*, Vol. XIV. Tivaroni *Storia del risorgimento italiano* The Dropmore Papers. Of primary value are Napoleon's "Correspondance," official edition, and the unofficial edited by Beauvais. Hueffer: *Ungeedruckte Briefe Napoleon's in*

the Archiv für Oest Geschichte, Vol. XLIX. Of value are also the memoirs of Marmont, Masséna, and Desgenettes, of Landrieux in *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, 1887. Yorck von Wartenberg: *Napoleon als Feldherr*, almost supersedes the older authority of Clausewitz, Jomini, Ruestow, and Lossau. There are also Malachowski: *Entwicklung der leitenden Gedanken zur ersten Campagne Bonaparte's*, and Delbrueck *Unterschied der Strategie Friederich's des Grossen und Napoleon's*.

an Austrian division which had reached Millesimo on its way to join Colli; and on the fifteenth, at that place, Bonaparte himself destroyed the remnant of Argenteau's corps. On the sixteenth Beaulieu abandoned the mountains to make a stand at Acqui in the plain. Thus the whole Austrian force was not only driven back, but was entirely separated from the Piedmontese.

Bonaparte had a foolish plan in his pocket, which had been furnished by the Directory in a temporary reversion to official tradition, ordering him to advance into Lombardy, leaving behind the hostile Piedmontese on his left, and the uncertain Genoese on his right. He disregarded it, apparently without hesitation, and throwing his force northwestward toward Ceva, where the Piedmontese were posted, terrified them into a retreat. They were overtaken, however, at Mondovi on April twenty-second, and utterly routed, losing not only their best troops, but their field-pieces and baggage-train. Three days later Bonaparte pushed onward and occupied Cherasco, which was distant from Turin, the Piedmontese capital, but twenty-five miles by a short, easy, and now open road. On the twenty-seventh the Sardinians, isolated in a mountain amphitheater, and with no prospect of relief from their discomfited ally, made overtures for an armistice preliminary to peace. These were readily accepted by Bonaparte; and although he had no authorization from the government to perform such functions, he was defiantly careless of instructions in this as in every subsequent step he took. The negotiation was conducted with courtesy and firmness, on the basis of military honor, much to the surprise of the Piedmontese, who had expected to deal with a savage Jacobin. There was not even a word in Bonaparte's talk which recalled the republican severity; as has been noted, the word virtue did not pass his lips, his language

NORTHERN ITALY

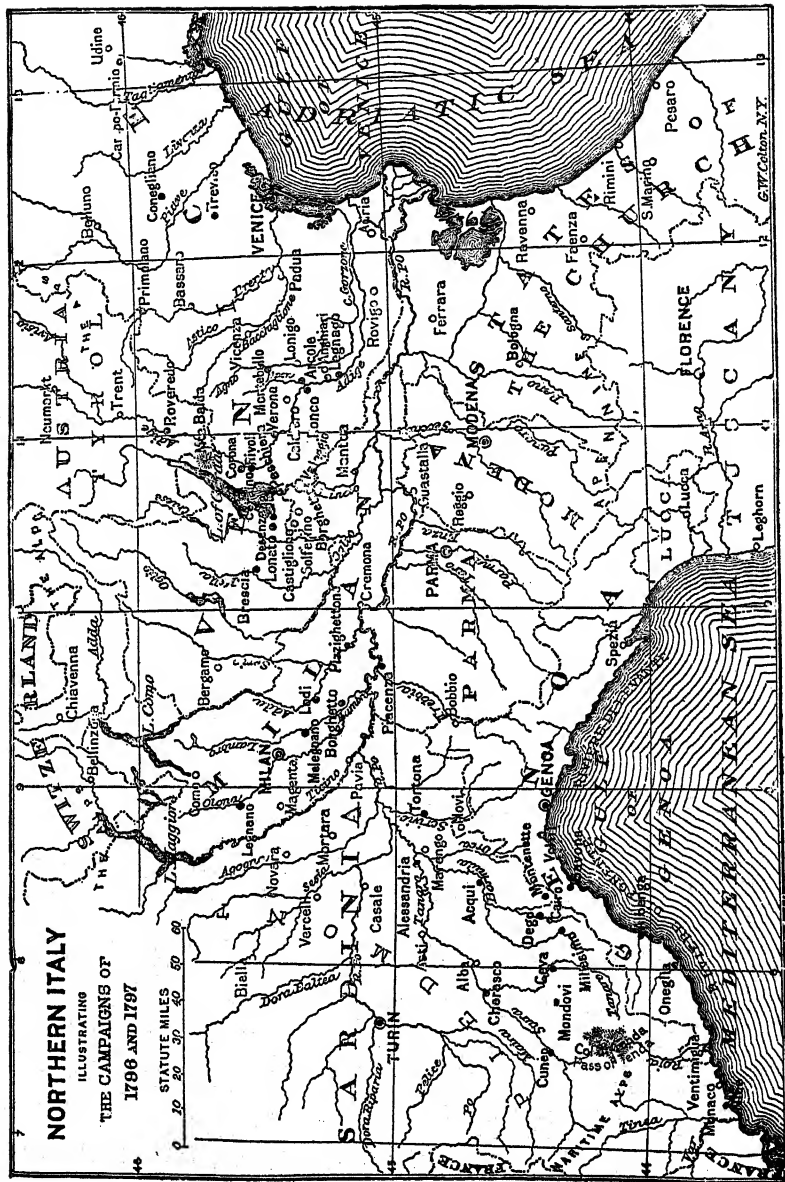
ILLUSTRATING

THE CAMPAIGNS OF

1796 AND 1797

STATUTE MILES

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was that of chivalry. He stipulated in kindly phrase for the surrender of Coni and Tortona, the famous "keys of the Alps," with other strongholds of minor importance, demanding also the right to cross and recross Piedmontese territory at will. The paper was completed and signed on the twenty-eighth. The troublesome question of civil authority to make a treaty was evaded by calling the arrangement a military convention. It was none the less binding by reason of its name. Indeed the idea was steadily expanded into a new policy, for just as pillage and rapine were ruthlessly repressed by the victorious commander, all agreements were made temporarily on a military basis, including those for indemnities. Salicetti was the commissioner of the Directory and there was no friction between him and Bonaparte. Both profited by a partnership in which opportunities for personal ventures were frequent, while the military chest was well supplied and remittances to Paris were kept just large enough to save the face and quiet the clamors of the Directory. Victor Amadeus being checkmated, Bonaparte was free to deal with Beaulieu.

This short campaign was in some respects insignificant, especially when compared as to numbers and results with what was to follow. But the names of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, and Cherasco were ever dear to Bonaparte, and stand in a high place on his greatest monument. The King of Sardinia was the father-in-law of Louis XVIII, and his court had been a nest of plotting French emigrants. When his agents reached Paris they were received with coarse resentment by the Directory and bullied into an alliance, though they had been instructed to make only a peace. Their sovereign was humiliated to the limit of possibility. The loss of his fortress robbed him of his power. By the terms of the treaty he was to banish the French royalists from

his lands. Stripped thus of both force and prestige, he did not long survive the disgrace, and died, leaving to Charles Emmanuel, his son, no real dominion but that over the island of Sardinia. The contrast between the ferocious bluster of the Directory and the generous simplicity of a great conqueror was not lost on the Italians nor on the moderate French. For them as for Bonaparte, a military and political aspirant in his first independence, everything, absolutely everything, was at stake in those earliest engagements; on the event hung not merely his career, but their release. In pleasant succession the spring days passed like a transformation scene. Success was in the air, not the success of accident, but the resultant of forethought and careful combination. The generals, infected by their leader's spirit, vied with each other in daring and gallantry. For happy desperation Rampon's famous stand remains unsurpassed in the annals of war.

From the heights of Ceva the leader of conquering and now devoted soldiers could show to them and their equally enthusiastic officers the gateway into the fertile and well-watered land whither he had promised to lead them, the historic fields of Lombardy. Nothing comparable to that inexhaustible storehouse of nature can be found in France, generous as is her soil. Walled in on the north and west by the majestic masses of the Alps, and to the south by the smaller but still mighty bastions of the Apennines, these plains owe to the mountains not only their fertility and prosperity, but their very existence. Numberless rills which rise amid the icy summits of the great chain, or the lower peaks of the minor one, combine into ever growing streams of pleasant waters which finally unite in the sluggish but impressive Po. Melting snows and torrential rains fill these watercourses with the rich detritus of the hills

which renews from year to year the soil it originally created. A genial climate and a grateful soil return to the industrious inhabitants an ample reward for their labors. In the fiercest heats of summer the passing traveler, if he pauses, will hear the soft sounds of slow-running waters in the irrigation sluices which on every side supply any lack of rain. Wheat, barley, and rice, maize, fruit, and wine, are but a few of the staples. Great farmsteads, with barns whose mighty lofts and groaning mows attest the importance of Lombard agriculture, are grouped into the hamlets which abound at the shortest intervals. And to the vision of one who sees them first from a mountain-top through the dim haze of a sunny day, towns and cities seem strewn as if they were grain from the hand of a sower. The measure of bewilderment is full when memory recalls that this garden of Italy has been the prize for which from remotest antiquity the nations of Europe have fought, and that the record of the ages is indelibly written in the walls and ornaments of the myriad structures — theaters, palaces, and churches — which lie so quietly below. Surely the dullest sansculotte in Bonaparte's army must have been aroused to new sensations by the sight. What rosy visions took shape in the mind of their leader we can only imagine.

Piedmont having submitted, the promised descent into these rich plains was not an instant deferred. "Hannibal," said the commanding general to his staff, "took the Alps by storm. We have turned their flank." He paused only to announce his feats to the Directory in modest phrase, and to recommend for preferment those who, like Lannes and Lanusse, had earned distinction. The former was just Bonaparte's age but destitute of solid education, owing to the poverty of his parents. He enlisted in 1792 and in 1795 was already

a colonel, owing to his extraordinary inborn courage and capacity. Through the hatred of a Convention legate he was degraded from his rank after the peace of Basel and entered Bonaparte's army as a volunteer. Thereafter his promotion was fast and regular until he became the general's close friend and steadfast supporter. Lanusse was only twenty-four but had been chief of battalion for four years, and now entered upon a brilliant though short career which ended by his death in 1801 at Aboukir. The advance of Bonaparte's army began on May thirtieth. Neither Genoa, Tuscany, nor Venice was to be given time for arming, Beaulieu must be met while his men were still dispirited, and before the arrival of reinforcements: for a great army of thirty thousand men was immediately to be despatched under Wurmser to maintain the power of Austria in Italy. Beaulieu was a typical Austrian general, seventy-one years old, but still hale, a stickler for precedent, and looking to experience as his only guide. Relying on the principles of strategy as he had learned them, he had taken up what he considered a strong position for the defense of Milan, his line stretching northeasterly beyond the Ticino from Valenza, the spot where rumors, diligently spread by Bonaparte, declared that the French would attempt to force a passage. Confirmed in his own judgment by those reports, the old and wary Austrian commander stood brave and expectant, while the young and daring adventurer opposed to him marched swiftly by on the right bank fifty miles onward to Piacenza. There he made his crossing on May seventh in common ferry-boats and by a pontoon bridge. No resistance was made by the few Austrian cavalry who had been sent out merely to reconnoiter the line. The enemy were outwitted and virtually outflanked, being now in the greatest danger. Beaulieu had barely time

to break camp and march in hot haste northeasterly to Lodi, where, behind the swift current of the Adda, he made a final stand for the defense of Milan, the seat of Austrian government. In fact, his movements were so hurried that the advance-guards of both armies met by accident at Fombio on May eighth, where a sharp engagement resulted in a victory for the French. Laharpe, who had shown his usual courage in this fight, was killed a few hours later, through a mistake of his own soldiers, in a night *mêlée* with the pickets of a second Austrian corps. On the ninth the dukes of Parma and of Piacenza both made their submission in treaties dictated by the French commander, and simultaneously the reigning archduke quitted Milan. Next day the pursuing army was at Lodi.

Bonaparte wrote to the Directory that he had expected the passage of the Po would prove the most bold and difficult manœuver of the campaign. But it was no sooner accomplished than he again showed a perfect mastery of his art by so manœuvering as to avoid an engagement while the great river was still immediately in his rear. He was then summoned to meet a third emergency of equal consequence. The Adda is fordable in some places at certain times, but not easily; and at Lodi a wooden bridge about two hundred yards in length then occupied the site of the later solid structure of masonry and iron. The approach to this bridge Beaulieu had seized and fortified. Northwestward was Milan; to the east lay the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. Beaten at Lodi, the Austrians might still retreat, and make a stand under the walls of either town with some hope of victory: it was Bonaparte's intention so to disorganize his enemy's army that neither would be possible. Accordingly on May tenth the French forces were concentrated for the advance. They started

immediately and marched so swiftly that they overtook the Austrian rear-guard before it could withdraw behind the old Gothic walls of the town, and close the gates. Driving them onward, the French fought as they marched. A decisive conflict cleared the streets; and after a stubborn resistance the brave defenders retreated over the bridge to the eastern bank of what was now their last rampart, the river. With cool and desperate courage, Sebottendorf, whose Austrians numbered less than ten thousand men, then brought into action his artillery, and swept the wooden roadway.

In a short time the bridge would no doubt have been in flames; it was uncertain whether the shifting and gravelly bottom of the stream above or below would either yield a ford or permit a crossing by any other means. Under Bonaparte's personal supervision, and therefore with miraculous speed, the French batteries were placed and began an answering thunder. In an access of personal zeal, the commander even threw himself for an instant into the whirling hail of shot and bullets, in order the better to aim two guns which in the hurry had been misdirected. Under this terrible fire and counterfire it was impossible for the Austrians to apply a torch to any portion of the structure. Behind the French guns were three thousand grenadiers waiting for a signal. Soon the crisis came. A troop of Bonaparte's cavalry had found the nearest ford a few hundred yards above the bridge, and were seen, amid the smoke, struggling to cross, though without avail, and turn the right flank of the Austrian infantry, which had been posted a safe distance behind the artillery on the opposite shore. Quick as thought, in the very nick of opportunity, the general issued his command, and the grenadiers dashed for the bridge. Eye-witnesses declared that the fire of the Austrian artillery was now

redoubled, while from houses on the opposite side soldiers hitherto concealed poured volley after volley of musket-balls upon the advancing column. For one single fateful moment it faltered. Berthier and Masséna, with others equally devoted, rushed to its head, and rallied the lines. In a few moments the deed was accomplished, the bridge was won, the batteries were silenced, and the enemy was in full retreat.

Scattered, stunned, and terrified, the disheartened Austrians felt that no human power could prevail against such a foe. Beaulieu could make no further stand behind the Adda; but, retreating beyond the Oglio to the Mincio, a parallel tributary of the Po, he violated Venetian neutrality by seizing Peschiera, where that stream flows out of Lake Garda, and spread his line behind the river from the Venetian town on the north as far as Mantua, the farthest southern outpost of Austria, thus thwarting one, and that not the least important, of Bonaparte's plans. As to the Italians, they seemed bereft of sense, and for the most part yielded dumbly to what was required. There were occasional outbursts of enthusiasm by Italian Jacobins, and in the confusion of warfare they wreaked a sneaking vengeance on their conservative compatriots by extortion and terrorizing. The population was confused between the woe of actual loss and the joy of emancipation from old tyrannies. Suspicious and adroit, yet slow and self-indulgent, the common folk concluded that the grievous burden of the hour would be lightened by magnanimity and held a waiting attitude.

The moral effect of the action at Lodi was incalculable. Bonaparte's reputation as a strategist had already been established, but his personal courage had never been tested. The actual battle-field is something quite different from the great theater of war, and men wondered

whether he had the same mastery of the former as of the latter. Hitherto he had been untried either as to his tactics or his intrepidity. In both respects Lodi elevated him literally to the stars. No doubt the risk he took was awful, and the loss of life terrible. Critics, too, have pointed out safer ways which they believe would have led to the same result; be that as it may, in no other way could the same dramatic effect have been produced. France went wild with joy. The peoples of Italy bowed before the prodigy which thus both paralyzed and fascinated them all. Austria was dispirited, and her armies were awe-stricken. When, five days later, on May fifteenth, amid silent but friendly throngs of wondering men, Bonaparte entered Milan, not as the conqueror but as the liberator of Lombardy, at the head of his veteran columns, there was already about his brows a mild effulgence of supernatural light, which presaged to the growing band of his followers the full glory in which he was later to shine on the imagination of millions. It was after Lodi that his adoring soldiers gave him the name of "Little Corporal," by which they ever after knew him. He himself confessed that after Lodi some conception of his high destiny arose in his mind for the first time.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN INSUBORDINATE CONQUEROR AND DIPLOMATIST

Bonaparte's Assertion of Independence — Helplessness of the Directory — Threats and Proclamations — The General and His Officers — Bonaparte's Comprehensive Genius — The Devotion of France — Uneasiness in Italy — The Position of the Austrians — Bonaparte's Strategy — His Conception of the Problem in Italy — Justification of His Foresight — Modena, Parma, and the Papacy — The French Radicals and the Pope — Bonaparte's Policy — His Ambition.

WHEN the news of the successes in Piedmont reached Paris, public festivals were decreed and celebrated; but the democratic spirit of the directors could brook neither the contemptuous disregard of their plan which Bonaparte had shown, nor his arrogant assumption of diplomatic plenipotence. Knowing how thoroughly their doctrine had permeated Piedmont, they had intended to make it a republic. It was exasperating, therefore, that through Bonaparte's meddling they found themselves still compelled to carry on negotiations with a monarchy. The treaty with the King of Sardinia was ungraciously dictated and signed by them on May fifteenth, but previous to the act they determined to clip the wings of their dangerous falcon. This they thought to accomplish by assigning Kellermann to share with Bonaparte the command of the victorious army, and by confirming Salicetti as their diplomatic plenipotentiary to accompany it. The news reached the conqueror at Lodi on the eve of his triumphant entry into Milan. "As things now are,"

he promptly replied to the Directory, "you must have a general who possesses your entire confidence. If I must refer every step to government commissioners, if they have the right to change my movements, to withdraw or send troops, expect nothing good hereafter." To Carnot he wrote at the same time: "I believe one bad general to be worth two good ones . . . War is like government, a matter of tact. . . I do not wish to be hampered. I have begun with some glory; I wish to continue worthy of you." Aware probably that his own republican virtue could not long withstand the temptations opening before him, he began the latter missive, as if to excuse himself and anticipate possible accusations: "I swear I have nothing in view but the country. You will always find me on the straight road. I owe to the republic the sacrifice of all my own notions. If people seek to set me wrong in your esteem, my answer is in my heart and in my conscience." It is of course needless to add that the Directory yielded, not only as to the unity of command, but also in the fatal and vital matter of intrusting all diplomatic negotiations to his hands.

In taking this last step the executive virtually surrendered its identity. Such, however, was the exultation of the Parisian populace and of the soldiery, that the degradation or even the forced resignation of the conquering dictator would have at once assured the fall of the directors. They could not even protest when, soon after, there came from Bonaparte a despatch announcing that the articles of "the glorious peace which you have concluded with the King of Sardinia" had reached "us," and significantly adding in a later paragraph that the troops were content, having received half their pay in coin. Voices in Paris declared that for such language the writer should be shot. Perhaps those

who put the worst interpretation on the apparently harmless words were correct in their instinct. In reality the Directory had been wholly dependent on the army since the previous October, and while such an offensive insinuation of the fact would be, if intentional, most unpalatable, yet those who had profited by the fact dared not resent a remote reference to it.

The farce was continued for some time longer, Bonaparte playing his part with singular ability. He sent to Kellermann, in Savoy, without the form of transmitting it through government channels, a subsidy of one million two hundred thousand francs. As long as he was unhampered, his despatches to Paris were soldierly and straightforward, although after the passage of the Po they began to be somewhat bombastic, and to abound in his old-fashioned, curious, and sometimes incorrect classical or literary allusions. But if he were crossed in the least, if reinforcements did not arrive, or if there were any sign of independence in Paris, they became petulant, talking of ill-health, threatening resignation, and requesting that numbers of men be sent out to replace him in the multiform functions which in his single person he was performing. Of course these tirades often failed of immediate effect, but at least no effort was made to put an effective check on the writer's career. Read a century later in a cold and critical light, Bonaparte's proclamations of the same period seem stilted, jerky, and theatrical. In them, however, there may still be found a sort of interstitial sentimentality, and in an age of romantic devotion to ideals the quality of vague suggestiveness passed for genuine coin. Whatever else was lacking in those compositions, they had the one supreme merit of accomplishing their end, for they roused the French soldiers to frenzied enthusiasm.

In fact, if the Directory stood on the army, the army

belonged henceforth to Bonaparte. On the very day that Milan was entered, Marmont heard from his leader's lips the memorable words, "Fortune is a woman; the more she does for me, the more I shall exact from her . . . In our day no one has conceived anything great; it falls to me to give the example." This is the language that soldiers like to hear from their leader, and it was no doubt repeated throughout the army. "From this moment," wrote the same chronicler, a few months later, "the chief part of the pay and salaries was in coin. This led to a great change in the situation of the officers, and to a certain extent in their habits." Bonaparte was incorruptible. Salicetti announced one day that the brother of the Duke of Modena was waiting outside with four chests containing a million of francs in gold, and urged the general, as a friend and compatriot, to accept them. "Thank you," was the calm and significant answer, "I shall not put myself in the hands of the Duke of Modena for such a sum." But similar propositions were made by the commander-in-chief to his subordinates, and they with less prudence fell into the trap, taking all they could lay hands upon and thus becoming the bond-slaves of their virtuous leader. There were stories at the time that some of the generals, not daring to send their ill-gotten money to France, and having no opportunity for investing it elsewhere, actually carried hundreds of thousands of francs in their baggage. This prostitution of his subordinates was part of a system. Twenty million francs was approximately the sum total of all contributions announced to the Directory, and in their destitution it seemed enormous. They also accepted with pleasure a hundred of the finest horses in Lombardy to replace, as Bonaparte wrote on sending his present, the ordinary ones which drew their carriages. Was this paltry four

million dollars the whole of what was derived from the sequestrations of princely domains and the secularization of ecclesiastical estates? By no means. The army chest, of which none knew the contents but Bonaparte, was as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. At the opening of the campaign in Piedmont, empty wagons had been ostentatiously displayed as representing the military funds at the commander's disposal: these same vehicles now groaned under a weight of treasure, and were kept in a safe obscurity. Well might he say, as he did in June to Miot, that the commissioners of the Directory would soon leave and not be replaced, since they counted for nothing in his policy.

With the entry into Milan, therefore, begins a new epoch in the remarkable development we are seeking to outline. The military genius of him who had been the Corsican patriot and the Jacobin republican had finally asserted dominion over all his other qualities. In the inconsistency of human nature, those former characters now and then showed themselves as still existent, but they were henceforth subordinate. The conquered Milanese was by a magical touch provided with a provisional government, ready, after the tardy assent of the Directory, to be changed into the Transpadane Republic and put under French protection. Every detail of administration, every official and his functions, came under Bonaparte's direction. He knew the land and its resources, the people and their capacities, the mutual relations of the surrounding states, and the idiosyncrasies of their rulers. Such laborious analysis as his despatches display, such grasp both of outline and detail, such absence of confusion and clearness of vision, such lack of hesitance and such definition of plan, seem to prove that either a hero or a demon is again on earth. All the capacity this man had hitherto

shown, great as it was, sinks into insignificance when compared with the Olympian powers he now displays, and will continue to display for years to come. His sinews are iron, his nerves are steel, his eyes need no sleep, and his brain no rest. What a captured Hungarian veteran said of him at Lodi is as true of his political activity as of his military restlessness: "He knows nothing of the regular rules of war: he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes in the rear. There is no supporting such a gross violation of rules." His senses and his reason were indeed untrammelled by human limitations; they worked on front, rear, and flank, often simultaneously, and always without confusion.

Was it astonishing that the French nation, just recovering from a debauch of irreligion and anarchy, should begin insensibly to yield to the charms of a wooer so seductive? For some time past the soldiers, as the Milan newspapers declared, had been a pack of tatterdemalions ever flying before the arms of his Majesty the Emperor, now they were victors, led by a second Cæsar or Alexander, clothed, fed, and paid at the cost of the conquered. To ardent French republicans, and to the peoples of Italy, this phenomenal personage proclaimed that he had come to break the chains of captives, while almost in the same hour he wrote to the Directory that he was levying twenty million francs on the country, which, though exhausted by five years of war, was then the richest in the civilized world. Nor was the self-esteem of France and the Parisian passion for adornment forgotten. There began a course of plunder, if not in a direction at least in a measure hitherto unknown to the modern world — the plunder of scientific specimens, of manuscripts, of pictures, statues, and other works of art. It is difficult to fix

the responsibility for this policy, which by the overwhelming majority of learned and intelligent Frenchmen was considered right, morally and legally. Nothing so flattered the national pride as the assemblage in Paris of art treasures from all nations, nothing so humiliated it as their dispersion at the behest of the conquering Allies. In the previous year a few art works had been taken from Holland and Belgium, and formal orders were given again and again by the Directory for stripping the Pope's galleries; but there is a persistent belief, founded, no doubt, in an inherent probability, that the whole comprehensive scheme of art spoliation had been suggested in the first place by Bonaparte, and prearranged between himself and the executive before his departure. At any rate, he asked and easily obtained from the government a commission of scholars and experts to scour the Italian cities; and soon untold treasures of art, letters, and science began to pour into the galleries, cabinets, and libraries of Paris. A few brave voices among the artists of the capital protested against the desecration, the nation at large was tipsy with delight, and would not listen. Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo, Correggio, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese, with all the lesser masters, were stowed in the holds of frigates and despatched by way of Toulon toward the new Rome; while Monge and Berthollet ransacked the scientific collections of Milan and Parma for their rarest specimens. Science, in fact, was to flourish on the banks of the Seine as never before or elsewhere; and the great investigators of Italy, forgetful of their native land, were to find a new citizenship in the world of knowledge at the capital of European liberties. Words like these, addressed to the astronomer Oriani, indicate that on Bonaparte's mind had dawned the notion of a universal federated state, to which national republics would be subordinate.

No scene in the history of warfare was more theatrical than the entry of the French into Milan. The pageant was arranged on the lines of a Roman triumph and the distances so calculated that Bonaparte was the one impressive figure. With his lean face and sharp Greek profile, his long, lank, unpowdered locks, his simple uniform, and awkward seat in the saddle, he looked like a new human type, neither angel nor devil but an inscrutable apparition from another sphere. To officers and men the voluptuous city extended wide its arms, and the shabby soldiery were incongruous figures where their entertainers were elegant and fastidious beyond what the guests had dreamed. With stern impartiality the liberator repressed all excess in his army, but immediately the question of contributions, billeting, indemnity, and fiscal organization was taken up, settled, and the necessary measures inaugurated. The rich began to hide their possessions and the burghers to cry out. Ere long there was opposition, first sullen, then active, especially in the suburban villages where the French were fiercely attacked. One of these, Binasco, was burned and sacked as an example to the rest and to the city. Order was restored and the inexorable process of seizures went on. Pavia bade defiance; the officials were threatened with death, many leading citizens were taken as hostages, and the place was pillaged for three days. "Such a lesson would set the people of Italy right" They did not need a second example, it was true, but the price of "liberation" was fearful.

Italian rebellion having been subdued, the French nation roused to enthusiasm, independent funds provided, and the Directory put in its place, Bonaparte was free to unfold and consummate his further plans. Before him was the territory of Venice, a state once vigorous and terrible, but now, as far as the country

populations were concerned, an enfeebled and gentle ruler. With quick decision a French corps of observation was sent to seize Brescia and watch the Tyrolean passes. It was, of course, to the advantage of Austria that Venetian neutrality should not be violated, except by her own troops. But the French, having made a bold beginning of formal defiance, were quick to go further. Beaulieu had not hesitated on false pretenses to seize Peschiera, another Venetian town, which, by its situation at the outlet of Lake Garda, was of the utmost strategic value. He now stood confronting his pursuers on a strong line established, without reference to territorial boundaries, behind the whole course of the Mincio. Such was the situation to the north and east of the French army. Southeastward, on the swampy banks of the same river, near its junction with the Po, was Mantua. This city, which even under ordinary circumstances was an almost impregnable fortress, had been strengthened by an extraordinary garrison, while the surrounding lowlands were artificially inundated as a supreme measure of safety.

Bonaparte intended to hurl Beaulieu back, and seize the line of the Adige, far stronger than that of the Mincio for repelling an Austrian invasion from the north. What to him was the neutrality of a weak government, and what were the precepts of international law with no force behind it but a moral one? Austria, according to treaty, had the right to move her troops over two great military roads within Venetian jurisdiction, and her defeated armies had just used one of them for retreat. The victorious commander could scarcely be expected to pause in his pursuit for lack of a few lines of writing on a piece of stamped paper. Accordingly, by a simple feint, the Austrians were led to believe that his object was the seizure of Peschiera and the

passes above Lake Garda; consequently, defying international law and violating their treaties, they massed themselves at that place to meet his attack. Then with a swift, forced march the French were concentrated not on the enemy's strong right, but on his weak center at Borghetto Bonaparte's cavalry, hitherto badly mounted and timid, but now reorganized, were thrown forward for their easy task. Under Murat's command they dashed through, and, encouraged by their own brilliant successes, were thenceforward famous for efficiency. Bonaparte, with the main army, then hurried past Mantua as it lay behind its bulwarks of swamp-fever, and the Austrian force was cut in two. The right wing fled to the mountains, the left was virtually in a trap. Without any declaration of war against Venice, the French immediately occupied Verona, and Legnago a few days later; Peschiera was fortified, and Pizzighettone occupied as Brescia had been, while contributions of every sort were levied more ruthlessly even than on the Milanese. The mastery of these new positions isolated Mantua more completely than a formal investment would have done; but it was, nevertheless, considered wise to leave no loophole, and a few weeks later an army of eight thousand Frenchmen sat down in force before its gates.

It was certain that within a short time a powerful Austrian force would pour out from the Alpine passes to the north. Further advance into Venetian lands would therefore be ruin for the French. There was nothing left but the slow hours of a siege, for Mantua had become the decisive point. In the heats of summer this interval might well have been devoted to ease; but it was almost the busiest period of Bonaparte's life. According to the Directory's rejected plan for a division of command in Italy, the mission assigned to Keller-

mann had been to organize republics in Piedmont and in the Milanese, and then to defend the Tyrolean passes against an Austrian advance from the north. Bonaparte was to have moved southward along the shore to revolutionize Genoa, Tuscany, the Papal States, and Naples successively. The whole idea having been scornfully rejected by Bonaparte, the Directory had been forced by the brilliant successes of their general not merely to condone his disobedience, but actually to approve his policy. He now had the opportunity of justifying his foresight. Understanding, as the government did not, that Austria was their only redoubtable foe by land, the real bulwark of the whole Italian system, he had first shattered her power, at least for the time. The prop having been removed, the structure was toppling, and during this interval of waiting, it fell. His opportunity was made, his resolution ripe.

In front, Venice was at his mercy, behind him, guerilla bands of so-called Barbets, formed in Genoese territory and equipped by disaffected fugitives, were threatening the lately conquered gateway from France where the Ligurian Alps and the Apennines meet. Bonaparte's first step was to impose a new arrangement upon the submissive Piedmont, whereby, to make assurance doubly sure, Alessandria was added to the list of fortresses in French hands; then, as his second measure, Murat and Lannes appeared before Genoa at the head of an armed force, with instructions first to seize and shoot the many offenders who had taken refuge in her territory after the risings in Lombardy, and then to threaten the Senate with further retaliatory measures, and command the instant dismissal of the imperial Austrian plenipotentiary. From Paris came orders to drive the English fleet out of the harbor of

Leghorn, where, in spite of the treaty between Tuscany and France, there still were hostile arsenals and ships. It was done. Naples did not wait to see her territories invaded, but sued for mercy and was humbled, being forced to withdraw her navy from that of the coalition, and her cavalry from the Austrian army. For the moment the city of Rome was left in peace. The strength of papal dominion lay in Bologna, and the other legations beyond the Apennines, comprising many of the finest districts in Italy; and there a master-stroke was to be made.

On the throne of Modena was an Austrian archduke: his government was remorselessly shattered and virtually destroyed, the ransom being fixed at the ruinous sum of ten million francs with twenty of the best pictures in the principality. But on that of Parma was a Spanish prince with whose house France had made one treaty and hoped to make a much better one. The duke, therefore, was graciously allowed to purchase an armistice by an enormous but yet possible contribution of two million francs in money, together with provisions and horses in quantity. The famous St. Jerome of Correggio was among the twenty paintings seized in Modena. The archduke repeatedly offered to ransom it for one million francs, the amount at which its value was estimated, but his request was not granted. Next came Bologna and its surrounding territory. Such had been the tyranny of ecclesiastical control that the subjects of the Pope in that most ancient and famous seat of learning welcomed the French with unfeigned joy; and the fairest portion of the Papal States passed by its own desire from under the old yoke. The successor of St. Peter was glad to ransom his capital by a payment nominally of twenty-one million francs. In reality he had to surrender far more; for his galleries,



JOSEPHINE
EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

From the painting by François Gérard

In the Museum of Versailles

like those of Modena, were stripped of their gems, while the funds seized in government offices, and levied in irregular ways, raised the total value forwarded to Paris to nearly double the nominal contribution. All this, Bonaparte explained, was but a beginning, the idleness of summer heats. "This armistice," he wrote to Paris on June twenty-first, 1796, "being concluded with the dog-star rather than with the papal army, my opinion is that you should be in no haste to make peace, so that in September, if all goes well in Germany and northern Italy, we can take possession of Rome."

In fact, this ingenious man was really practising moderation, as both he and the terrified Italians, considering their relative situations, understood it. Whatever had been the original arrangement with the directors, there was nothing they did not now expect and demand from Italy; they wrote requiring, in addition to all that had hitherto been mentioned, plunder of every kind from Leghorn; masts, cordage, and ship supplies from Genoa; horses, provisions, and forage from Milan; and contributions of jewels and precious stones from the reigning princes. As for the papal power, the French radicals would gladly have destroyed it. They had not forgotten that Basseville, a diplomatic agent of the republic, had been killed in the streets of Rome, and that no reparation had been made either by the punishment of the assassin or otherwise. The Pope, they declared, had been the real author of the terrible civil war fomented by the unyielding clergy, and waged with such fury in France. Moreover, the whole sentimental and philosophical movement of the century in France and elsewhere considered the ecclesiastical centralization and hierarchical tyranny of the papacy as a dangerous survival of absolutism.

But Bonaparte was wise in his generation. The

contributions he levied throughout Italy were terrible; but they were such as she could bear, and still recuperate for further service in the same direction. The liberalism of Italy was, moreover, not the radicalism of France; and a submissive papacy was of incalculably greater value both there and elsewhere in Europe than an irreconcilable and fugitive one. The Pope, too, though weakened and humiliated as a temporal prince, was spared for further usefulness to his conqueror as a spiritual dignitary. Beyond all this was the enormous moral influence of a temperate and apparently impersonal policy. Bonaparte, though personally and by nature a passionate and wilful man, felt bound, as the representative of a great movement, to exercise self-restraint, taking pains to live simply, dress plainly, almost shabbily, and continuing by calm calculation to refuse the enormous bribes which began and continued to be offered to him personally by the rulers of Italy. His generals and the fiscal agents of the nation were all in his power, because it was by his connivance that they had grown enormously rich, he himself remaining comparatively poor, and for his station almost destitute. The army was his devoted servant; Italy and the world should see how different was his moderation from the rapacity of the republic and its tools, vandals like the commissioners Gareau and Salicetti.

Such was the "leisure" of one who to all outward appearance was but a man, and a very ordinary one. In the medals struck to commemorate this first portion of the Italian campaign, he is still the same slim youth, with lanky hair, that he was on his arrival in Paris the year previous. It was observed, however, that the old indifferent manner was somewhat emphasized, and consequently artificial; that the gaze was at least as direct and the eye as penetrating as ever, and that there was,

half intentionally, half unconsciously, disseminated all about an atmosphere of peremptory command — but that was all. The incarnation of ambition was long since complete; its attendant imperious manner was suffered to develop but slowly. In Bonaparte was perceptible, as Victor Hugo says, the shadowy outline of Napoleon.

CHAPTER XXIX

BASSANO AND ARCOLA

The Austrian System — The Austrian Strategy — Castiglione — French Gains — Bassano — The French in the Tyrol — The French Defeated in Germany — Bonaparte and Alvinczy — Austrian Successes — Caldiero — First Battle of Arcola — Second Battle of Arcola

MEANTIME the end of July had come. The Emperor Francis had decided. At the risk of defeat on the Rhine he must retain his Italian possessions and prestige. He was still the Roman emperor, inheritor of an immemorial dignity, overlord of the fairest lands in the peninsula. Wurmser, considered by Austria her greatest general, had therefore been recalled to Vienna from the west, and sent at the head of twenty-five thousand fresh troops to collect the columns of Beaulieu's army, which was scattered in the Tyrol. This done, he was to assume the chief command, and advance to the relief of Mantua. The first part of his task was successfully completed, and already, according to the direction of the Aulic Council of the empire, and in pursuance of the same hitherto universal but vicious system of cabinet campaigning which Bonaparte had just repudiated, he was moving down from the Alps in three columns with a total force of about forty-seven thousand men. There were about fifteen thousand in the garrison of Mantua. Bonaparte was much weaker, having only forty-two thousand, and of these some eight thousand were occupied in the siege of that place. Wurmser was a master of the old school, working like an automaton under the

hand of his government, and commanding according to well-worn precept his well-equipped battalions, every soldier of which was a recruit so costly that destructive battles were made as infrequent as possible, because to fight many meant financial ruin. In consequence, like all the best generals of his class, he made war as far as possible a series of manœuvres. Opposed to him was an emancipated genius with neither directors nor public council to hamper him. In the tradition of the Revolution, as in the mind of Frederick the Great, war was no game, but a bloody decision, and the quicker the conclusion was tried the better. The national conscription, under the hands of Dubois de Crancé, had secured men in unlimited numbers at the least expense; while Carnot's organization had made possible the quick handling of troops in large mass by simplifying the machinery. Bonaparte was about to show what could be done in the way of using the weapon which had been put into his hands.

The possession of Mantua was decisive of Italian destiny, for its holder could command a kind of overlordship in every little Italian state. If Bonaparte should take and keep it, Austria would be virtually banished from Italy, and her prestige destroyed. She must, therefore, relieve it, or lose not only her power in the peninsula, but her rank in Europe. To this end, and according to the established rules of strategy, the Austrians advanced from the mountains in three divisions against the French line, which stretched from Brescia past Peschiera, at the head of the Mincio, and through Verona to Legnago on the Adige. Two of these armies were to march respectively down the east and west banks of Lake Garda, and, flanking the inferior forces of the French on both sides, surround and capture them. The other division was on the Adige in front of Verona,

ready to relieve Mantua. Between that river and the lake rises the stately mass of Monte Baldo, abrupt on its eastern, more gentle on its western slope. This latter, as affording some space for manœuvres, was really the key to the passage. Such was the first onset of the Austrians down this line that the French outposts at Lonato and Rivoli were driven in, and for a time it seemed as if there would be a general rout. But the French stood firm, and checked any further advance. For a day Bonaparte and Wurmser stood confronting each other. In the mean time, however, the left Austrian column was pouring down toward Verona, while the right, under Quasdanowich, had already captured Brescia, seized the highway to Milan, and cut off the French retreat. This move in Wurmser's plan was so far entirely successful, and for a moment it seemed as if the sequel would be equally so. The situation of his opponents was desperate.

In this crisis occurred the first of those curious scenes which recur at intervals in Bonaparte's life. Some, and those eye-witnesses, have attributed them to genuine panic. His first measure was to despatch flying adjutants, ten in number, to concentrate his scattered forces at the critical point, south of Lake Garda. His genius decided that victory on the field was far more fruitful than the holding in check of a garrison. Accordingly he ordered Sérurier to raise the siege of Mantua, and his siege-guns to be spiked and withdrawn. The division thus rendered available he at once despatched for field operations toward Brescia. But its numbers were so few as scarcely to relieve the situation. Accordingly a council of war was summoned to decide whether the army should stand and fight, or retreat for further concentration. The commander-in-chief was apparently much excited, and according to Augereau's account

advised the latter course. The enemy being between the French and the Adda, no other line was open but that southward through the low country, over the Po; and to follow that implied something akin to a disorderly rout. Nevertheless, all the generals were in favor of this suggestion except one, the fiery hotspur who tells the tale, who disdained the notion of retreat on any line, and flung out of the room in scorn. Bonaparte walked the floor until late in the small hours; finally he appeared to have accepted Augereau's advice, and gave orders for battle. But the opening movements were badly executed. Bonaparte seemed to feel that the omens were unfavorable, and again the generals were summoned. Augereau opened the meeting with a theatrical and declamatory but earnest speech, encouraging his comrades and urging the expediency of a battle. This time it was Bonaparte who fled, apparently in despair, leaving the chief command, and with it the responsibility, to the daring Augereau, by whose enthusiasm, as he no doubt saw, the other generals had been affected. The hazardous enterprise succeeded, and on the very plan already adopted. Augereau gave the orders, and with swift concentration every available man was hurled against the Austrian column under Quasdanowich at Lonato. This much may be true, casting aside Augereau's inconsistencies and braggadocio, it is possible but unlikely.

The result was an easy victory, the enemy was driven back to a safe distance, and Brescia was evacuated on August fourth, the defeated columns retreating behind Lake Garda to join Wurmser on the other side. Like the regular return of the pendulum, the French moved back again, and confronted the Austrian center that very night, but now with every company in line and Bonaparte at their head. A portion of the enemy, about

twenty-five thousand in number, had reached Lonato, hastening to the support of Quasdanowich. Wurmser had lost a day before Mantua. A second time the hurrying French engaged their foe almost on the same field. A second time they were easily victorious. In fact, so terrible was this second defeat that the scattered bands of Austrians wandered aimlessly about in ignorance of their way. One of them, four thousand strong, reaching Lonato, found it almost abandoned by the French, Bonaparte and his staff with but twelve hundred men being left behind. A herald, blindfolded, as was then the custom, was at once despatched to summon the French commander to surrender to the superior Austrian force. The available remnant of the victorious army quickly gathered, and the messenger was introduced in the midst of them. As the bandage was taken from his eyes, dazzled by the light falling on hundreds of brilliant uniforms, the imperious voice of his great enemy was heard commanding him to return and say to his leader that it was a personal insult to speak of surrender to the French army, and that it was he who must immediately yield himself and his division. The bold scheme was successful, and to the ten thousand previously killed, wounded, and captured by the conquerors four thousand prisoners were added. Next morning Wurmser advanced, and with his right resting on Lake Garda offered battle. The decisive fight occurred in the center of his long, weak line at Castiglione, where some fifteen thousand Austrians had happened to make a stand, without orders and so without assurance of support. Again the French position was so weak as apparently to throw Bonaparte into a panic, and again, according to the memoirs of General Landrieux, Augereau's fire and dash prevailed to have the battle joined, while Bonaparte withdrew in a sulky pet. What-

ever the truth, the attack was made. Before evening the sharp struggle was over. This affair of August fifth was always referred to by Napoleon as the true battle of Castiglione. Two days later Wurmser, who had fondly hoped that Mantua was his and the French in full retreat, brought up a straggling line of twenty-five thousand men. These were easily routed by Bonaparte in a series of clever manœuvres on the seventh and without much bloodshed. That night saw the utter rout of Wurmser and the Austrians in full retreat towards the Tyrol. Had the great risk of these few days been determined against the French, who would have been to blame but the madcap Augereau? As things turned out, whose was the glory but Bonaparte's? This panic, at least, appears to have been carefully calculated and cleverly feigned. A week later the French lines were again closed before Mantua, which, though not invested, was at least blockaded. The fortress had been revictualled and regarrisoned, while the besiegers had been compelled to destroy their own train to prevent its capture by the enemy. But France was mistress of the Mincio and the Adige, with a total loss of about ten thousand men; while Austria had lost about twenty thousand, and was standing by a forlorn hope. Both armies were exhausted, as yet the great stake was not won. If Austrian warfare was utterly discredited, the irregular, disjointed, uncertain French warfare of the past week had not enhanced French glory.

In the shortest possible period new troops were under way both from Vienna and from Paris. With those from the Austrian capital came positive instructions to Wurmser that in any case he should again advance toward Mantua. In obedience to this command of the Emperor, a division of the army, twenty thousand strong, under Davidowich, was left in the Austrian Tyrol at

Roveredo, near Trent, to stop the advance of the French, who, with their reinforcements, were pressing forward through the pass as if to join Moreau, who had successfully advanced and would be in Munich. The main Austrian army, under Wurmser, moved over into the valley of the Brenta, and pushed on toward Mantua. If he should decide to turn westward against the French, the reserve could descend the valley of the Adige to his assistance. But Bonaparte did not intend either to pass by and leave open the way southward, or to be shut up in the valleys of the Tyrol. With a quick surge, Davidowich was first defeated at Roveredo, and then driven far behind Trent into the higher valleys. The victor delayed only to issue a proclamation giving autonomy to the Tyrolese, under French protection; but the ungrateful peasantry preferred the autonomy they already enjoyed, and fortified their precipitous passes for resistance. Turning quickly into the Brenta valley, Bonaparte, by a forced march of two days, overtook Wurmser's advance-guard unawares at Primolano, and captured it; the next day, September eighth, Masséna cut in two and completely defeated the main army at Bassano. Part of those who escaped retreated into Friuli, toward Vienna. There was nothing left for the men under Wurmser's personal command but to throw themselves, if possible, into Mantua. With these, some sixteen thousand men in all, the veteran general forced a way, by a series of most brilliant movements, past the flank of the blockading French lines, where he made a gallant stand first at St. Georges and then at Favorita. But he was driven from both positions and forced to find a refuge in the famous fortress.

The lightning-like rapidity of these operations completed the demoralization of the Austrian troops. The fortified defiles and cliffs of the Tyrol fell before

the French attacks as easily as their breastworks in the plains. Wurmser had twenty-six thousand men in Mantua; but from fear and fever half of them were in the hospitals.

Meanwhile, disaster had overtaken the French arms in the North. Jourdan had crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, as Moreau had at Kehl. They had each about seventy-five thousand men, while the army of the Austrian archduke Charles had been reduced by Wurmser's departure for Italy to a number far less. According to the plan of the Directory, these two French armies were to advance on parallel lines south of the neutral zone through Germany, and to join Bonaparte across the Tyrol for the advance to Vienna. Moreau defeated the Austrians, and reached Munich without a check. Würtemberg and Baden made peace with the French republic on its own terms, and Saxony, recalling its forces from the coalition, declared itself neutral, as Prussia had done. But Jourdan, having seized Würzburg and won the battle of Altenkirchen, was met on his way to Ratisbon and Neumarkt, and thoroughly beaten, by the same young Archduke Charles, who had acquired experience and learned wisdom in his defeat by Moreau. Both French armies were thus thrown back upon the Rhine, and there could be no further hope of carrying out the original plan. In this way the attention of the world was concentrated on the victorious Army of Italy and its young commander, whose importance was further enhanced by the fulfilment of his own prophecy that the fate of Europe hung on the decision of his campaign in Italy.

This was not an empty boast. The stubborn determination of Francis to reconquer Italy had given new courage to the conservatives of central and southern Italy, who did not conceal their resolve nor their prepa-

rations to annihilate French power and influence within the borders of Modena, Rome, and Naples. Bonaparte was thus enabled to take another momentous step in emancipating himself from the Directory. So far he had asserted and confirmed his military and diplomatic independence: he now boldly assumed political supremacy. Though at times he expressed a low opinion of the Italians, yet he recognized their higher qualities. In Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara were thousands who understood the significance of the dawning epoch. To these he paid visits and to their leaders he gave, during the short interval at his command, hearty approbation for their resistance to the reactionaries. Forestalling the Directory, he declared Modena and Reggio to be under French protection. This daring procedure assured his ascendancy with all Italian liberals and rendered sure and certain the prosecution of his campaign to the bitter end. Bologna and Ferrara, having surrendered to French protection on June twenty-third, were soon in open revolt against the papal influences which were reviving: and even in distant Naples the liberals took heart once more.

The glory of the imperial arms having been brilliantly vindicated in the north, the government at Vienna naturally thought it not impossible to relieve Mantua, and restore Austrian prestige in the south. Every effort was to be made. The Tyrolese sharp-shooters were called out, large numbers of raw recruits were gathered in Illyria and Croatia, while a few veterans were taken from the forces of the Archduke Charles. When these were collected, Quasdanowich found himself in Friuli with upward of thirty-five thousand men, while Davidowich in the Tyrol had eighteen thousand. The chief command of both armies was assigned to Alvinczy, an experienced but aged general, one of the

same stock as that to which Wurmser belonged. About October first, the two forces moved simultaneously, one down the Adige, the other down the Piave, to unite before Vicenza, and proceed to the relief of Mantua. For the fourth time Bonaparte was to fight the same battle, on the same field, for the same object, with the same inferiority of numbers. His situation, however, was a trifle better than it had been, for several veteran battalions which were no longer needed in Vendée had arrived from the Army of the West, his own soldiers were also well equipped and enthusiastic. He wrote to the Directory, on October first, that he had thirty thousand effectives; but he probably had more, for it is scarcely possible that, as he said, eighteen thousand were in the hospitals. The populations around and behind him were, moreover, losing faith in Austria, and growing well disposed toward France. Many of his garrisons were, therefore, called in; and deducting eight thousand men destined for the siege of Mantua, he still had an army of nearly forty thousand men wherewith to meet the Austrians. There was, of course, some disaffection among his generals. Augereau was vainglorious and bitter, Masséna felt that he had not received his due meed of praise for Bassano, and both had sympathizers even in the ranks. This was inevitable, considering Bonaparte's policy and system, and somewhat interfered with the efficiency of his work.

While the balance was thus on the whole in favor of the French, yet this fourth division of the campaign opened with disaster to them. In order to prevent the union of his enemy's two armies, Bonaparte ordered Vaubois, who had been left above Trent to guard the French conquests in the Tyrol, to attack Davidowich. The result was a rout, and Vaubois was compelled to abandon one strong position after another. — first Trent.

then Roveredo, — until finally he felt able to make a stand on the right bank of the Adige at Rivoli, which commands the southern slopes of Monte Baldo. The other bank was in Austrian hands, and Davidowich could have debouched safely into the plain. This result was largely due to the clever mountain warfare of the Tyrolese militia. Meantime Masséna had moved from Bassano up the Piave to observe Alvinczy. Augereau was at Verona. On November fourth, Alvinczy advanced and occupied Bassano, compelling Masséna to retreat before his superior force. Bonaparte, determined not to permit a junction of the two Austrian armies, moved with Augereau's division to reinforce Masséna and drive Alvinczy back into the valley of the Piave. Augereau fought all day on the sixth at Bassano, Masséna at Citadella. This first encounter was indecisive; but news of Vaubois's defeat having arrived, the French thought it best to retreat on the following day. There was not now a single obstacle to the union of the two Austrian armies; and on November ninth, Alvinczy started for Verona, where the French had halted on the eighth. It looked as if Bonaparte would be attacked on both flanks at once, and thus overwhelmed.

Verona lies on both banks of the river Adige, which is spanned by several bridges; but the heart of the town is on the right. The remains of Vaubois's army having been rallied at Rivoli, some miles further up on that bank, Bonaparte made all possible use of the stream as a natural fortification, and concentrated the remainder of his forces on the same side. Alvinczy came up and occupied Caldiero, situated on a gentle rise of the other shore to the south of east; but the French division at Rivoli, which, by Bonaparte's drastic methods, had been thoroughly shamed, and was now thirsty for revenge,

held Davidowich in check. He had remained some distance farther back to the north, where it was expected he would cross and come down on the left bank. To prevent this a fierce onslaught was made against Alvinczy's position on November twelfth, by Masséna's corps. It was entirely unsuccessful, and the French were repulsed with the serious loss of three thousand men. Bonaparte's position was now even more critical than it had been at Castiglione; he had to contend with two new Austrian armies, one on each flank, and Wurmser with a third stood ready to sally out of Mantua in his rear. If there should be even partial cooperation between the Austrian leaders, he must retreat. But he felt sure there would be no cooperation whatsoever. From the force in Verona and that before Mantua twenty thousand men were gathered to descend the course of the Adige into the swampy lands about Ronco, where a crossing was to be made and Alvinczy caught, if possible, at Villanova, on his left flank. This turning manœuvre, though highly dangerous, was fairly successful, and is considered by critics among the finest in this or any other of Bonaparte's campaigns. Amid these swamps, ditches, and dikes the methodical Austrians, aiming to carry strong positions by one fierce onset, were brought into the greatest disadvantage before the new tactics of swift movement in open columns, which were difficult to assail. By a feint of retreat to the westward the French army had left Verona without attracting attention, but by a swift countermarch it reached Ronco on the morning of November fifteenth, crossed in safety, and turned back to flank the Austrian position.

The first stand of the enemy was made at Arcola, where a short, narrow bridge connects the high dikes which regulate the sluggish stream of the little river Alpon, a tributary of the Adige on its left bank. This

bridge was defended by two battalions of Croatian recruits, whose commander, Colonel Brigido, had placed a pair of field-pieces so as to enfilade it. The French had been advancing in three columns by as many causeways, the central one of which led to the bridge. The first attempt to cross was repulsed by the deadly fire which the Croats poured in from their sheltered position. Augereau, with his picked corps, fared no better in a second charge led by himself bearing the standard; and, in a third disastrous rush, Bonaparte, who had caught up the standard and planted it on the bridge with his own hand, was himself swept back into a quagmire, where he would have perished but for a fourth return of the grenadiers, who drove back the pursuing Austrians, and pulled their commander from the swamp. Fired by his undaunted courage, the gallant lines were formed once more. At that moment another French corps passed over lower down by pontoons, and the Austrians becoming disorganized, in spite of the large reinforcements which had come up under Alvinczy, the last charge on the bridge was successful. With the capture of Arcola the French turned their enemy's rear, and cut off not only his artillery, but his reserves in the valley of the Brenta. The advantage, however, was completely destroyed by the masterly retreat of Alvinczy from his position at Caldiero, effected by other causeways and another bridge further north, which the French had not been able to secure in time.

Bonaparte quickly withdrew to Ronco, and recrossed the Adige to meet an attack which he supposed Davidovich, having possibly forced Vaubois's position, would then certainly make. But that general was still in his old place, and gave no signs of activity. This movement misled Alvinczy, who, thinking the French had started from Mantua, returned by way of Arcola to

pursue them. Again the French commander led his forces across the Adige into the swampy lowlands. His enemy had not forgotten the desperate fight at the bridge, and was timid; and besides, in his close formation, he was on such ground no match for the open ranks of the French. Retiring without any real resistance as far as Arcola, the Austrians made their stand a second time in that red-walled burg. Bonaparte could not well afford another direct attack, with its attendant losses, and strove to turn the position by fording the Alpon where it flows into the Adige. He failed, and withdrew once more to Ronco, the second day remaining indecisive. On the morning of the seventeenth, however, with undiminished fertility of resource, a new plan was adopted and successfully carried out. One of the pontoons on the Adige sank, and a body of Austrians charged the small division stationed on the left bank to guard it, in the hope of destroying the remainder of the bridge. They were repulsed and driven back toward the marshes with which they meant to cover their flank. The garrisons of both Arcola and Porcil, a neighboring hamlet, were seriously weakened by the detention of this force. Two French divisions were promptly despatched to make use of that advantage, while at the same time an ambuscade was laid among the pollard willows which lined the ditches beyond the retreating Austrians. At an opportune moment the ambuscade unmasked, and by a terrible fire drove three thousand of the Croatian recruits into the marsh, where most of them were drowned or shot. Advancing then beyond the Alpon by a bridge built during the previous night, Bonaparte gave battle on the high ground to an enemy whose numbers were now, as he calculated, reduced to a comparative equality with his own. The Austrians made a vigorous resistance; but such was their

credulity as to anything their enemy might do, that a simple stratagem of the French made them believe that their left was turned by a division, when in reality but twenty-five men had been sent to ride around behind the swamps and blow their bugles. Being simultaneously attacked on the front of the same wing by Augereau, they drew off at last in good order toward Montebello Thence Alvinczy slowly retreated into the valley of the Brenta. The French returned to Verona. Davidowich, ignorant of all that had occurred, now finally dislodged Vaubois; but, finding before him Masséna with his division where he had expected Alvinczy and a great Austrian army, he discreetly withdrew into the Tyrol. It was not until November twenty-third, long after the departure of both his colleagues, that Wurmser made a brilliant but of course ineffectual sally from Mantua. The French were so exhausted, and the Austrians so decimated and scattered, that by tacit consent hostilities were intermitted for nearly two months.

CHAPTER XXX

BONAPARTE'S IMPERIOUS SPIRIT

Bonaparte's Transformation — Military Genius — Powers and Principles — Theory and Conduct — Political Activity — Purposes for Italy — Private Correspondence — Treatment of the Italian Powers — Antagonism to the Directory — The Task Before Him — Masked Dictator.

DURING the two months between the middle of November, 1796, and the middle of January, 1797, there was a marked change in Bonaparte's character and conduct. After Arcola he appeared as a man very different from the novice he had been before Montenotte. Twice his fortunes had hung by a single hair, having been rescued by the desperate bravery of Rampon and his soldiers at Monte Legino, and again by Augereau's daring at Lonato; twice he had barely escaped being a prisoner, once at Valeggio, once at Lonato; twice his life had been spared in the heat of battle as if by a miracle, once at Lodi, once again at Arcola. These facts had apparently left a deep impression on his mind, for they were turned to the best account in making good a new step in social advancement. So far he had been as adventurous as the greatest daredevil among the subalterns, staking his life in every new venture; hereafter he seemed to appreciate his own value, and to calculate not only the imperiling of his life, but the intimacy of his conversation, with nice adaptation to some great result. Gradually and informally a kind of body-guard was organized, which, as the idea grew familiar, was skilfully developed

into a picked corps, the best officers and finest soldiers being made to feel honored in its membership. The constant attendance of such men necessarily secluded the general-in-chief from those colleagues who had hitherto been familiar comrades. Something in the nature of formal etiquette once established, it was easy to extend its rules and confirm them. The generals were thus separated further and further from their superior, and before the new year they had insensibly adopted habits of address which displayed a high outward respect, and virtually terminated all comradeship with one who had so recently been merely the first among equals. Bonaparte's innate tendency to command was under such circumstances hardened into a habit of imperious dictation. In view of what had been accomplished, it would have been impossible, even for the most stubborn democrat, to check the process. Not one of Bonaparte's principles had failed to secure triumphant vindication.

In later years Napoleon himself believed, and subsequent criticism has confirmed his opinion, that the Italian campaign, taken as a whole, was his greatest. The revolution of any public system, social, political, or military, is always a gigantic task. It was nothing less than this which Bonaparte had wrought, not in one, but in all three spheres, during the summer and autumn of 1796. The changes, like those of most revolutions, were changes of emphasis and degree in the application of principles already divined. "Divide and conquer" was an old maxim; it was a novelty to see it applied in warfare and politics as Bonaparte applied it in Italy. It has been remarked that the essential difference between Napoleon and Frederick the Great was that the latter had not ten thousand men a month to kill. The notion that war should be short and terrible had,

indeed, been clear to the great Prussian; Carnot and the times afforded the opportunity for its conclusive demonstration by the genius of the greater Corsican. Concentration of besiegers to breach the walls of a town was nothing new; but the triumphant application of the same principle to an opposing line of troops, though well known to Julius Cæsar, had been forgotten, and its revival was Napoleon's masterpiece. The martinets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had so exaggerated the formalities of war that the relation of armies to the fighting-ground had been little studied and well-nigh forgotten; the use of the map and the compass, the study of reliefs and profiles in topography, produced in Bonaparte's hands results that seemed to duller minds, nothing short of miraculous. One of these was to oppose the old-school rigid formation of troops by any formation more or less open and irregular according to circumstances, but always the kind best suited to the character of the seat of war. The first two days at Arcola were the triumphant vindication of this concept. Finally, there was a fascination for the French soldiers in the primitive savagery of their general, which, though partly concealed, and somewhat held in by training, nevertheless was willing that the spoils of their conquest should be devoted to making the victorious contestants opulent; which scorned the limitations of human powers in himself and them, and thus accomplished feats of strength and stratagem which gratified to satiety that love for the uncommon, the ideal, and the great which is inherent in the spirit of their nation. In the successful combination and evolution of all these elements there was a grandeur which Bonaparte and every soldier of his army appreciated at its full value.

The military side of Bonaparte's genius is ordinarily considered the strongest. Judged by what is easily

visible in the way of immediate consequences and permanent results, this appears to be true, and yet it was only one of many sides. Next in importance, if not equal to it, was his activity in politics and diplomacy. It is easy to call names, to stigmatize the peoples of Italy, all the nations even of western Europe, as corrupt and enervated, to laugh at their politics as antiquated, and to brand their rulers as incapable fools. An ordinary man can, by the assistance of the knowledge, education, and insight acquired by the experience of his race through an additional century, turn and show how commonplace was the person who toppled over such an old rotten structure. This is the method of Napoleon's detractors, except when, in addition, they first magnify his wickedness, and then further distort the proportion by viewing his fine powers through the other end of the glass. We all know how easy great things are when once they have been accomplished, how simple the key to a mystery when once it has been revealed. Morally considered, Bonaparte was a child of nature, born to a mean estate, buffeted by a cruel and remorseless society, driven in youth to every shift for self-preservation, compelled to fight an unregenerate world with its own weapons. He had not been changed in the flash of a gun. Elevation to reputation and power did not diminish the duplicity of his character; on the contrary, it possibly intensified it. Certainly the fierce light which began to beat upon him brought it into greater prominence. Truth, honor, unselfishness are theoretically the virtues of all philosophy; practically they are the virtues of Christian men in Christian society. Where should the scion of a Corsican stock, ignorant of moral or religious sentiment, thrown into the atmosphere and surroundings of the French Revolution, learn to practise them?

Such considerations are indispensable in the observation of Bonaparte's progress as a politician. His first settlement with the various peoples of central Italy was, as he had declared, only provisional. The uncertain status created by it was momentarily not unwelcome to the Directory. Their policy was to destroy existing institutions, and leave order to evolve itself from the chaos as best it could. Doctrinaires as they were, they meant to destroy absolute monarchy in Italy, as everywhere else, if possible, and then to stop, leaving the liberated peoples to their own devices. Some fondly believed that out of anarchy would arise, in accordance with "the law of nature," a pure democracy; while others had the same faith that the result would be constitutional monarchy. Moreover, things appear simpler in the perspective of distance than they do near at hand. The sincerity of Bonaparte's republicanism was like the sincerity of his conduct — an affair of time and place, a consistency with conditions and not with abstractions. He knew the Italian mob, and faithfully described it in his letters as dull, ignorant, and unreliable, without preparation or fitness for self-government. He was willing to establish the forms of constitutional administration; but in spite of hearty support from many disciples of the Revolution, he found those forms likely, if not certain, to crumble under their own weight, and was convinced that the real sovereignty must for years to come reside in a strong protectorate of some kind. It appeared to him a necessity of war that these peoples should relieve the destitution of the French treasury and army, a necessity of circumstances that France should be restored to vigor and health by laying tribute on their treasures of art and science, as on those of all the world, and a necessity of political science that artificial boundaries

should be destroyed, as they had been in France, to produce the homogeneity of condition essential to national or administrative unity.

The Italians themselves understood neither the policy of the French executive nor that of their conqueror. The transitional position in which the latter had left them produced great uneasiness. The terrified local authorities asked nothing better than to be left as they were, with a view to profiting by the event, whatever it might be. After every Austrian success there were numerous local revolts, which the French garrison commanders suppressed with severity. Provisional governments soon come to the end of their usefulness, and the enemies of France began to take advantage of the disorder in order to undo what had been done. The English, for example, had seized Porto Ferrajo in place of Leghorn; the Pope had gone further, and, in spite of the armistice, was assembling an army for the recovery of Bologna, Ferrara, and his other lost legations. Thus it happened that in the intervals of the most laborious military operations, a political activity, both comprehensive and feverish, kept pace in Bonaparte's mind with that which was needed to regulate his campaigning.

At the very outset there was developed an antagonism between the notions of the Directory and Bonaparte's interests. The latter observed all the forms of consulting his superiors, but acted without the slightest reference to their instructions, often even before they could receive his despatches. Both he and they knew the weakness of the French government, and the inherent absurdity of the situation. The story of French conquest in Italy might be told exactly as if the invading general were acting solely on his own responsibility. In his proclamations to the Italians was one language;

in his letters to the executive, another; in a few confidential family communications, still another; in his own heart, the same old idea of using each day as it came to advance his own fortunes. As far as he had any love of country, it was expended on France, and what we may call his principles were conceptions derived from the Revolution; but somehow the best interests of France and the safety of revolutionary doctrine were every day more involved in the pacification of Italy, in the humiliation of Austria, and in the supremacy of the army. There was only one man who could secure all three; could give consistency to the flaccid and visionary policy of the Directory; could repress the frightful robberies of its civil agents in Italy; could with any show of reason humble Italy with one hand, and then with the other rouse her to wholesome energy; could enrich and glorify France while crushing out, as no royal dynasty had ever been able to do, the haughty rivalry of the Hapsburgs.

These purposes made Bonaparte the most gentle and conciliatory of men in some directions; in others they developed and hardened his imperiousness. His correspondence mirrors both his mildness and his arbitrariness. His letters to the Directory abound in praise of his officers and men, accompanied by demands for the promotion of those who had performed distinguished services. Writing to General Clarke on November nineteenth, 1796, from Verona, he says, in words full of pathos: "Your nephew Elliot was killed on the battlefield of Arcola. This youth had made himself familiar with arms; several times he had marched at the head of columns; he would one day have been an estimable officer. He died with glory, in the face of the foe; he did not suffer for a moment. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who is he that in the vicissitudes of life would not agree to leave in such a

way a world so often worthy of contempt? What one of us has not a hundred times regretted that he could not thus be withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, of envy, and of all the hateful passions that seem almost entirely to control human conduct?" Perhaps these few words to the widow of one of his late officers are even finer: "Muiron died at my side on the late battle-field of Arcola. You have lost a husband that was dear to you; I, a friend to whom I have long been attached: but the country loses more than us both in the death of an officer distinguished no less by his talents than by his rare courage. If I can be of service in anything to you or his child, I pray you count altogether upon me." That was all; but it was enough. With the ripening of character, and under the responsibilities of life, an individual style had come at last. It is martial and terse almost to affectation, defying translation, and perfectly reflecting the character of its writer.

But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men, were not those which he revealed to the world. He was peremptory, and sometimes even peevish, with the French executive after he had them in his hand; with Italy he assumed a parental rôle, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose. A definite treaty of peace had been made with Sardinia, and that power, though weak and maimed, was going its own way. The Transpadane Republic, which he had begun to organize as soon as he entered Milan, was carefully cherished and guided in its artificial existence; but the people, whether or not they were fit, had no chance to exercise any real independence under the shadow of such a power. It was, moreover, not the power of France; for, by special order of Bonaparte, the civil

agents of the Directory were subordinated to the military commanders, ostensibly because the former were so rapacious. Lombardy in this way became his very own. Rome had made the armistice of Bologna merely to gain time, and in the hope of eventual disaster to French arms. A pretext for the resumption of hostilities was easily found by her in a foolish command, issued from Paris, that the Pope should at length recognize as regular those of the clergy who had sworn allegiance to the successive constitutions adopted under the republic, and withdraw all his proclamations against those who had observed their oaths and conformed. The Pontiff, relying on the final success of Austria, had virtually broken off negotiations. Bonaparte informed the French agent in Rome that he must do anything to gain time, anything to deceive the "old fox"; in a favorable moment he expected to pounce upon Rome, and avenge the national honor. During the interval Naples also had become refractory; refusing a tribute demanded by the Directory, she was not only collecting soldiers, like the Pope, but actually had some regiments in marching order. Venice, asserting her neutrality, was growing more and more bitter at the constant violations of her territory. Mantua was still a defiant fortress, and in this crisis nothing was left but to revive French credit where the peoples were best disposed and their old rulers weakest.

Accordingly, Bonaparte went through the form of consulting the Directory as to a plan of procedure, and then, without waiting for an answer from them, and without the consent of those most deeply interested, broke the armistice with Modena on the pretext that five hundred thousand francs of ransom money were yet unpaid, and drove the duke from his throne. This duchy was the nucleus about which was to be consti-

tuted the Cispadane Republic: in conjunction with its inhabitants, those of Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara were invited to form a free government under that name. There had at least been a pretext for erecting the Milanese into the Transpadane Republic — that of driving an invader from its soil. This time there was no pretext of that kind, and the Directory opposed so bold an act regarding these lands, being uneasy about public opinion in regard to it. They hoped the war would soon be ended, and were verging to the opinion that their armies must before long leave the Italians to their own devices. The conduct of their general pointed, however, in the opposite direction; he forced the native liberals of the district to take the necessary steps toward organizing the new state so rapidly that the Directory found itself compelled to yield. It is possible, but not likely, that, as has been charged, Bonaparte really intended to bring about what actually happened, the continued dependence on the French republic of a lot of artificial governments. The uninterrupted meddling of France in the affairs of the Italians destroyed in the end all her influence, and made them hate her dominion, which masqueraded as liberalism, even more than they had hated the open but mild tyranny of those royal scions of foreign stocks recently dismissed from their thrones. During these months there is in Bonaparte's correspondence a somewhat theatrical iteration of devotion to France and republican principles, but his first care was for his army and the success of his campaign. He behaved as any general solicitous for the strength of his positions on foreign soil would have done, his ruses taking the form of constantly repeating the political shibboleths then used in France. Soon afterward Naples made her peace; an insurrection in Corsica against English rule enabled France to seize that island

once more; and Genoa entered into a formal alliance with the Directory.

How important these circumstances were comparatively can only be understood by considering the fiascoes of the Directory elsewhere. No wonder they groveled before Bonaparte, while pocketing his millions and saving their face at home and abroad by reason of his victories, and his alone. They had two great schemes to annihilate British power: one, to invade Ireland, close all the North Sea ports to British commerce, and finally to descend on British shores with an irresistible host of the French democracy. Subsequent events of Napoleon's life must be judged in full view of the dead earnestness with which the Directory cherished this plan. But it was versatile likewise and had a second alternative, to foment rebellions in Persia, Turkey, and Egypt, overrun the latter country, and menace India. This second scheme influenced Bonaparte's career more deeply than the other, both were parts of traditional French policy and cherished by the French public as the great lines for expanding French renown and French influence. Both must be reckoned with by any suitor of France. For the Irish expedition Hoche was available; in his vain efforts for success he undermined his health and in his untimely death removed one possible rival of Bonaparte. The directors had Holland, but they could not win Prussia further than the stipulations made in 1795 at Basel, so their scheme of embargo rested in futile abeyance. They exhibited considerable activity in building a fleet, and the King of Spain, in spite of Godoy's opposition, accepted the title of a French admiral. By the treaty of San Ildefonso an offensive alliance against Great Britain was concluded, her commerce to be excluded from Portugal; Louisiana and Florida going to France. All the clauses except this

last were nugatory because of Spanish weakness, but Bonaparte put in the plea for compensation to the Spanish Bourbons by some grant of Italian territory to the house of Parma. As we have elsewhere indicated, their attack on Austria in central Europe was a failure, Jourdan having been soundly beaten at Wurzburg. There was no road open to Vienna except through Italy. Their negotiations with the papacy failed utterly; only a victorious warrior could overcome its powerful scruples, which in the aggregate prevented the hearty adhesion of French Roman Catholics to the republican system. Of necessity their conceptions of Italian destiny must yield to his, which were widely different from theirs.

Before such conditions other interests sink into atrophy; thenceforward, for example, there appears in Bonaparte's nature no trace of the Corsican patriot. The one faint spark of remaining interest seems to have been extinguished in an order that Pozzo di Borgo and his friends, if they had not escaped, should be brought to judgment. His other measures with reference to the once loved island were as calculating and dispassionate as any he took concerning the most indifferent principality of the mainland, and even extended to enunciating the principle that no Corsican should be employed in Corsica. It is a citizen not of Corsica, nor of France even, but of Europe, who on October second demands peace from the Emperor in a threat that if it is not yielded on favorable terms, Trieste and the Adriatic will be seized. At the same time the Directory received from him another reminder of its position, which likewise indicates an interesting development of his own policy. "Diminish the number of your enemies. The influence of Rome is incalculable; it was ill advised to break with that power; it gives the advantage to her.

If I had been consulted, I would have delayed the negotiations with Rome as with Genoa and Venice. Whenever your general in Italy is not the pivot of everything, you run great risks. This language will not be attributed to ambition; I have but too many honors, and my health is so broken that I believe I must ask you for a successor. I can no longer mount a horse; I have nothing left but courage, which is not enough in a post like this." Before this masked dictator were two tasks as difficult in their way as any even he would ever undertake, each calling for the exercise of faculties antipodal in quality, but quite as fine as any in the human mind. Mantua was yet to be captured, Rome and the Pope were to be handled so as to render the highest service to himself, to France, and to Europe. In both these labors he meant to be strengthened and yet unhampered. The habit of compliance was now strong upon the Directory, and they continued to yield as before.

CHAPTER XXXI

RIVOLI AND THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA

The Diplomatic Feint of Great Britain — Clarke and the Directory — Catherine the Great and Paul I — Austria's Strategic Plan — Renewal of Hostilities — The Austrians at Rivoli and Nogara — Bonaparte's Night March to Rivoli — Monte Baldo and the Berner Klause — The Battle of Rivoli — The Battle of La Favorita — Feats of the French Army — Bonaparte's Achievement — The Fall of Mantua

THE fifth division of the Italian campaign was the fourth attempt of Austria to retrieve her position in Italy, a position on which her rulers still believed that all her destinies hung. Her energy was now the wilfulness of despair. Events in Europe were shaping themselves without regard to her advantage. The momentary humiliation of France in Jourdan's defeat, the deplorable condition of British finances as shown by the fall of the three per cents to fifty-three, the unsettled and dangerous state of Ireland, with the menace of Hoche's invasion impending, these circumstances created in London a feeling that perhaps the time was propitious for negotiating with France, where too there was considerable agitation for peace. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1796, Lord Malmesbury was sent to Paris under rigid cautionary instructions. The envoy was cold and haughty; Delacroix, the French minister, was conceited and shallow. It soon appeared that what the agent had to offer was either so indefinite as to be meaningless, or so favorable to Great Britain as to be ridiculous in principle. The negotiations were merely diplomatic fencing.

To the Englishman the public law of Europe was still that of the peace of Utrecht, especially as to the Netherlands; to the Frenchman this was preposterous since the Low Countries were already in France by enactment and the rule of natural boundaries. About the middle of November, Malmesbury was informed that he must either speak to the point or leave. Of course the point was Belgium; if France would abandon her claim to Antwerp she could have compensation in Germany. There was some further futile talk about what both parties then as before, and thereafter to the end, considered the very nerve of their contention. Malmesbury went home toward the close of December, and soon after, Hoche's fleet was wrecked in the Channel. The result of the British mission was to clarify the issues, to consolidate British patriotism once more, to reopen the war on a definite basis. Hoche was assigned to the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, declaring he would first thunder at the gates of Vienna and then return through Ireland to London and command the peace of the world.

Meantime the Directory had noted the possibility of independent negotiation with Austria. It did not intend, complaisant as it had been hitherto, to leave Bonaparte unhampered in so momentous a transaction. On the contrary, it selected a pliable and obedient agent in the person of General Clarke, offspring of an Irish refugee family, either a mild republican or a constitutional monarchist according to circumstances, a lover of peace and order, a conciliatory spirit. To him was given the directors' confidential, elaborate, and elastic plan for territorial compensations as a basis for peace, the outcome of which in any case would leave Prussia preponderant in Germany. Liberal and well disposed to the Revolution as they believed, she could then be wooed into a firm alliance. In Italy, France was to maintain

her new authority and retain what she had conquered for her own good pleasure. Bonaparte intended to do as he found necessary in both these cases. After Arcola, Thugut, the Austrian minister, expressed a sense of the deepest humiliation that a youth commanding volunteers and rascals should work his will with the fine troops and skilled generals of the empire. But, undaunted, he applied to Russia for succor. Catherine had dallied with Jacobinism in order to occupy both Prussia and Austria while she consolidated and confirmed her strength in Poland and the Orient. This she had accomplished and was now ready to bridle the wild steed she had herself unloosed. Intervening at the auspicious hour, she could deliver Italy, take control of central Europe, subjugate the north, and sway the universe.

Accordingly she demanded from Pitt a subsidy of two and a half million dollars, and ordered Suvoroff with sixty thousand troops to the assistance of Austria. Just then, in September, 1796, Gustavus IV, of Sweden, was at St Petersburg for his betrothal with the Empress's granddaughter Alexandra. He required as a matter of course that she should adopt his faith. This was contemptuously refused and the preparations for the festival went forward to completion as if nothing had occurred. At the appointed hour for the ceremonial, the groom did not and would not appear. Consternation gave way to a sense of outrage, but the "Kinglet," as the great courtiers styled him, stood firm. The Empress was beside herself, her health gave way, and she died in less than two months, on November seventeenth. The dangerous imbecile, her son Paul I, reigned in her stead. Weird figure that he was, he at least renounced his mother's policy of conquest and countermanded her orders to Suvoroff, recalling him and his army. Austria was at bay, but she was undaunted.

Once more Alvinczy, despairing of success, but obedient to his orders, made ready to move down the Adige from Trent. Great zeal had been shown in Austria. The Vienna volunteer battalions abandoned the work of home protection for which they had enlisted, and, with a banner embroidered by the Empress's own hand, joined the active forces. The Tyrolese, in defiance of the atrocious proclamation in which Bonaparte, claiming to be their conqueror, had threatened death to any one taking up arms against France, flocked again to the support of their Emperor. By a recurrence to the old fatal plan, Alvinczy was to attack the main French army; his colleague Provera was to follow the Brenta into the lower reaches of the Adige, where he could effect a crossing, and relieve Mantua. He was likewise to deceive the enemy by making a parade of greater strength than he really had, and thus draw away Bonaparte's main army toward Legnago on the lower Adige. A messenger was despatched to Wurmser with letters over the Emperor's own signature, ordering him, if Provera should fail, to desert Mantua, retreat into the Romagna, and under his own command unite the garrison and the papal troops. This order never reached its destination, for its bearer was intercepted, and was compelled by the use of an emetic to render up the despatches which he had swallowed.

On January seventh, 1797, Bonaparte gave orders to strengthen the communications along his line, massing two thousand men at Bologna in order to repress certain hostile demonstrations lately made in behalf of the Pope. On the following day an Austrian division which had been lying at Padua made a short attack on Augereau's division, and on the ninth drove it into Porto Legnago, the extreme right of the French line. This could mean nothing else than a renewal of hostilities

by Austria, although it was impossible to tell where the main attack would be made. On the eleventh Bonaparte was at Bologna, concluding an advantageous treaty with Tuscany, in order to be ready for any event, he started the same evening, hastened across the Adige with his troops, and pressed on to Verona.

On the twelfth, at six in the morning, the enemy attacked Masséna's advance-guard at St Michel, a suburb of that city. They were repulsed with loss. Early on the same day Joubert, who had been stationed with a corps of observation farther up in the old and tried position at the foot of Monte Baldo, became aware of hostile movements, and occupied Rivoli. During the day the two Austrian columns tried to turn his position by seizing his outpost at Corona, but they were repulsed. On the thirteenth he became aware that the main body of the Austrians was before him, and that their intention was to surround him by the left. Accordingly he informed Bonaparte, abandoned Corona, and made ready to retreat from Rivoli. That evening Provera threw a pontoon bridge across the Adige at Anghiari, below Legnago, and crossed with a portion of his army. Next day he started for Mantua, but was so harassed by Guieu and Augereau that the move was ineffectual, and he got no farther than Nogara.

The heights of Rivoli command the movements of any force passing out of the Alps through the valley of the Adige. They are abrupt on all sides but one, where from the greatest elevation the chapel of St. Mark overlooked a winding road, steep, but available for cavalry and artillery. Rising from the general level of the tableland, this hillock is in itself a kind of natural citadel. Late on the thirteenth, Joubert, in reply to the message he had sent, received orders to fortify the plateau, and to hold it at all hazards: for Bonaparte now divined that

the main attack was to be made there in order to divert all opposition from Provera, and that if it were successful the two Austrian armies would meet at Mantua. By ten that evening the reports brought in from Joubert and by scouts left this conclusion no longer doubtful. That very night, therefore, being in perfect readiness for either event, Bonaparte moved toward Rivoli with a force numbering about twenty thousand. It was composed of every available French soldier between Desenzano and Verona, including Masséna's division.¹ By strenuous exertions they reached the heights of Rivoli about two in the morning of the fourteenth. Alvinczy, ignorant of what had happened, was waiting for daylight in order to carry out his original design of inclosing and capturing the comparatively small force of Joubert and the strong place which it had been set to hold, a spot long since recognized by Northern peoples as the key to the portal of Italy. Bonaparte, on his arrival, perceived in the moonlight five divisions encamped in a semicircle below; their bivouac fires made clear that they were separated from one another by considerable distances. He knew then that his instinct had been correct, that this was the main army, and that the decisive battle would be fought next day. The following hours were spent in disposing his forces to meet the attack in any form it might take. Not a man was wasted, but the region was occupied with pickets, outposts, and reserves so ingeniously stationed that the study of that field, and of Bonaparte's disposition of

¹ Somewhat under 40,000. Bonaparte guessed, and his guess was very shrewd, that all told he was then confronted by 45,000. The Austrians have never made the facts clear, though their initial strength is set at 28,000. I have

found no estimate of the reinforcements. In any case they lost 10,000 here, the whole of Provera's corps at La Favorita, and 18,000 were captured at Mantua; their fighting force in Italy was annihilated.

his forces, has become a classic example in military science.

The gorge by which the Adige breaks through the lowest foot-hills of the Alps to enter the lowlands has been famous since dim antiquity. The Romans considered it the entrance to Cimmeria; it was sung in German myths as the Berner Klause, the majestic gateway from their inclement clime into the land of the stranger, that warm, bright land for the luxurious and orderly life of which their hearts were ever yearning. Around its precipices and isolated, frowning bastions song and fable had clustered, and the effect of mystery was enhanced by the awful grandeur of the scene. Overlooking all stands Monte Baldo, frowning with its dark precipices on the cold summits of the German highland, smiling with its sunny slopes on the blue waters of Lake Garda and the fertile valley of the Po. In the change of strategy incident to the introduction of gunpowder the spot of greatest resistance was no longer in the gorge, but at its mouth, where Rivoli on one side, and Ceraino on the other, command respectively the gentle slopes which fall eastward and westward toward the plains. The Alps were indeed looking down on the "Little Corporal," who, having flanked their defenses at one end, was now about to force their center, and later to pass by their eastward end into the hereditary dominions of the German emperors on the Danube.

At early dawn began the conflict which was to settle the fate of Mantua. The first fierce contest was between the Austrian left and the French right at St. Mark; but it quickly spread along the whole line as far as Caprino. For some time the Austrians had the advantage, and the result was in suspense, since the French left, at Caprino, yielded for an instant before the onslaught of the main Austrian army made in ac-

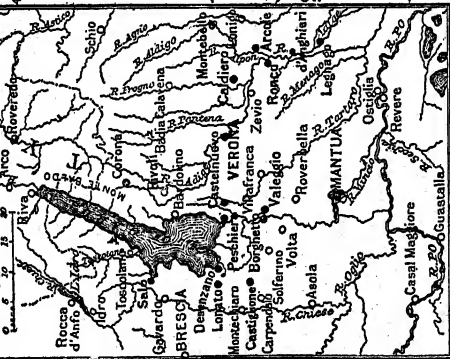
cordance with Alvinczy's first plan, and, as he supposed, upon an inferior force by one vastly superior in numbers. Berthier, who by his calm courage was fast rising high in his commander's favor, came to the rescue, and Masséna, following with a judgment which has inseparably linked his name with that famous spot, finally restored order to the French ranks. Every successive charge of the Austrians was repulsed with a violence which threw their right and center back toward Monte Baldo in ever growing confusion. The battle waged for nearly three hours before Alvinczy understood that it was not Joubert's division, but Bonaparte's army, which was before him. A fifth Austrian column then pressed forward from the bank of the Adige to scale the height of Rivoli, and Joubert, whose left at St. Mark was hard beset, could not check the movement. For an instant he left the road unprotected. The Austrians charged up the hill and seized the commanding position; but simultaneously there rushed from the opposite side three French battalions, clambering up to retrieve the loss. The nervous activity of the latter brought them quickly to the top, where at once they were reinforced by a portion of the cavalry reserve, and the storming columns were thrown back in disorder. At that instant appeared in Bonaparte's rear an Austrian corps which had been destined to take the French at Rivoli in their rear. Had it arrived sooner, the position would, as the French declared, have been lost to them. As it was, instead of making an attack, the Austrians had to await one. Bonaparte directed a falling artillery fire against them, and threw them back toward Lake Garda. He thus gained time to re-form his own ranks and enabled Masséna to hold in check still another of the Austrian columns, which was striving to outflank him on his left. Thereupon the French reserve under

Rey, coming in from the westward, cut the turning column entirely off, and compelled it to surrender. The rest of Alvinczy's force being already in full retreat, this ended the worst defeat and most complete rout which the Austrian arms had so far sustained. Such was the utter demoralization of the flying and disintegrated columns that a young French officer named René, who was in command of fifty men at a hamlet on Lake Garda, successfully imitated Bonaparte's ruse at Lonato, and displayed such an imposing confidence to a flying troop of fifteen hundred Austrians that they surrendered to what appeared to be a force superior to their own. Next morning at dawn, Murat, who had marched all night to gain the point, appeared on the slopes of Monte Baldo above Corona, and united with Joubert to drive the Austrians from their last foothold. The pursuit was continued as far as Trent. Thirteen thousand prisoners were captured in those two days.

While Murat was straining up the slopes of Monte Baldo, Bonaparte, giving no rest to the weary feet of Masséna's division, — the same men who two days before had marched by night from Verona, — was retracing his steps on that well-worn road past the city of Catullus and the Capulets onward toward Mantua. Provera had crossed the Adige at Anghiari with ten thousand men. Twice he had been attacked: once in the front by Guieu, once in the rear by Augereau. On both occasions his losses had been severe, but, nevertheless, on the same morning which saw Alvinczy's flight into the Tyrol, he finally appeared with six thousand men in the suburb of St. George, before Mantua. He succeeded in communicating with Wurmser, but was held in check by the blockading French army throughout the day and night until Bonaparte arrived with his reinforcements. Next morning there was a general

ENLARGED PLAN OF
LAKE OF GARDA
AND ADJACENT COUNTRY

Miles
0 5 10 15 20



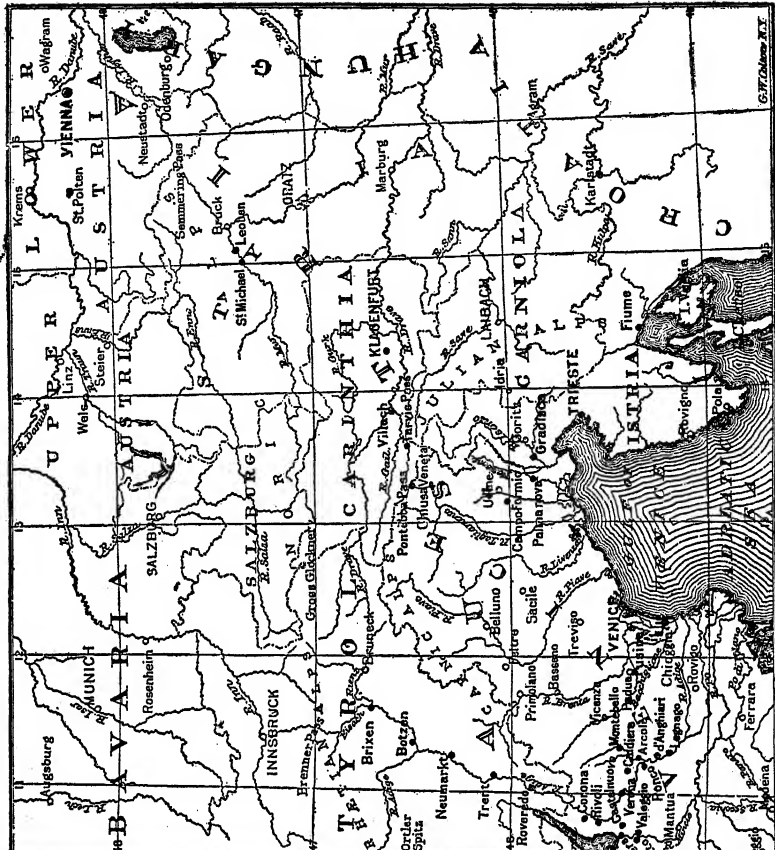
MAP

Illustrating the Campaign
PRECEDING THE

TREATY OF CAMPO-FORMIO

1797

Scale in Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50





engagement, Provera attacking in front, and Wurmser, by preconcerted arrangement, sallying out from behind at the head of a strong force. The latter was thrown back into the town by Sérurier, who commanded the besiegers, but only after a fierce and deadly conflict on the causeway. This was the road from Mantua to a country-seat of its dukes known as "La Favorita," and was chosen for the sortie as having an independent citadel. Victor, with some of the troops brought in from Rivoli, the "terrible fifty-seventh demi-brigade," as Bonaparte designated them, attacked Provera at the same time, and threw his ranks into such disorder that he was glad to surrender his entire force. This conflict of January sixteenth, before Mantua, is known as the battle of La Favorita, from the stand made by Sérurier on the road to that residence. Its results were six thousand prisoners, among them the Vienna volunteers with the Empress's banner, and many guns. In his fifty-fifth year this French soldier of fortune had finally reached the climax of his career. Having fought in the Seven Years' War, in Portugal and in Corsica, the Revolution gave him his opening. He assisted Schérer in the capture of the Maritime Alps, and fought with leonine power at Mondovi and these succeeding movements. While his fortunes were linked with Bonaparte's they mounted higher and higher. As governor of Venice he was so upright and incorruptible as to win the sobriquet "Virgin of Italy." The discouragement of defeat under Moreau in 1798 led him to retire into civil life, where he was a stanch Bonapartist and faithful official to the end of the Napoleonic epoch, when he rallied to the Bourbons.

Bonaparte estimated that so far in the Italian campaigns the army of the republic had fought within four days two pitched battles, and had besides been six times

engaged; that they had taken, all told, nearly twenty-five thousand prisoners, including a lieutenant-general, two generals, and fifteen colonels; had captured twenty standards, with sixty pieces of artillery, and had killed or wounded six thousand men.

This short campaign of Rivoli was the turning-point of the war, and may be said to have shaped the history of Europe for twenty years. Chroniclers dwell upon those few moments at St. Mark and the plateau of Rivoli, wondering what the result would have been if the Austrian corps which came to turn the rear of Rivoli had arrived five minutes sooner. But an accurate and dispassionate criticism must decide that every step in Bonaparte's success was won by careful forethought and by the most effective disposition of the forces at his command. So sure was he of success that even in the crises when Masséna seemed to save the day on the left, and when the Austrians seemed destined to wrest victory from defeat on the right, he was self-reliant and cheerful. The new system of field operations had a triumphant vindication at the hands of its author. The conquering general meted out unstinted praise to his invincible squadrons and their leaders, but said nothing of himself, leaving the world to judge whether this were man or demon who, still a youth, and within a public career of but one season, had humiliated the proudest empire on the Continent, had subdued Italy, and on her soil had erected states unknown before, without the consent of any great power, not excepting France. It is not wonderful that this personage should sometimes have said of himself, "Say that my life began at Rivoli," as at other times he dated his military career from Toulon.

Wurmser's retreat to Mantua in September had been successful because of the strong cavalry force which

accompanied it. He had been able to hold out for four months only by means of the flesh of their horses, five thousand in number, which had been killed and salted to increase the garrison stores. Even this resource was now exhausted, and after a few days of delay the gallant old man sent a messenger with the usual conventional declarations as to his ability for further resistance, in order, of course, to secure the most favorable terms of surrender. There is a fine anecdote in connection with the arrival of this messenger at the French headquarters, which, though perhaps not literally, is probably ideally, true. When the Austrian envoy entered Sérurier's presence, another person wrapped in a cloak was sitting at a table apparently engaged in writing. After the envoy had finished the usual enumeration of the elements of strength still remaining to his commander, the unknown man came forward, and, holding a written sheet in his hand, said: "Here are my conditions. If Wurmser really had provisions for twenty-five days, and spoke of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. But I respect the age, the gallantry, and the misfortunes of the marshal; and whether he opens his gates to-morrow, or whether he waits fifteen days, a month, or three months, he shall still have the same conditions; he may wait until his last morsel of bread has been eaten." The messenger was a clever man who afterward rendered his own name, that of Klenau, illustrious. He recognized Bonaparte, and, glancing at the terms, found them so generous that he at once admitted the desperate straits of the garrison. This is substantially the account of Napoleon's memoirs. In a contemporary despatch to the Directory there is nothing of it, for he never indulged in such details to them; but he does say in two other despatches what at first blush militates against its literal truth. On February first,

writing from Bologna, he declared that he would withdraw his conditions unless Wurmser acceded before the third: yet, in a letter of that very date, he indulges in a long and high-minded eulogium of the aged field-marshal, and declares his wish to show true French generosity to such a foe. The simple explanation is that, having sent the terms, Bonaparte immediately withdrew from Mantua to leave Sérurier in command at the surrender, a glory he had so well deserved, and then returned to Bologna to begin his final preparations against Rome. In the interval Wurmser made a proposition even more favorable to himself. Bonaparte petulantly rejected it, but with the return of his generous feeling he determined that at least he would not withdraw his first offer. Captious critics are never content, and they even charge that when, on the tenth, Wurmser and his garrison finally did march out, Bonaparte's absence was a breach of courtesy. It requires no great ardor in his defense to assert, on the contrary, that in circumstances so unprecedented the disparity of age between the respective representatives of the old and the new military system would have made Bonaparte's presence another drop in the bitter cup of the former. The magnanimity of the young conqueror in connection with the fall of Mantua was genuine, and highly honorable to him. So at least thought Wurmser himself, who wrote a most kindly letter to Bonaparte, forewarning him that a plot had been formed in Bologna to poison him with that noted, but never seen, compound so famous in Italian history — *aqua tofana*.

CHAPTER XXXII

HUMILIATION OF THE PAPACY AND OF VENICE ¹

Rome Threatened — Pius VI Surrenders — The Peace of Tolentino — Bonaparte and the Papacy — Designs for the Orient — France Reassured — The Policy of Austria — The Archduke Charles — Bonaparte Hampered by the Directory — His Treatment of Venice — Condition of Venetia — The Commonwealth Warned.

BONAPARTE seems after Rivoli to have reached the conviction that a man who had brought such glory to the arms of France was at least as firm in the affections of her people as was the Directory, which had no hold on them whatever, except in its claim to represent the Revolution. Clarke had reached Milan on November twenty-ninth, 1796. Bonaparte read him like an open scroll, discovering instantly that this graceful courtier had been commissioned to keep the little general in his place as a subordinate, and use him to make peace at any price. Possessing the full confidence of Carnot and almost certainly of the entire Directory, the easily won diplomat revealed to his lean, long-haired, ill-clad, penetrating, and facile inquisitor the precious contents of the governmental mind. The religious revolution in France had utterly failed, riotous vice had spread consternation even in infidel minds, there was in the return a mighty flood tide of orthodoxy; if the political revolution was to be saved at all, it was

¹The authorities for the following three chapters are partly as before, but in particular the following Vivenot: Thugut, Clerfayt. Correspondance de Thugut avec Colloredo Hüffer. Oester-

at the price of peace, and peace very quickly. The Directory had had little right to its distinction as savior of the republic from the beginning, and even that was daily disputed by ever increasing numbers: the most visible and dazzling representative of the Revolution was now the Army of Italy. It was not for "those rascally lawyers," as Bonaparte afterward called the directors, that his great battle of Rivoli had been fought. With this fact in view, the short ensuing campaign against Pius VI, and its consequences, are easily understood. It was true, as the French general proclaimed, that Rome had kept the stipulations of the armistice neither in a pacific behavior nor in the payment of her indemnity, and was fomenting resistance to the French arms throughout the peninsula. To the Directory, which had desired the entire overthrow of the papacy, Bonaparte proposed that with this in view, Rome should be handed over to Spain. Behind these pretexts he gathered at Bologna an indifferent force of eleven thousand soldiers, composed, one half of his own men, the other half of Italians fired with revolutionary zeal, and of Poles, a people who, since the recent dismemberment

reich und Preussen, etc; Der Rastatter Congress Von Sybel Geschichte der Revolutions Zeit. Bailleu Preussen und Frankreich Sandoz-Rollin Amtliche Sammlung von Akten aus der Zeit der Helvetischen Republic. Sorel Bonaparte et Hoche, Bonaparte et le Directoire; also articles in the *Revue Historique*, 1885 Sciout Le Directoire, also article in *Revue des questions historiques*, 1886. Boulay de la Meurthe Quelques lettres de Marie Caroline; *Revue d'histoire diplomatique*, 1888. Barante. *Histoire du Direc-*

toire and Souvenirs McClellan. The Oligarchy of Venice Bonnal Chute d'une republique Seché: Les origines du Concordat. Dandolo La caduta della repubblica di Venetia. Romann Storia documentata di Venezia Sloane. The French Revolution and Religious Reform In general and further, the memoirs of Marmont, Chaptal, Landneux, Carnot, Larévellière-Lépeaux (probably not genuine), Mathieu Dumas, Thibaudeau, Miot de Melito, and the correspondence of Mallet du Pan.

of their country, were wooing France as a possible ally in its reconstruction. The main division marched against Ancona; a smaller one of two thousand men directed its course through Tuscany into the valley of the Tiber.

The position of the Pope was utterly desperate. The Spaniards had once been masters of Italy; they were now the natural allies of France against Austria, and Bonaparte's leniency to Parma and Naples had strengthened the bond. The reigning king at Naples, Ferdinand IV of the Two Sicilies, was one of the Spanish Bourbons; but his very able and masterful wife was the daughter of Maria Theresa. His position was therefore peculiar: if he had dared, he would have sent an army to the Pope's support, for thus far his consort had shaped his policy in the interest of Austria; but knowing full well that defeat would mean the limitation of his domain to the island of Sicily, he preferred to remain neutral, and pick up what crumbs he could get from Bonaparte's table. For this there were excellent reasons. The English fleet had been more or less unfortunate since the spring of 1796: Bonaparte's victories, being supplemented by the activity of the French cruisers, had made it difficult for it to remain in the Mediterranean; Corsica was abandoned in September; and in October the squadron of Admiral Mann was literally chased into the Atlantic by the Spaniards. Ferdinand, therefore, could expect no help from the British. As to the papal mercenaries, they had long been the laughing-stock of Europe. They did not now belie their character. Not a single serious engagement was fought; at Ancona and Loretto twelve hundred prisoners, with a treasure valued at seven million francs, were taken without a blow; and on February nineteenth Bonaparte dictated the terms of peace at Tolentino.

The terms were not such as either the Pope or the Directory expected. Far from it. To be sure, there was, over and above the first ransom, a new money indemnity of three million dollars, making, when added to what had been exacted in the previous summer, a total of more than seven. Further stipulations were the surrender of the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, together with the Romagna, consent to the incorporation into France of Avignon and the Venaissin, the two papal possessions in the Rhone valley which had already been annexed; and the temporary delivery of Ancona as a pledge for the fulfilment of these engagements; further still, the dispersion of the papal army, with satisfaction for the killing in a street row of Basseville, the French plenipotentiary. This, however, was far short of the annihilation of the papacy as a temporal power. More than that, the vital question of ecclesiastical authority was not mentioned except to guarantee it in the surrendered legations. To the Directory Bonaparte explained that with such mutilations the Roman edifice would fall of its own weight; and yet he gave his powerful protection to the French priests who had refused the oaths to the civil constitution required by the republic, and who, having renounced their allegiance, had found an asylum in the Papal States. This latter step was taken in the rôle of humanitarian. In reality, this first open and radical departure from the policy of the Directory assured to Bonaparte the most unbounded personal popularity with faithful Roman Catholics everywhere, and was a step preliminary to his further alliance with the papacy. The unthinking masses began to compare the captivity of the Roman Church in France, which was the work of her government, with the widely different fate of her faithful adherents at Rome under the humane control of Bonaparte.

Moreover, it was the French citizen collectors, and not the army, who continued to scour every town for art plunder. It was believed that Italy had finally given up "all that was curious and valuable except some few objects at Turin and Naples," including the famous wonder-working image of the Lady of Loretto. The words quoted were used by Bonaparte in a despatch to the Directory, which inclosed a curious document of very different character. Such had been the gratitude of Pius for his preservation that he despatched a legate with his apostolic blessing for the "dear son" who had snatched the papal power from the very jaws of destruction. "Dear son" was merely a formal phrase, and a gracious answer was returned from the French headquarters. This equally formal letter of Bonaparte's was forwarded to Paris, where, as he knew would be the case, it was regarded as a good joke by the Directory, who were supposed to consider their general's diplomacy as altogether patriotic. But, as no doubt the writer foresaw, it had an altogether different effect on the public. From that instant every pious Roman Catholic, not only in France, but throughout Europe, whatever his attitude toward the Directory, was either an avowed ally of Bonaparte or at least willing to await events in a neutral spirit. As for the papacy, henceforward it was a tool in the conqueror's hand: he was determined to use it as an indispensable bulwark for public decency and political stability. One of the cardinals gave the gracious preserver of his order a bust of Alexander the Great: it was a common piece of flattery after the peace to say that Bonaparte was, like Alexander, a Greek in stature, and, like Cæsar, a Roman in power.

While at Ancona, Bonaparte had a temporary relapse into his yearning for Oriental power. He wrote describing the harbor as the only good one on the Adriatic

south of Venice, and explaining how invaluable it was for the influence of France on Turkey, since it controlled communication with Constantinople, and Macedonia was but twenty-four hours distant. With this despatch he inclosed letters from the Czar to the Grand Master of Malta which had been seized on the person of a courier. It was by an easy association of ideas that not long afterward Bonaparte began to make suggestions for the seizure of Malta and for a descent into Egypt. These, as elsewhere explained, were old schemes of French foreign policy, and by no means original with him; but having long been kept in the background, they were easily recalled, the more so because in a short time both the new dictator and the Directory seemed to find in them a remedy for their strained relations.

When the news of Rivoli reached Paris on January twenty-fifth, 1797, the city went into a delirium of joy. To Clarke were sent that very day instructions suggesting concessions to Austria for the sake of peace, but enjoining him to consult Bonaparte at every step! To the conqueror direct, only two days later, was recommended in explicit terms the overthrow of Romanism in religion, "the most dangerous obstacle to the establishment of the French constitution." This was a new tone and the general might assume that his treaty of Tolentino would be ratified. Further, he was assured that whatever terms of peace he might dictate to Austria under the walls of Vienna, whether distasteful to the Directory or not, were sure of being accepted by the French nation.

Meantime the foreign affairs of Austria had fallen into a most precarious condition. Not only had the departure of the English fleet from the Mediterranean furthered Bonaparte's success in Italy, but Russia had given notice of an altered policy. If the modern state system of Europe had rested on any one doctrine more

firmly than on another, it was on the theory of territorial boundaries, and the inviolability of national existence. Yet, in defiance of all right and all international law, Prussia, Russia, and Austria had in 1772 swooped down like vultures on Poland, and parted large portions of her still living body among themselves. The operation was so much to their liking that it had been repeated in 1792, and completed in 1795. The last division had been made with the understanding that, in return for the lion's share which she received, Russia would give active assistance to Austria in her designs on northern Italy. Not content with the Milanese and a protectorate over Modena, Francis had already cast his eyes on the Venetian mainland. But when on November seventeenth, 1796, the great Catherine had died, and her successor, Paul, had refused to be bound by his mother's engagements, all hope of further aid vanishing, the empire, defeated at Rivoli, was in more cruel straits than ever. Prussia was consolidating herself into a great power likely in the end to destroy Austrian influence in the Germanic Diet, which controlled the affairs of the empire. Both in Italy and in Germany her rival's fortunes were in the last degree of jeopardy. Thugut might well exclaim that Catherine's death was the climax of Austria's misfortunes.

The hour was dark indeed for Austria; and in the crisis Thugut, the able and courageous minister of the Emperor, made up his mind at last to throw, not some or the most, but all his master's military strength into Italy. The youthful Archduke Charles, who had won great glory as the conqueror of Jourdan, was accordingly summoned from Germany with the strength of his army to break through the Tyrol, and prevent the French from taking the now open road to Vienna. This brother of the Emperor, though but twenty-five years old, was

in his day second only to Bonaparte as a general. The splendid persistence with which Austria raised one great army after another to oppose France was worthy of her traditions. Even when these armies were commanded by veterans of the old school, they were terrible: it seemed to the cabinet at Vienna that if Charles were left to lead them in accordance with his own designs they would surely be victorious. Had he and his Army of the Rhine been in Italy from the outset, they thought, the result might have been different. Perhaps they were right; but his tardy arrival at the eleventh hour was destined to avail nothing. The Aulic Council ordered him into Friuli, a district of the Italian Alps on the borders of Venice, where another army — the sixth within a year — was to assemble for the protection of the Austrian frontier and await the arrival of the veterans from Germany. This force, unlike the other five, was composed of heterogeneous elements, and, until further strengthened, inferior in numbers to the French, who had finally been reinforced by fifteen thousand men, under Bernadotte, from the Army of the Sambre and Meuse.

When Bonaparte started from Mantua for the Alps, his position was the strongest he had so far secured. The Directory had until then shown their uneasy jealousy of him by refusing the reinforcements which he was constantly demanding. It had become evident that the approaching elections would result in destroying their ascendancy in the Five Hundred, and that more than ever they must depend for support on the army. Accordingly they had swallowed their pride, and made Bonaparte strong. This change in the policy of the government likewise affected the south and east of France most favorably for his purposes. The personal pique of the generals commanding in those districts

had subjected him to many inconveniences as to communications with Paris, as well as in the passage of troops, stores, and the like. They now recognized that in the approaching political crisis the fate of the republic would hang on the army, and for that reason they must needs be complaisant with its foremost figure, whose exploits had dimmed even those of Hoche in the Netherlands and western France. Italy was altogether subdued, and there was not a hostile power in the rear of the great conqueror. Among many of the conquered his name was even beloved: for the people of Milan his life and surroundings had the same interest as if he were their own sovereign prince. In front, however, the case was different, for the position of the Archduke Charles left the territory of Venice directly between the hostile armies in such a way as apparently to force Bonaparte into adopting a definite policy for the treatment of that power.

For the moment, however, there was no declaration of his decision by the French commander-in-chief; not even a formal proposal to treat with the Venetian oligarchy, which, to all outward appearance, had remained as haughty as ever, as dark and inscrutable in its dealings, as doubtful in the matter of good faith. And yet a method in Bonaparte's dealing with it was soon apparent, which, though unlike any he had used toward other Italian powers, was perfectly adapted to the ends he had in view. He had already violated Venetian neutrality, and intended to disregard it entirely. As a foretaste of what that republic might expect, French soldiers were let loose to pillage her towns until the inhabitants were so exasperated that they retaliated by killing a few of their spoilers. Then began a persistent and exasperating process of charges and complaints and admonitions, until the origins of the

respective offenses were forgotten in the intervening recriminations. Then, as a warning to all who sought to endanger the "friendly relations" between the countries, a troop of French soldiers would be thrown here into one town, there into another. This process went on without an interval, and with merciless vigor, until the Venetian officials were literally distracted. Remonstrance was in vain: Bonaparte laughed at forms. Finally, when protest had proved unavailing, the harried oligarchy began at last to arm, and it was not long before forty thousand men, mostly Slavonic mercenaries, were enlisted under its banner. With his usual conciliatory blandness, Bonaparte next proposed to the senate a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive.

This was not a mere diplomatic move. Certain considerations might well incline the oligarchy to accept the plan. There was no love lost between the towns of the Venetian mainland and the city itself; for the aristocracy of the latter would write no names in its Golden Book except those of its own houses. The revolutionary movement had, moreover, already so heightened the discontent which had spread eastward from the Milanese, and was now prevalent in Brescia, Bergamo, and Peschiera, that these cities really favored Bonaparte, and longed to separate from Venice. Further than this, the Venetian senate had early in January been informed by its agents in Paris of a rumor that at the conclusion of peace Austria would indemnify herself with Venetian territory for the loss of the Milanese. The disquiet of the outlying cities on the borders of Lombardy was due to a desire for union with the Transpadane Republic. They little knew for what a different fate Bonaparte destined them. He was really holding that portion of the mainland in which they were situated as an indemnity for Austria. Venice was almost sure

to lose them in any case, and he felt that if she refused the French alliance he could then, with less show of injustice, tender them and their territories to Francis, in exchange for Belgium. He offered, however, if the republic should accept his proposition, to assure the loyalty of its cities, provided only the Venetians would inscribe the chief families of the mainland in the Golden Book.

But in spite of such a suggestive warning, the senate of the commonwealth adhered to its policy of perfect neutrality. Bonaparte consented to this decision, but ordered it to disarm, agreeing in that event to control the liberals on the mainland, and to guarantee the Venetian territories, leaving behind troops enough both to secure those ends and to guard his own communications. If these should be tampered with, he warned the senate that the knell of Venetian independence would toll forthwith. No one can tell what would have been in store for the proud city if she had chosen the alternative, not of neutrality, but of an alliance with France. Bonaparte always made his plan in two ways, and it is probable that her ultimate fate would have been identical in either case.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE — LEOBEN

Austrian Plans for the Last Italian Campaign — The Battle on the Tagliamento — Retreat of the Archduke Charles — Bonaparte's Proclamation to the Carinthians — Joubert Withdraws from the Tyrol — Bonaparte's "Philosophical" Letter — His Situation at Leoben — The Negotiations for Peace — Character of the Treaty — Bonaparte's Rude Diplomacy — French Successes on the Rhine — Plots of the Directory — The Uprising of Venetia — War with Venice.

THE Aulic Council at Vienna prepared for the Archduke Charles a modification of the same old plan, only this time the approach was down the Piave and the Tagliamento, rivers which rise among the grotesque Dolomites and in the Carnic Alps. They flow south like the Adige and the Brenta, but their valleys are wider where they open into the lowlands, and easier of access. The auxiliary force, under Lusignan, was now to the westward on the Piave, while the main force, under Charles, was waiting for reinforcements in the broad intervals on the upper reaches of the Tagliamento, through which ran the direct road to Vienna. This time the order of attack was exactly reversed, because Bonaparte, with his strengthened army of about seventy-five thousand men, resolved to take the offensive before the expected levies from the Austrian army of the Rhine should reach the camp of his foe. The campaign was not long, for there was no resistance from the inhabitants, as there would have been in the German Alps, among the Tyrolese, Bonaparte's embittered enemies;

and the united force of Austria was far inferior to that of France. Joubert, with eighteen thousand men, was left to repress the Tyrol. Though only twenty-eight years old, he had risen from a volunteer in the files through every rank and was now division general. He had gained renown on the Rhine and found the climax of his fame in this expedition, which he so brilliantly conducted that at the close of the campaign he was chosen to carry the captured standards to Paris. He was acclaimed as a coming man. But thereafter his achievements were mediocre and he fell mortally wounded on August fifteenth, 1799, at the battle of Novi while rallying an army destined to defeat. Two small forces under Kilmaine and Victor associated with Lannes were detailed to watch Venice and Rome respectively; but the general good order of Italy was intrusted to the native legions which Bonaparte had organized. Fate had little more in store for Kilmaine, the gallant Irish cavalryman, who was among the foremost generals of his army. Already a veteran forty-six years old, as veterans were then reckoned, he had fought in America and on the Rhine and had filled the cup of his glory at Peschiera, Castiglione, and Mantua. He was yet to be governor of Lombardy and end his career by mortal disease when in chief command of the "Army of England." Victor, wounded at Toulon, general of brigade in the Pyrenees, a subordinate officer to the unsuccessful Schérer in Italy, quickly rose under Bonaparte to be division general. Of lowly birth, he had scarcely reached his thirty-fourth year when on this occasion he exhibited both military and diplomatic talent of a high order. Throughout the consulate and empire he held one important office after another, so successfully that he commended himself even to the Bourbons, and died in 1841, full of years and honors. Lannes was now twenty-eight. The child of

poor parents, he began life as a dyer's apprentice, enlisted when twenty-three and was a colonel within two years, so astounding were his courage and natural gifts. Detailed to serve under Bonaparte, the two became bosom friends. A plain, blunt man, Lannes was as fierce as a war dog and as faithful. Throughout the following years he followed Bonaparte in all his enterprises, and Napoleon on the Marchfeld, in 1809, wept bitterly when his faithful monitor was shot to pieces.

Masséna advanced up the Piave against Lusignan, captured his rear-guard, and drove him away northward beyond Belluno, while the Archduke, thus separated from his right, withdrew to guard the road into Carniola. Bonaparte, with his old celerity, reached the banks of the Tagliamento opposite the Austrian position on March sixteenth, long before he was expected. His troops had marched all night, but almost immediately they made a feint as if to force a crossing in the face of their enemy. The Austrians on the left bank awaited the onset in perfect order, and in dispositions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry admirably adapted to the ground. It seemed as if the first meeting of the two young generals would fall out to the advantage of Charles. But he was neither as wily nor as indefatigable as his enemy. The French drew back, apparently exhausted, and bivouacked as if for the night. The Austrians, expecting nothing further that day, and standing on the defensive, followed the example of their opponents. Two hours elapsed, when suddenly the whole French army rose like one man, and, falling into line without an instant's delay, rushed for the stream, which at that spot was swift but fordable, flowing between wide, low banks of gravel. The surprise was complete; the stream was crossed, and the Austrians had barely time to form when the French were upon them. They fought with gal-

lantry for three hours until their flank was turned. They then drew off in an orderly retreat, abandoning many guns and losing some prisoners.

Masséna, waiting behind the intervening ridge for the signal, advanced at the first sound of cannon into the upper valley of the same stream, crossed it, and beset the passes of the Italian Alps, by which communication with the Austrian capital was quickest. Charles had nothing left, therefore, but to withdraw due eastward across the great divide of the Alps, where they bow toward the Adriatic, and pass into the valley of the Isonzo, behind that full and rushing stream, which he fondly hoped would stop the French pursuit. The frost, however, had bridged it in several places, and these were quickly found. Bernadotte and Sérurier stormed the fortress of Gradisca, and captured two thousand five hundred men, while Masséna seized the fort at the Chiusa Veneta, and, scattering a whole division of flying Austrians, captured five thousand with their stores and equipments. He then attacked and routed the enemy's guard on the Pontebba pass, occupied Tarvis, and thus cut off their communication with the Puster valley, by which the Austrian detachment from the Rhine was to arrive. It was in this campaign that Bernadotte laid the foundation of his future greatness. He was the son of a lawyer in Pau, where he was born in 1764. Enlisting as a common soldier, he was wounded in Corsica, became chief of battalion under Custine, general of brigade under Kléber, and commanded a division at Fleurus. The previous year he had shared the defeat of Jourdan on the Rhine, but under Bonaparte he became a famous participant in victory. A Jacobin democrat, he was later entrusted by the Directory with important missions, but in these he had little success. It was as a

soldier that he rose in the coming years to heights which in his own mind awakened a rivalry with Napoleon; ambitious for the highest rank, he made a great match with the sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, and so managed his affairs that, as is well known, he ended on the throne of Sweden and founded the reigning house of that kingdom.

Bonaparte wooed the stupefied Carinthians with his softly worded proclamations, and his advancing columns were unharassed by the peasantry while he pushed farther on, capturing Klagenfurt, and seizing both Triest and Fiume, the only harbors on the Austrian shore. He then returned with the main body of his troops, and, crossing the pass of Tarvis, entered Germany at Villach. "We are come," he said to the inhabitants, "not as enemies, but as friends, to end a terrible war imposed by England on a ministry bought with her gold." And the populace, listening to his siren voice, believed him. All this was accomplished before the end of March; and Charles, his army reduced to less than three fourths, was resting northward on the road to Vienna, beyond the river Mur, exhausted, and expecting daily that he would be compelled to a further retreat.

Joubert had not been so successful. According to instructions, he had pushed up the Adige as far as Brixen, into the heart of the hostile Tyrol. The Austrians had again called the mountaineers to arms, and a considerable force under Laudon was gathered to resist the invaders. It had been a general but most indefinite understanding between Bonaparte and the Directory that Moreau was again to cross the Rhine and advance once more, this time for a junction with Joubert to march against Vienna. But the directors, in an access of suspicion, had broken their word, and,

pleading their penury, had not taken a step toward fitting out the Army of the North. Moreau was therefore not within reach; he had not even crossed the Rhine. Consequently Joubert was in straits, for the whole country had now risen against him. It was with difficulty that he had advanced, and with serious loss that he fought one terrible battle after another; finally, however, he forced his way into the valley of the Drave, and marched down that river to join Bonaparte. This was regarded by Bonaparte as a remarkable feat, but by the Austrians as a virtual repulse, both the Tyrol and Venice were jubilant, and the effects spread as far eastward as the Austrian provinces of the Adriatic. Triest and Fiume had not been garrisoned, and the Austrians occupied them once more, the Venetian senate organized a secret insurrection, which broke out simultaneously in many places, and was suppressed only after many of the French, some of them invalids in the hospitals, had been murdered.

On March thirty-first, Bonaparte, having received definite and official information that he could expect no immediate support from the Army of the Rhine, addressed from Klagenfurt to the Archduke what he called a "philosophical" letter, calling attention to the fact that it was England which had embroiled France and Austria, powers which had really no grievance one against the other. Would a prince, so far removed by lofty birth from the petty weaknesses of ministers and governments, not intervene as the savior of Germany to end the miseries of a useless war? "As far as I myself am concerned, if the communication I have the honor to be making should save the life of a single man, I should be prouder of that civic crown than of the sad renown which results from military success." At the same time Masséna was pressing forward into the valley

of the Mur, across the passes of Neumarkt; and before the end of the week his seizure of St. Michael and Leoben had cut off the last hope of a junction between the forces of Charles and his expected reinforcements from the Rhine. Austria was carrying on her preparations of war with the same proud determination she had always shown, and Charles continued his disastrous hostilities with Masséna. But when Thugut received the "philosophical" letter from Bonaparte, which Charles had promptly forwarded to Vienna, the imperial cabinet did not hesitate, and plenipotentiaries were soon on their way to Leoben.

The situation of Bonaparte at Leoben was by no means what the position of the French forces within ninety miles of Vienna would seem to indicate. The revolutionary movement in Venetia, silently but effectually fostered by the French garrisons, had been successful in Bergamo, Brescia, and Salò. The senate, in despair, sent envoys to Bonaparte at Goritz. His reply was conciliatory, but he declared that he would do nothing unless the city of Venice should make the long-desired concession about inscriptions in the Golden Book. At the same time he demanded a monthly payment of a million francs in lieu of all requisitions on its territory. At Paris the Venetian ambassador had no better success, and with the news of Joubert's withdrawal from the Tyrol a terrible insurrection broke out, which sacrificed many French lives at Verona and elsewhere. Bonaparte's suggestions for the preliminaries of peace with Austria had been drawn up before the news of that event reached him: but with the Tyrol and Venice all aflame in his rear, and threatening his connections; with no prospect of assistance from Moreau in enforcing his demands; and with a growing hostility showing itself among the populations of the hereditary

states of Austria into which he had penetrated, it was not wonderful that his original design was confirmed "At Leoben," he once said, in a gambler's metaphor, "I was playing twenty-one, and I had only twenty."

When, therefore, Merveldt and Gallo, the duly accredited plenipotentiaries of Austria, and General Bonaparte, representing the French republic, but with no formal powers from its government, met in the castle of Goss at Leoben, they all knew that the situation of the French was very precarious indeed, and that the terms to be made could not be those dictated by a triumphant conqueror in the full tide of victory. Neither party had any scruples about violating the public law of Europe by the destruction of another nationality, but they needed some pretext. While they were in the opening stages of negotiation the pretext came; for on April ninth Bonaparte received news of the murders to which reference has been made, and of an engagement at Salo, provoked by the French, in which the Bergamask mountaineers had captured three hundred of the garrison, mostly Poles. This affair was only a little more serious than numerous other conflicts incident to partisan warfare which were daily occurring; but it was enough. With a feigned fury the French general addressed the Venetian senate as if their land were utterly irreconcilable, and demanded from them impossible acts of reparation. Junot was despatched to Venice with the message, and delivered it from the floor of the senate on April fifteenth, the very day on which his chief was concluding negotiations for the delivery of the Venetian mainland to Austria.

So strong had the peace party in Vienna become, and such was the terror of its inhabitants at seeing the court hide its treasures and prepare to fly into Hungary, that the plenipotentiaries could only accept the offer of

Bonaparte, which they did with ill-concealed delight. There was but one point of difference, the grand duchy of Modena, which Francis for the honor of his house was determined to keep, if possible. With Tuscany, Modena, and the Venetian mainland all in their hands, the Austrian authorities felt that time would surely restore to them the lost Milanese. But Bonaparte was obdurate. On the eighteenth the preliminaries were closed and adopted. The Austrians solemnly declared at the time that, when the papers were to be exchanged formally, Bonaparte presented a copy which purported to be a counterpart of what had been mutually arranged. Essential differences were, however, almost immediately marked by the recipients, and when they announced their discovery with violent clamor, the cool, sarcastic general produced without remark another copy, which was found to be a correct reproduction of the preliminary terms agreed upon. This coarse and silly ruse seems to have been a favorite device, for it was tried later in another conspicuous instance, the negotiation of the Concordat. According to the authentic articles, France was to have Belgium, with the "limits of France" as decreed by the laws of the republic, a purposely ambiguous expression. In this preliminary outline the Rhine boundary was not mentioned. The territory of the Empire was also guaranteed. These flat contradictions indicate something like panic on both sides, and duplicity at least on one and probably on both, for Thugut's correspondence indicates his firm purpose to despoil and destroy Venice. In any case Austria obtained the longed-for mainland of Venice as far as the river Oglio, together with Istria and Dalmatia, the Venetian dependencies beyond the Adriatic, while Venice herself was to be nominally indemnified by the receipt of the three papal legations, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna,

which had just been erected into the Transpadane Republic! Modena was to be united with Mantua, Reggio, and the Milanese into a great central republic, which would always be dependent on France, and was to be connected with her territory by way of Genoa. Some of the articles were secret, and all were subject to immaterial changes in the final negotiations for definitive peace, which were to be carried on later at Bern, chosen for the purpose as being a neutral city

Bonaparte explained, in a letter to the Directory, that whatever occurred, the Papal States could never become an integral part of Venice, and would always be under French influences. His sincerity was no greater, as the event showed, concerning the very existence of Venice herself. The terms he had made were considered at Vienna most favorable, and there was great rejoicing in that capital. But it was significant that in the routine negotiations the old-school diplomatists had been sadly shocked by the behavior of their military antagonist, who, though a mere tyro in their art, was very hard to deal with. At the outset, for instance, they had proposed to incorporate, as the first article in the preliminaries, that for which the Directory had long been negotiating with Austria, a recognition of the French republic. "Strike that out," said Bonaparte. "The Republic is like the sun on the horizon—all the worse for him who will not see it." This was but a foretaste of ruder dealings which followed, and of still more violent breaches with tradition in the long negotiations which were to ensue over the definitive treaty.

The very day on which the signatures were affixed at Leoben, the Austrian arms were humbled by Hoche on the Rhine. Moreau had not been able to move for lack of a paltry sum which he was begging for, but could not obtain, from the Directory. Hoche, chafing at

similar delays, and anxious to atone for Jourdan's failure of the previous year, finally set forth, and, crossing at Neuwied, advanced to Heddersdorf, where he attacked the Austrians, who had been weakened to strengthen the Archduke Charles. They were routed with a loss of six thousand prisoners. Another considerable force was nearly surrounded when a sudden stop was put to Hoche's career by the arrival of a courier from Leoben. Though, soon after, the ministry of war was offered to him, he declined. It was apparently prescience of the fact that the greatest laurels were still to be won which led him to refuse, and return to his headquarters at Wetzlar. There a mysterious malady, still attributed by many to poison, ended his brief and glorious career on September eighteenth, 1797. His laurels were such as adorn only a character full of promise, serene and generous alike in success and defeat. In the Black Forest, Desaix, having crossed the Rhine with Moreau's army below Strasburg, was likewise driving the Austrians before him. He too was similarly checked, and these brilliant achievements came all too late. No advantage was gained by them in the terms of peace, and the glory of humiliating Austria remained to Bonaparte. Desaix was an Auvergnat, an aristocrat of famous pedigree, carefully trained as a cadet to the military career. He was now twenty-nine, having served on the Rhine as Victor's adjutant, as general of brigade in the Army of the Moselle, and as general of division under Jourdan and Moreau. Transferred to Italy, he became the confidential friend and staunch supporter of Bonaparte. His manner was winning, his courage contagious, his liberal principles unquestioned. No finer figure appears on the battle-fields of the Directory and Consulate.

Throughout all France there was considerable dis-

satisfaction with Bonaparte's moderation, and a feeling among extreme republicans, especially in the Directory, that he should have destroyed the Austrian monarchy. Larévellière and Rewbell were altogether of this opinion, and the corrupt Barras to a certain extent, for he had taken a bribe of six hundred thousand francs from the Venetian ambassador at Paris, to compel the repression by Bonaparte of the rebels on the mainland. The correspondence of various emissaries connected with this affair fell into the general's hands at Milan, and put the Directory more completely at his mercy than ever. On April nineteenth, however, he wrote as if in reply to such strictures as might be made: "If at the beginning of the campaign I had persisted in going to Turin, I never should have passed the Po, if I had persisted in going to Rome, I should have lost Milan, if I had persisted in going to Vienna, perhaps I should have overthrown the Republic." He well understood that fear would yield what despair might refuse. It was a matter of course that when the terms of Leoben reached Paris the Directory ratified them: even though they had been irregularly negotiated by an unauthorized agent, they separated England from Austria, and crushed the coalition. One thing, however, the directors notified Bonaparte he must not do; that was, to interfere further in the affairs of Venice. This order reached him on May eighth; but just a week before, Venice, as an independent state, had ceased to exist.

Accident and crafty prearrangement had combined to bring the affairs of that ancient commonwealth to such a crisis. The general insurrection and the fight at Salò had given a pretext for disposing of the Venetian mainland; soon after, the inevitable results of French occupation afforded the opportunity for destroying the oligarchy altogether. The evacuation of

Verona by the garrison of its former masters had been ordered as a part of the general disarmament of Italy. The Veronese were intensely, fiercely indignant on learning that they were to be transferred to a hated allegiance; and on April seventeenth, when a party appeared to reinforce the French troops already there, the citizens rose in a frenzy of indignation, and drove the hated invaders into the citadel. During the following days, three hundred of the French civilians in the town, all who had not been able to find refuge, were massacred; old and young, sick and well. At the same time a detachment of Austrians under Laudon came in from the Tyrol to join Fioravente, the Venetian general, and his Slavs. This of course increased the tumult, for the French began to bombard the city from the citadel. For a moment the combined besiegers, exaggerating the accounts of Joubert's withdrawal and of Moreau's failure to advance, hoped for ultimate success, and the overthrow of the French. But rumors from Leoben caused the Austrians to withdraw up the Adige, and a Lombard regiment came to the assistance of the French. The Venetian forces were captured, and the city was disarmed; so also were Peschiera, Castelnovo, and many others which had made no resistance.

Two days after this furious outbreak of Veronese resentment, — an event which is known to the French as the Veronese Passover, — occurred another, of vastly less importance in itself, but having perhaps even more value as cumulative evidence that the wound already inflicted by Bonaparte on the Venetian state was mortal. A French vessel, flying before two Austrian cruisers, appeared off the Lido, and anchored under the arsenal. It was contrary to immemorial custom for an armed vessel to enter the harbor of Venice, and the captain

was ordered to weigh anchor. He refused. Thereupon, in stupid zeal, the guns of the Venetian forts opened on the ship. Many of the crew were killed, and the rest were thrown into prison. This was the final stroke, all that was necessary for the justification of Bonaparte's plans. An embassy from the senate had been with him at Gratz when the awful news from Verona came to his headquarters. He had then treated them harshly, demanding not only the liberation of every man confined for political reasons within their prison walls, but the surrender of their inquisitors as well. "I will have no more Inquisition, no more Senate, I shall be an Attila to Venice! . . . I want not your alliance nor your schemes; I mean to lay down the law." They left his presence with gloomy and accurate forebodings as to what was in those secret articles which had been executed at Leoben. When, two days later, came this news of further conflict with the French in Venice itself, the envoys were dismissed, without another audience, by a note which declared that its writer "could not receive them, dripping as they were with French blood." On May third, having advanced to Palma, Bonaparte declared war against Venice. In accordance with the general license of the age, hostilities had, however, already begun, for as early as April thirtieth the French and their Italian helpers had fortified the lowlands between the Venetian lagoons, and on May first the main army appeared at Fusina, the nearest point on the mainland to the city.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE FALL OF VENICE

Feebleness of the Venetian Oligarchy — Its Overthrow — Bonaparte's Duplicity — Letters of Opposite Purport — Montebello — The Republican Court — England's Proposition for Peace — Plans of the Directory — General Clarke's Diplomatic Career — Conduct of Mme. Bonaparte — Bonaparte's Jealous Tenderness — His Wife's Social Conquests — Relations of the Powers.

SINCE the days of Carthage no government like that of the Venetian oligarchy had existed on the earth. At its best it was dark and remorseless; with the disappearance of its vigor its despotism had become somewhat milder, but even yet no common man might draw the veil from its mysterious, irresponsible councils and live. A few hundred families administered the country as they did their private estates. All intelligence, all liberty, all personal independence, were repressed by such a system. The more enlightened Venetians of the mainland, many even in the city, feeling the influences of the time, had long been uneasy under their government, smoothly as it seemed to run in time of peace. Now that the earth was quaking under the march of Bonaparte's troops, this government was not only helpless, but in its panic it actually grew contemptible, displaying by its conduct how urgent was the necessity for a change. The senate had a powerful fleet, three thousand native troops, and eleven thousand mercenaries; but they struck only a single futile blow on their own account, permitting a rash captain to open fire from the gunboats against the French vanguard

when it appeared. But immediately, as if in fear of their own temerity, they despatched an embassy to learn the will of the approaching general. That his dealings might be merciful, they tried the plan of Modena, and offered him a bribe of seven million francs; but, as in the case of Modena, he refused. Next day the Great Council having been summoned, it was determined by a nearly unanimous vote of the patricians — six hundred and ninety to twenty-one — that they would remodel their institutions on democratic lines. The pale and terrified Doge thought that in such a surrender lay the last hope of safety.

Not for a moment did Lallemand and Villetard, the two French agents, intermit their revolutionary agitation in the town. Disorders grew more frequent, while uncertainty both paralyzed and disintegrated the patrician party. A week later the government virtually abdicated. Two utter strangers appeared in a theatrical way at its doors, and suggested in writing to the Great Council that to appease the spirit of the times they should plant the liberty-tree on the Place of St Mark, and speedily accede to all the propositions for liberalizing Venice which the popular temper seemed to demand. Such were the terror and disorganization of the aristocracy that instead of punishing the intrusion of the unknown reformers by death, according to the traditions of their merciless procedure, they took measures to carry out the suggestions made in a way as dark and significant as any of their own. The fleet was dismantled, and the army disbanded. By the end of the month the revolution was virtually accomplished; a rising of their supporters having been mistaken by the Great Council, in its pusillanimous terror, for a rebellion of their antagonists, they decreed the abolition of all existing institutions, and, after hastily organizing a provisional government,

disbanded. Four thousand French soldiers occupied the town, and an ostensible treaty was made between the new republic of Venice and that of France

This treaty was really nothing but a pronunciamiento of Bonaparte. He decreed a general amnesty to all offenders except the commander of Fort Luco, who had recently fired on the French vessel. He also guaranteed the public debt, and promised to occupy the city only as long as the public order required it. By a series of secret articles, vaguely expressed, Venice was bound to accept the stipulations of Leoben in regard to territory, pay an indemnity of one million two hundred thousand dollars, and furnish three ships of the line with two frigates, while, in pursuance of the general policy of the French republic, experts were to select twenty pictures from her galleries, and five hundred manuscripts from her libraries. Whatever was the understanding of those who signed these crushing conditions, the city was never again treated by any European power as an independent state. To this dismemberment the Directory made itself an accessory after the fact, having issued a declaration of war on Venice which only reached Milan to be suppressed, when already Venice was no more. Whether the oligarchy or its assassin was the more loathsome still remains an academic question, debatable only in an idle hour. Soon afterward a French expedition was despatched to occupy her island possessions in the Levant. The arrangements had been carefully prepared during the very time when the provisional government believed itself to be paying the price of its new liberties. And earlier still, on May twenty-seventh, three days before the abdication of the aristocracy, Bonaparte had already offered to Austria the entire republic in its proposed form as an exchange for the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine.

Writing to the Directory on that day, he declared that Venice, which had been in a decline ever since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the rise of Triest and Ancona, could with difficulty survive the blows just given her. "This miserable, cowardly people, unfit for liberty, and without land or water — it seems natural to me that we should hand them over to those who have received their mainland from us. We shall take all their ships, we shall despoil their arsenal, we shall remove all their cannon, we shall wreck their rank, we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves." On the twenty-sixth, only the day previous, a letter to his "friends" of the Venetian provisional government had assured them that he would do all in his power to confirm their liberties, and that he earnestly desired that Italy, "now covered with glory, and free from every foreign influence, should again appear on the world's stage, and assert among the great powers that station to which by nature, position, and destiny it was entitled." Ordinary minds cannot grasp the guile and daring which seem to have foreseen and prearranged all the conditions necessary to plans which for double-dealing transcended the conceptions of men even in that age of duplicity and selfishness.

Not far from Milan, on a gentle rise, stands the famous villa, or country-seat, of Montebello. Its windows command a scene of rare beauty: on one side, in the distance, the mighty Alps, with their peaks of never-melting ice and snow; on the other three, the almost voluptuous beauty of the fertile plains; while in the near foreground lies the great capital of Lombardy, with its splendid industries, its stores of art, and its crowded spires hoary with antiquity. Within easy reach are the exquisite scenes of an enchanted region — that of the Italian lakes. To this lordly residence Bonaparte with-

drew. His summer's task was to be the pacification of Europe, and the consolidation of his own power in Italy, in France, and northward beyond the Alps. The two objects went hand in hand. From Austria, from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Parma, from Switzerland, and even from the minor German principalities whose fate hung on the rearrangement of German lands to be made by the Diet of the Empire, agents of every kind, both military and diplomatic, both secret and accredited, flocked to the seat of power. Expresses came and went in all directions, while humble suitors vied with one another in homage to the risen sun.

The uses of rigid etiquette were well understood by Bonaparte. He appreciated the dazzling power of ceremony, the fascination of condescension, and the influence of woman in the conduct of affairs. All such influences he lavished with a profusion which could have been conceived only by an Oriental imagination. As if to overpower the senses by an impressive contrast, and symbolize the triumph of that dominant Third Estate of which he claimed to be the champion against aristocrats, princes, kings, and emperors, the simplicity of the Revolution was personified and emphasized in his own person. His ostentatious frugality, his disdain for dress, his contempt for personal wealth and its outward signs, were all heightened by the setting which inclosed them, as a frame of brilliants often heightens the character in the portrait of a homely face.

Meantime England, grimly determined to save herself and the Europe essential to her well-being, was not a passive spectator of events in Italy. To understand the political situation certain facts must be reiterated in orderly connection. At the close of 1796, Pitt's administration was still in great straits, for the Tories who supported him were angered by his lack of success, while

the Whig opposition was correspondingly jubilant and daily growing stronger. The navy had been able barely to preserve appearances, but that was all. There was urgent need for reform in tactics, in administration, and in equipment. France had made some progress in all these directions, and, in spite of English assistance, both the Vendean and the Chouan insurrections had, to all appearance, been utterly crushed. Subsequently the powerful expedition under Hoche, equipped and held in readiness to sail for Ireland, there to organize rebellion, and give England a draught from her own cup, though destined to disaster, wrought powerfully on the British imagination. It was clear that the Whigs would score a triumph at the coming elections if something were not done. Accordingly, as has been told, Pitt determined to open negotiations for peace with the Directory. As his agent he unwisely chose a representative aristocrat, who had distinguished himself as a diplomatist in Holland by organizing the Orange party to sustain the Prussian arms against the rising democracy of that country. Moreover, the envoy was an ultra-conservative in his views of the French Revolution, and, believing that there was no room in western Europe for his own country and her great rival, thought there could be no peace until France was destroyed. Burke sneered that he had gone to Paris on his knees. He had been received with suspicion and distrust, many believing his real errand to be the reorganization of a royalist party in France. Then, too, Delacroix, minister of foreign affairs, was a narrow, shallow, and conceited man, unable either to meet an adroit and experienced negotiator on his own ground, or to prepare new forms of diplomatic combat, as Bonaparte had done. The English proposition, it is well to recall, was that Great Britain would give up all the French colonial possessions she had seized

during the war, provided the French republic would abandon Belgium. It is essential to an understanding of Bonaparte's attitude in 1797, to recall also in this connection that the navigation of the Scheldt has ever been an object of the highest importance to England: the establishment of a strong, hostile maritime power in harbors like those of the Netherlands would menace, if not destroy, the British carrying-trade with central and northern Europe. The reply of the Directory had been that their fundamental law forbade the consideration of such a point, and when Malmesbury persisted in his offer, he was allowed forty-eight hours to leave the country. The negotiation was a fiasco as far as Austria was concerned, although useful in consolidating British patriotism. Hoche, having been despatched to Ireland, found wind and waves adverse, and then returned to replace Jourdan in command of one of the Rhine armies, the latter having been displaced for his failures in Germany and relegated to the career of politics. Bonaparte's victories left his most conspicuous rival nothing to do and he gracefully congratulated his Italian colleague on having forestalled him. His sad and suspicious death in September had no influence on the terms of Bonaparte's treaty, but emphasized the need of its ratification.

The Directory, with an eye single to the consolidation of the republic, cared little for Lombardy, and much for Belgium; for the prestige of the government, even for its stability, Belgium with the Rhine frontier must be secured. The Austrian minister cared little for the distant provinces of the empire, and everything for a compact territorial consolidation. The successes of 1796 had secured to France treaties with Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and the two circles of Swabia and Franconia, whereby these powers consented

to abandon the control of all lands on the left bank of the Rhine hitherto belonging to them or to the Germanic body. As a consequence the goal of the Directory could be reached by Austria's consent, and Austria appeared to be willing. The only question was, Would France restore the Milanese? Carnot was emphatic in the expression of his opinion that for the sake of peace with honor, a speedy, enduring peace, she must, and his colleagues assented. Accordingly, Bonaparte was warned that no expectations of emancipation must be awakened in the Italian peoples. But such a warning was absurd. The directors, having been able neither to support their general with adequate reinforcements, nor to pay his troops, it had been only in the rôle of a liberator that Bonaparte was successful in cajoling and conquering Italy, in sustaining and arming his men, and in pouring treasures into Paris. It was for this reason that, enormous and outrageous as was the ruin and spoliation of a neutral state, he saw himself compelled to overthrow Venice, and hold it as a substitute for Lombardy in the coming trade with Austria. But the directors either could not or would not at that time enter into his plans, and refused to comprehend the situation.

With doubtful good sense they had therefore determined in November, 1796, to send Clarke, their own chosen agent, to Vienna. It was for this that they selected a man of polished manners and honest purpose, but, contrary to their estimate, of very moderate ability. He must of course have a previous understanding with Bonaparte, and to that end he had journeyed by way of Italy. Being kindly welcomed, he was entirely befooled by his subtle host, who detained him with idle suggestions until after the fall of Mantua, when to his amazement he received the instructions from Paris already stated: to make no proposition of any kind without

Bonaparte's consent. Then followed the death of the Czarina Catherine, which left Austria with no ally, and all the subsequent events to the eve of Leoben. Thugut, of course, wanted no Jacobin agitator at Vienna, such as he supposed Clarke to be, and informed him that he must not come thither, but might reach a diplomatic understanding with the Austrian minister at Turin, if he could. He was thus comfortably banished from the seat of war during the closing scenes of the campaign, and to Bonaparte's satisfaction could not of course reach Leoben in time to conclude the preliminaries as the accredited agent of the republic. But, to save the self-respect of the Directory, he was henceforth to be associated with Bonaparte in arranging the final terms of peace; and to that end he came of course to Milan. Representing as he did the conviction of the government that the Rhine frontier must be a condition of peace, and necessarily emphasizing its scheme of territorial compensations, he had to be either managed or disregarded. It was the versatility of the envoy at Montebello which assured him his subsequent career under the consulate and empire.

The court at Montebello was not a mere levee of men. There was as well an assemblage of brilliant women, of whom the presiding genius was Mme. Bonaparte. Love, doubt, decision, marriage, separation, had been the rapidly succeeding incidents of her connection with Bonaparte in Paris. Though she had made ardent professions of devotion to her husband, the marriage vow sat but lightly on her in the early days of their separation. Her husband appears to have been for a short time more constant, but, convinced of her fickleness, to have become as unfaithful as she. And yet the complexity of emotions — ambition, self-interest, and physical attraction — which seems to have been present in

both, although in widely different degree, sustained something like genuine ardor in him, and an affection sincere enough often to awaken jealousy in her. The news of Bonaparte's successive victories in Italy made his wife a heroine in Paris. In all the salons of the capital, from that of the directors at the Luxembourg downward through those of her more aristocratic but less powerful acquaintances, she was fêted and caressed. As early as April, 1796, came the first summons of her husband to join him in Italy. Friends explained to her willing ears that it was not a French custom for the wives of generals to join the camp-train, and she refused. Resistance but served to rouse the passions of the young conqueror, and his fiery love-letters reached Paris by every courier. Josephine, however, remained unmoved; for the traditions of her admirers, to whom she showed them, made light of a conjugal affection such as that. She was flattered, but, during the courtship, slightly frightened by such addresses.

In due time there were symptoms which appeared to be those of pregnancy. On receipt of this news the prospective father could not contain himself for joy. The letter which he sent has been preserved. It was written from Tortona, on June fifteenth, 1796. Life is but a vain show because at such an hour he is absent from her. His passion had clouded his faculties, but if she is in pain he will leave at any hazard for her side. Without appetite, and sleepless; without thought of friends, glory, or country, all the world is annihilated for him except herself. "I care for honor because you do, for victory because it gratifies you, otherwise I would have left all else to throw myself at your feet. Dear friend, be sure and say you are persuaded that I love you above all that can be imagined — persuaded that every moment of my time is consecrated to you;

that never an hour passes without thought of you; that it never occurred to me to think of another woman; that they are all in my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you—you alone as I see you, as you are—could please and absorb all the faculties of my soul; that you have fathomed all its depths; that my heart has no fold unopened to you, no thoughts which are not attendant upon you; that my strength, my arms, my mind, are all yours; that my soul is in your form, and that the day you change, or the day you cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is lovely in my eyes, only because you dwell within it. If you do not believe all this, if your soul is not persuaded, saturated, you distress me, you do not love me. Between those who love is a magnetic bond. You know that I could never see you with a lover, much less endure your having one: to see him and to tear out his heart would for me be one and the same thing; and then, could I, I would lay violent hands on your sacred person. . . . No, I would never dare, but I would leave a world where that which is most virtuous had deceived me. I am confident and proud of your love. Misfortunes are trials which mutually develop the strength of our passion. A child lovely as its mother is to see the light in your arms. Wretched man that I am, a single day would satisfy me! A thousand kisses on your eyes, on your lips. Adorable woman! what a power you have! I am sick with your disease: besides, I have a burning fever. Keep the courier but six hours, and let him return at once, bringing to me the darling letter of my queen."

At length, in June, when the first great victories had been won, when the symptoms of motherhood proved to be spurious and disappeared, when honors like those of a sovereign were awaiting her in Italy, Mme. Bonaparte decided to tear herself away from the circle of her

friends in Paris, and to yield to the ever more urgent pleadings of her husband. Traveling under Junot's care, she reached Milan early in July, to find the general no longer an adventurer, but the successful dictator of a people, courted by princes and kings, adored by the masses, and the arbiter of nations. Rising, apparently without an effort, to the height of the occasion, she began and continued throughout the year to rival in her social conquests the victories of her husband in the field. Where he was Caius, she was Caia. High-born dames sought her favor, and nobles bowed low to win her support. At times she actually braved the dangers of insurrection and the battle-field. Her presence in their capital was used to soothe the exasperated Venetians. To gratify her spouse's ardor, she journeyed to many cities, and by a show of mild sympathy moderated somewhat the wild ambitions which the scenes and character of his successes awakened in his mind. The heroes and poets of Rome had moved upon that same stage. To his consort the new Cæsar unveiled the visions of his heated imagination, explained the sensations aroused in him by their shadowy presence, and unfolded his schemes of emulation. Of such purposes the court held during the summer at Montebello was but the natural outcome. Its historic influence was incalculable: on one hand, by the prestige it gave in negotiation to the central figure, and by the chance it afforded to fix and crystallize the indefinite visions of the hour; on the other, by rendering memorable the celebration of the national fête on July fourteenth, 1797, an event arranged for political purposes, and so dazzling as to fix in the army the intense and complete devotion to their leader which made possible the next epoch in his career.

The summer was a season of enforced idleness, out-

wardly and as far as international relations were concerned, but in reality Bonaparte was never more active nor more successful. In February the Bank of England had suspended specie payments, and in March the price of English consols was fifty-one, the lowest it ever reached. The battle of Cape St. Vincent, fought on February fourteenth, destroyed the Spanish naval power, and freed Great Britain from the fear of a combination between the French and Spanish fleets for an invasion. But, on the other hand, sedition was widespread in the navy; the British sailors were mutinous to the danger-point, hoisting the red flag and threatening piracy. The risings, though numerous, were eventually quelled, but the effect on the English people was magical. Left without an ally by the death of Catherine, the temporizing of Paul, and his leaning to the Prussian policy of neutrality, facts mirrored in the preliminaries of Leoben, their government made overtures for peace. There was a crisis in the affairs of the Directory and, as a sort of shelter from the stormy menace of popular disapproval, Delacroix consented to receive Malmesbury again and renew negotiations at Lille. As expected, the arrangement was a second theatrical fencing-bout from the beginning. Canning feared his country would meet with an accident in the sword-play, for the terms proposed were a weak yielding to French pride by laying the Netherlands at her feet. Probably the offer was not serious in any case, the farce was quickly ended, and when their feint was met the British nation had recuperated and was not dismayed. It required the utmost diligence in the use of personal influence, on the part both of the French general and of his wife, to thwart among the European diplomats assembled at Montebello the prestige of English naval victory and the swift adaptations of their policy to changing

conditions. But they succeeded, and the evidence was ultimately given not merely in great matters like the success of Fructidor or the peace of Campo Formio, but in small ones — such, for example, as the speedy liberation of Lafayette from his Austrian prison.

II



CHAPTER I

RESCUE OF THE DIRECTORY ¹

Deadlock between the French Executive and the Chambers — Bonaparte's Attitude — The Celebration of July Fourteenth at Milan — Plot of the French Royalists — Attitude of Moreau and Hoche — Bonaparte to the Rescue — The Eighteenth of Fructidor — Effects in Paris — Bonaparte a European Personage — His Statesmanship in Italy — The Ligurian Republic — Sardinia, Switzerland, and Great Britain — Readiness of Italy for War — Strength of Bonaparte's Armies.

THE fine charter with which France had presumably closed the revolutionary epoch, in order to live for the first time under a constitutional government,

¹ The authorities are as before: Vandal: *L'Avènement de Bonaparte*; Aulard: *Études et leçons sur la Révolution Française*. Paris pendant la réaction thermidorienne et sous le Directoire, and *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française*; Sorel. *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, Vol. V; *Bonaparte et le Directoire*. Much can be gleaned from the printed letters and despatches of this period. Important sources are the *Souvenirs du baron de Barante*; *Mémoires et correspondance de Lafayette*, *Fiévée: Correspondance et relations avec Bonaparte*; *Correspondance de Mallet du*

Pan; *Mémoires du roi Joseph*; likewise the memoirs of Madame de Chastenay, of Duport de Cheverny, of Marmont, Marbot, Bourrienne, Carnot, Thiébault, Mathieu Dumas, and above all the Correspondence of Napoleon himself. Further, there are the collections of Bailleu, Stael-Holstein, Charles de Constant, letters of Talleyrand to Napoleon (published by Bertrand), of Jean Hardy, and Mme. Reinhard. The newspapers of the Jay, such as *L'Espion*, *Le Surveillant*, *Le Publiciste*, *Le Propagateur*, *Gazette de France* and *Moniteur*, and the *Journal des Hommes*

was about to display its fatal weakness in the production of a deadlock. This possibility had been clearly foreseen by acute observers, since there was no provision for the control of one arm of the government by the other, and in any working system supreme control must reside somewhere. For fear of usurpation, anarchy, and tyranny the constitution of the Directorate divided the powers so completely that they could not work at all. The spring elections of 1797 were the first held under this new constitution without any restrictions, and the Jacobin majority in the legislature disappeared. Barthélemy, the new director chosen to replace Letourneur, was a moderate democrat with royalistic leanings, who, like his predecessor, joined his fortunes with those of Carnot. The Five Hundred, therefore, as well as the Ancients, now represented the great majority of the French people, who hated Jacobinism, who were opposed to any republican propaganda in foreign countries, and who, more than anything else, wanted peace, in order to restore their fortunes and to secure leisure for their amusements. An attack on the executive policy which had been dictated by the three radical members of the Directory, sometimes designated the triumvirate, at once began. Nothing escaped: assaults were made on their attitude toward the emigrants and the clergy, on their loss of the colonies, on their financial failures, and, above all, on their conduct of foreign affairs, which appeared to have as its aim the continuance of the war, and the overthrow of monarchy throughout Europe. The leaders of the majority in the two councils frequented

Libres, are accessible only in the great libraries of London and Paris. The papers of Cambacérès, Mortier, Barthélemy, Grouvelle, and Jourdan have been found and used by the latest historians, but they are

not printed. The best bibliography of the period is a considerable volume edited by Kircheisen and published in 1902, 2d ed. 1908: that of Lumbroso is not yet completed.

a club in the Clichy quarter of Paris, which was the center of royalist intrigue. Though no match in ability for their opponents, these men were quite clever enough to taunt the directors with their impotence to stop royalist agitations. Internal affairs were desperate. Suicides from starvation were sadly frequent among the officers of the navy, while their colleagues in the Army of Italy were not only growing rich on plunder, but defiant as well. The French commander in Italy had first made peace on his own terms, and had then declared war without consulting the chambers, thus not only annihilating friendly commonwealths, but evincing a contempt for the constitution, for the duly elected representatives of the people, and for the popular demand that there should be, not a particular, but a general pacification. On June twenty-third, 1797, in a memorable interpellation of the government by Dumorlard, all these matters were thoroughly ventilated in the Five Hundred. Even Pontécoulant, Bonaparte's former protector, joined in the demand for an explanation. Paris and the country in general were left in a ferment.

The disorders, murmurs, and menaces so rife in Paris had long given food for thought to the proconsul at Montebello. He was meditating upon constitutions and their values, while outwardly devoting himself to fascinating his little court and its visitors. He rode, he danced, he told weird tales at dusk, he played cards and cheated with merry effrontery; in the intervals he slept long and deep, as at irregular hours he worked titanically and efficiently. Was it to maintain the chaos in Paris that he was conquering, administering, negotiating? This he flatly asked of Miot de Melito and Melzi, as they narrate. The directors were meditating a state stroke, and they well knew that Bonaparte was less their man than they were his creatures. So they chose

a new ministry which included Talleyrand as minister of state and Hoche as minister of war. The rôle to be played by the latter was so evident that the plan was thwarted on a technicality, as will be seen; and with Talleyrand, Bonaparte was soon to be, if he were not already, in personal correspondence about forms of government. Interested experts will note the various suggestions from the medieval constitutions of Italian republics, which in some measure affected the conceptions of these political theorists.

It was with reference to such conditions that the celebration, in Milan, of July fourteenth was arranged. Each detail was nicely calculated to strengthen the self-esteem of every soldier, to intensify his military pride, and to prejudice him against the conservatives who wanted peace only that they might restore the monarchy. The soldiers of Bonaparte were in their own estimation the soldiers of the same republic which survived in the triumvirate, Barras, Rewbell, and Larévellière, and it was a republican constitution which was menaced by the illegal interference of the legislature with the executive. In such a crisis it was easy to confuse in the minds of plain men the love of military glory with the enthusiasm for liberty. "Soldiers, I know that you are deeply moved by the misfortune which threatens our country" — so ran the proclamation of their idolized general. "But our country is in no real danger. The men who have enabled her to triumph over united Europe are on hand. Mountains separate us from France: you would surmount them with the swiftness of the eagle, if it were needful, in order to maintain the constitution, to defend liberty, to protect the government and the republicans. Soldiers, the government guards the law of which it is the depository. If royalists show their heads, that moment is their last. Dismiss

your fears, and let us swear by the spirit of the heroes who have fallen at our side in defense of liberty — let us swear by our new banners: ‘Never-ending war on the enemies of the republic, and of the constitution of the year III.’”

This call had exactly the effect desired. From the divisions of the army, and from the chief garrisons, came addresses declaring the adhesion of the troops to the principles of the Revolution. As for the reproaches heaped upon Bonaparte for the overthrow of Venice, he was little concerned. To pacify the clamor, however, he invented and printed a number of half-true explanations cleverly adapted to the charges brought, but of a sardonic nature. The real bolt, the weapon destined to crush his enemies, was one forged in that very city. On its fall, a leading emigrant — the Comte d’Antraigues — had been captured. Treated with the highest distinction by his captors, he was led to write a confession of all that concerned the hitherto suspected, but unproved, treachery of Pichegru two years before. From his refuge at Blankenburg, in the Hartz Mountains, the pretender — Louis XVIII — had slowly and painfully built up the party which has been mentioned, and from its meeting-place was known as the Clichy faction; he had also bought Pichegru’s adhesion to his cause, and had laid the complicated train of a plot whereby, when the fated and foreseen moment should arrive in which the exasperated Directory would employ force with the legislative councils, Pichegru, now president of the Five Hundred, was to appear in his uniform as the conqueror of Holland, and, assuming the chief command, turn the army, the chosen bulwark of the directors, against them. The Paris royalists had talked and behaved so as to betray many details regarding this ingenious scheme; but the possession of such knowl-

edge by the directors did not render the situation any less menacing. To save themselves and the constitution, the radical members felt that they must secure, and that speedily, a capable and devoted general to command in Paris.

They had consulted Moreau, Hoche, and Bonaparte. Moreau showed little zeal: the army on the Rhine, which he commanded and whose fortunes he had retrieved by a signal victory, had not been paid; the men were destitute, and, like their leader, sullen on account of their enforced inaction. So unsympathetic and cold was the general's attitude toward the Directory that although, as appears certain, he had in his possession positive proof of Pichegru's desertion to the enemy, he kept silence, and allowed matters to take their course. The brilliant Hoche was willing to aid the directors. He had worked wonders in quelling rebellion throughout the Vendée, had won the favor of the soldiery, and in 1796 had made a gallant though futile expedition to stir up sedition in Ireland. Having then been transferred to the banks of the Rhine, he had gladly lent himself to execute a plan arranged by Barras for bringing troops to Paris under the pretext of a scheme for the complete transformation of the home and northern armies by a change of stations for the various divisions. To this end the general on July sixteenth had been nominated minister of war. It turned out, however, that, being not yet thirty, he was too young under the constitution, and could not be confirmed. Simultaneously the new dispositions in the army began to excite suspicion; the entire plan was discredited, and Hoche was so closely identified with it that he became an object of distrust to the masses, and therefore unavailable.

There remained only Bonaparte or one of his lieutenants. His very strength was a menace to the executive,

and they felt the danger; but a general they must have. Accordingly, bitter as the decision was, they asked Bonaparte to send them such a commander as they needed — one of his own men. Bonaparte was ready for the emergency; he had already sent despatches to Paris promising a new remittance of six hundred thousand dollars, the strongest French army in the field had been used in a brilliant demonstration in favor of the Directory, and now most opportunely the ambitious, blustering, and fearless Augereau asked leave to depart for Paris on his private affairs. To him was entrusted an enthusiastic address to the Directory from the army, which had been prepared as part of the patriotic celebration. No better tool could have been selected. On his arrival in Paris, — “sent,” as he boasted, “to kill the royalists,” — he was appointed to command the Army of the Interior; and the confession of d’Antraigues having been communicated to Barras a short time previously, through Bernadotte, the Directory felt ready for the coming crisis. Again they owed everything to Bonaparte; he was free to do as he chose in the further negotiations with Austria, and in the re-arrangement of Italy.

With such weapons in hand, the Directory was for the moment invulnerable. But the royalist majority in the councils rushed madly on their fate. Infuriated by the presence so near to Paris of the soldiers brought in from the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse, they put their own guard under a royalist commander, closed the constitutional clubs which had been formed to offset that of Clichy, and in an irregular meeting of September third a proposition of General Willot to rise next day and destroy the government was received with applause. That night Augereau put himself at the head of about twelve thousand troops. With these

he mounted guard throughout the city, seized the legislative chambers, and thus ended the first short constitutional régime of his country. The next morning, the eighteenth of Fructidor, the radical triumvirate of the Directory had entire control of the city and of the country. Of course all this was done in the name of public safety. Carnot, who had been kept in ignorance of Barras's dealings with Hoche, and had been reasoning with Bonaparte by letter as if his correspondent were an honest patriot, was rudely awakened from his illusion that others were as honest and sincere as he, and, seeing too late the snare which had been spread, took refuge in flight. Barthélemy was seized and imprisoned.

Two new radicals, Merlin and François de Neufchâteau, were appointed to the vacancies. Barbé-Marbois, the royalist president of the Ancients, with eleven members of that body; Pichegru with forty-two deputies from the Five Hundred, and one hundred and forty-eight other persons, mostly journalists, were proscribed. All these, with the exception of a few who escaped by flight, were sent to languish in the pestilential swamps of Cayenne, where there was already a colony of transported priests. Although the guillotine was not again erected, yet the eighteenth of Fructidor brought in a revolutionary government, an administration resting on force, though under the forms of the constitution. The Fructidorians claimed to be strict constitutionalists, and posed as such before the country. But facts were more convincing than their professions. Their rallying-point was the Directory, and the Directory having twice appealed to the army, the army was now its real support. The liberty of the press was abolished, and martial law was proclaimed wherever the executive thought best. Moreover, Bonaparte had shown the way and furnished the general; he had taken

another step toward his eventual appearance as the ruler of the army, and through it of the country. Such a forced relation led to mutual distrust, and finally to hatred.

Augereau, who had fondly hoped to enter the Directory, was made commander, in Moreau's place, of an army whose campaigns were over. The premature death of Hoche about the same time quenched the only military genius in France comparable to that of Bonaparte, and removed a political rival as well. The Army of the Alps was then combined with that of Italy, and with this simplification of the military machine he who until peace was made would be virtually its mover could well say to his enemies: "I speak in the name of eighty thousand men. The time is past when scoundrelly lawyers and mere talkers can guillotine soldiers." Napoleon, in his intimate conversations with Mme. de Rémusat, said that at this time he "became a personage in Europe. On one side, by my orders of the day, I supported the revolutionary system; on the other, I secretly dealt with the emigrants, permitting them to cherish some hope. It is easy to deceive that party, for it always sets out not from what actually is, but from what it wishes there were. I received splendid offers in case I were willing to follow the example of General Monk. The pretender himself wrote to me in his halting, florid style. I conquered the Pope more completely by keeping away from Rome than if I had burned his capital. At last I became influential and strong."

With many men the success of the eighteenth of Fructidor would have been glory enough for a single season. But the indomitable and feverish energy of Bonaparte was not exhausted even by such minute prevision as was needed for this; in fact, the political campaign

was only a considerable part of the summer's labor. While mastering France, he was preparing to master Italy, and, after Italy, Europe. Concurrently with the management of French politics went not only the negotiations with the Emperor, but the completion of his contemplated labors in Italy. Two constitutions were needed for new-born states, the republics known thus far as the Transpadane and the Cispadane. Neither was strong enough for their creator's purpose. By the preparation of almost identical charters, based upon the French constitution of the year III, the way for their union had already been prepared. These papers were now most carefully elaborated; and not only that, but an administrator for every post, from the highest to the lowest, was, after a minute scrutiny of his character, selected and then instructed according to his abilities. Most of these new officials were men of integrity and high purpose, but nevertheless they owed their appointment to the dictator, and were in consequence his tools, conscious or unconscious. The combination of the two temporary states into the Cisalpine Republic was thus made ready to be recognized in the final treaty with Austria.

Then there was Genoa. Bonaparte had told the Directory in May that her people were clamoring for liberty. She was destined by him for the same fate which had overtaken Venice. The identical machinery was set to work for a similar result. Faypoult, the diplomatic agent of France, began his agitations very much as Lallemand had done, although in comparison with his Venetian colleague he was but a bungler. The democratic club of Genoa first demanded from the senate that aristocracy should be abolished, and when their request was denied, seized the arsenal and the harbor. The populace rose to the support of the aris-

tocracy, and temporarily triumphed. La Valette, Bonaparte's adjutant, appeared in due time on the floor of the Genoese senate with a peremptory message from his commander like that which in similar dramatic circumstances Junot read to the patricians of Venice. The intervention of the French, it said, was only to protect life and property, while assuring their own communications with France. But within twenty-four hours all political prisoners must be released, the people disarmed, and the enemies of France surrendered, otherwise the senators would answer with their lives. Thus menaced, the government obeyed every command. Then Faypoult repeated his demand for the substitution of a democratic constitution in place of the old one. The senate felt how futile further opposition would be, but sent an embassy to Montebello. The members were courteously received, and were probably not greatly amazed to find Bonaparte already occupied with the details of a constitution which was to reconstruct their commonwealth under the name of the Ligurian Republic. It was soon complete in all its parts, and with its adoption Genoa the Superb was no more.

As for Sardinia, the constant agitation carried on by her radicals kept the King in fear; and propositions from Bonaparte for an alliance, which would increase his army by the full effective force of the excellent Piedmontese troops, were favorably entertained. The health of the Pope had become so feeble that his death could not long be postponed. The opportunity was seized to display further respect for his ecclesiastical power by requesting, on August third, a reconciliation between the French government and the clergy for the common advantage of State and Church. A quarrel between the Valtellina and the Grisons gave the great

man at Montebello his first chance to intervene in Switzerland as an arbiter whose word was law, and thus to begin the reconstruction of that country. In England, moreover, Leoben had made a profound impression, and Pitt became more anxious than ever for peace. In July Malmesbury reopened his negotiations, this time at Lille. The proffered terms were far more favorable than before. Belgium might be incorporated in France, and Holland made a dependency, if the French would renounce their claim to the most important among the Dutch colonies which England had conquered, including the Cape of Good Hope. There was no good will on the part of the French commissioners from the beginning, and the new ones who were appointed after the eighteenth of Fructidor proved to be utterly impracticable. The negotiations were marked by caviling over unimportant trifles and a suspicious indifference on both sides to really important concessions. Both parties, as later appeared, were fully aware of the impending revolution at Paris: the British plenipotentiary was confident in the restoration of royalty, the French commission was equally sure that the radical triumvirate would regain their mastery. Naturally it was a dispirited embassy which soon returned to England, when not merely the facts but the meaning and ultimate consequences of that revolution were known. Similar conditions attended the negotiation of Caillard at Berlin with Panine for a peace with Russia; only there, a treaty was signed. In it the French republic renounced its right or privilege of propagandism, and therefore the Directory after Fructidor rejected it. Throwing the responsibility for the coming war on England and Russia, the triumvirate without a moment's loss renewed its agitations in both Holland and Prussia to "fructidorize" both and secure them as allies. This

insanity was merely the pendant of that with which they spurred Bonaparte to activity in forcing Austria's prompt surrender, withdrawing their agent from the negotiations and thus delivering themselves and France more and more completely into his hands. The process of "ripening the pear" for his enjoyment could not have been more auspiciously inaugurated.

The season was for Bonaparte, as may well be supposed, just as busy on the military as it had been on the political side. Day and night the soldiers in the conquered Venetian lands wrought with ceaseless labor until the whole territory was in perfect order as a base of military operations. Not a single strategic point there or elsewhere was overlooked. Even the little island of St. Peter in the Mediterranean was taken from Piedmont, and garrisoned with two hundred men. It was generally understood that war might break out at any moment. Every contribution under treaty obligations was exacted to the utmost farthing. As a single illustration of the French dealing, jewels and gems estimated by the Pope as worth ten millions of francs were accepted by the French experts at a valuation of five. Within the previous twelve months Bonaparte had sent to Paris one million four hundred thousand dollars, of which he destined four hundred thousand for the outfit of a fleet. It was but a moiety of what he had raised. During this summer, on the contrary, he kept everything: even the six hundred thousand dollars promised to Barras were not paid. It is therefore likely that he had in hand upward of six million dollars in cash, and commissary stores to the extent of possibly a million more.

The size of his army is difficult to estimate. By the records of the War Office he had in April one hundred and forty-one thousand two hundred and twenty-three

effectives, of whom one hundred and twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty were fit for service. On September third he wrote to Carnot that he had seventy-five thousand effective men, of whom fifteen thousand were in garrison; but a fortnight later he admitted a total of eighty-three thousand eight hundred, of whom he declared, however, that only forty-nine thousand were effective. He likewise admitted that he had one thousand Italians and two thousand Poles. No one can believe that these figures are of the slightest value. Conservative estimates put his fighting force at seventy thousand French soldiers ready for the field, and fifteen thousand Piedmontese, Cisalpines, and Poles in like condition. The French were by this time such veterans as Europe had seldom seen: the others were of medium quality only; excepting, of course, the Piedmontese, who were fine. Bonaparte's correspondence for the period was intended to convey the idea that he was preparing to enforce the terms of Leoben by another appeal to arms, if necessary. In fact, Austria was well-nigh as active as he was, and he had need to be ready. But subsequent events proved that all these preparations were really for another end. An advantageous peace was to be made with Austria, if possible, and Italy was to be properly garrisoned. But, on the old principle, one member of the coalition having been quieted, the other was to be humbled. The goal of his further ambition appears for a time to have been nothing less than the destruction somewhere and somehow of British power, and ultimately the conquest of Great Britain herself.

CHAPTER II

THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO ¹

Bonaparte and the Mediterranean — France and the Orient — Bonaparte's Grand Diplomacy — Importance of Malta — Course of Negotiations with Austria — Novel Tactics of the French Plenipotentiary — The Treaty of Campo Formio — Results of Fructidor — Bonaparte's Interests Conflict with those of the Directory — Europe and the Peace

BONAPARTE was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations ring with classic allusions, his festivals were arranged with classic pomp. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island, as strong in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant, and beyond into the farther Orient; in childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great, and his conquest of Oriental empires; in youth he had thought to find an open door for his ambition, when all others seemed closed, by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her Eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he appears to have turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia. It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize

¹ Authorities as before.

them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared the mass of Eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never-ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas increased the exasperation of France, as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent republicans, moreover, still regarded France's mission as incomplete even in the liberalizing of the Continent; and the Department of Marine under the Directory stamped its paper with the motto, "Liberty of the Seas." Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system, and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm for the conquest of the Mediterranean. To this the temperament and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the Directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian isles, and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death-blow to England's supremacy in the Levant by the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.

As early as May fourteenth, 1797, a letter from the conqueror of Italy informed the Directory what naval stores they might hope to secure in the dismemberment of Venice; in the previous year similar estimates had been made with regard to Genoa, Tuscany, and Naples. It was with a Franco-Venetian fleet that Gentili established French administration in the Ionian Isles, whose people, weary of Venetian tyranny, welcomed him as a liberator. The more intelligent among them desired home rule under French protection; the gratitude of the

ignorant was shown in the erection of rude shrines where lamps were kept alight before pictures of Bonaparte. About the same time the discontented Greeks on the mainland were given to understand that the great annihilator of tyrants would gladly hear their cries. For months an extensive secret correspondence was carried on between the French headquarters in Italy and the disaffected in Turkey, wherever found. No fewer than three rebellious pashas were ready to seek French assistance; and one of them, he of Janina, had actually twelve thousand men in the field. The archives of the French foreign office abound in careful studies by its diplomatic agents of the revolutionary forces and elements in the Ottoman empire. Ways and means to dissolve the ancient friendship between France and the Porte were discussed; a political program, based on the maltreatment of French merchants in the Levant and the scandals of Mameluke administration in Egypt, was elaborated; and on September thirteenth, 1797, the first formal proposition for the seizure of that country was made by Bonaparte to Talleyrand, now minister of foreign affairs. The government at Paris redoubled its energies, and recruited its powers, for the object in view.

In fact, after Fructidor there is a ring in the words of Bonaparte's letters, especially those to Talleyrand, which shows how risky it would have been to neglect his unexpressed but evident wishes. The sum of four hundred thousand dollars, sent from Italy in the previous year for fitting out the fleet, had been used for another purpose, much to the irritation of Bonaparte, whose language in regard to the upbuilding of a sea power had been vigorous. At last, by his contributions of material from Italy, and the efforts of the administration at home, something had been accomplished. Admiral

Brueys was in the Adriatic with a force able, it was believed, to meet even the English. By clever diplomacy the Spaniards and Neapolitans had been set to neutralize each other. With time the latter had grown bold, and were making extortionate demands. The Directory offered to send five thousand French soldiers to reinforce the Spanish army which was contending with Portugal, if an equal number of the Spanish troops in Italy would mingle with the French soldiers to conquer the Papal States. The latter would then be given to the Duke of Parma, in return for his old duchy, which was to form part of the new republic.

In this far-reaching design of Bonaparte's — a plan which comprehended the whole basin of the Mediterranean, and which, by throwing French troops into Spain, opened the way for further interference in that peninsula — lies the germ of all his future dealing with the Castilian monarchy. The focal point of the whole system, he had explained as early as May, was the island of Malta, the citadel of the Mediterranean. The grand master of the Knights was at the point of death, the King of Naples claimed the island as an ancient appanage, but a German was the most prominent of his order among the candidates for the succession. Bonaparte's proposal was that the Maltese should first be bribed to revolt, and that then the French or Spanish fleet should seize Valetta, compel the election of a Spaniard, and thus secure a bulwark in the heart of the Mediterranean against Turkey on one side and England on the other.

Such were some of the summer's avocations, its real business was supposed to be the conclusion of a peace with the empire. But Austria was far from being exhausted, and her agents protracted the negotiations while the Vienna government was recruiting its forces, hoping all the time for a triumph of the royalist party

in Paris. Until after the eighteenth of Fructidor this was not entirely distasteful to Bonaparte, in view of the desire of Carnot for peace on the basis of the preliminaries. Nevertheless, a spirited comedy was playing all the time, Bonaparte mystifying both Merveldt, one of the Austrian plenipotentiaries, and Clarke, who had finally been admitted to the negotiations as agent of the Directory, by outbursts of feigned impatience, while, by pretended confidences, he coquetted with Gallo, who, though the second Austrian plenipotentiary, was a Neapolitan, minister from that kingdom to Vienna, and has by some been thought to have been Bonaparte's own creature, and to have accepted his bribes. Attempted bribery and counter-bribery, at any rate, there were; for the conqueror himself received from Francis the offer of a principality in the empire with not less than two hundred and fifty thousand subjects, and an independent income. Had the German emperor known the projects of his opponent he would have reviled himself as an artless simpleton. In May it was agreed that the congress to determine the territorial transfers within the Germanic body should sit, not at Bern, but at Rastadt in Baden. But the demands of the conqueror in amplification of the articles signed at Leoben were then so extortionate that the Austrian minister for foreign affairs doubted the good faith of his representatives, and recalled from Russia Count Cobenzl, his most learned, accomplished, and skilful diplomatist, in order to secure something like equality in the negotiations. This gave a temporary pause to the proceedings, which dragged on without significance until after Fructidor, when Barras wrote from Paris: "Peace, peace, but an honorable and lasting one. No more of Carnot's worthless suggestions."

When, therefore, the negotiations were again renewed

in the first days of September, Bonaparte earnestly longed for at least a temporary peace. He arranged that the plenipotentiaries should meet at Udine, not far from his military headquarters at Passariano, so that he might secure the greatest possible advantage from the attitude of a conqueror ready at a moment to resume hostilities. The Directory, suspecting that Clarke had become too facile an instrument in the hands of the ambitious soldier, chose this moment to recall him. For a month the conflict of wits between the formal diplomatists and the determined, unhampered French general was hot and furious. Even the veteran Cobenzl, who did not arrive until September twenty-sixth, was but a toy in Bonaparte's hands. More than once the latter had recourse to his old tactics of barbaric rudeness, and once, toward the close, he wilfully brought on a fit of anger, in which by accident he dashed from its stand a porcelain tray, the gift of Catherine II to Cobenzl. The legend ran that as he caught up his hat, he hissed out the words: "In less than a month I shall have shattered your monarchy like this!" and then flung out of the room, declaring that the truce was ended. In fact, no one seems to have paid any attention to the crash at all. Cobenzl wrote that Bonaparte behaved like a crazy man, and the French officers had difficulty in soothing their general. Whether the nervous attack were real or feigned no one can say: at subsequent crises in diplomacy there recurred others, very similar. Both sides were anxious to make the doubtful language of Leoben as elastic as possible — each, naturally enough, for its own advantage. Proposition and counter-proposition, rejoinder and surrejoinder, followed one another through those weeks so pregnant of consequence to both sides. Twice it appeared as if no conclusion could be reached, and as if a breach were

imminent. Once, marching orders for the invading army were actually prepared and in part issued. But the season was inclement and to Marmont his general confided a sense of uneasiness regarding Augereau's appointment on the Rhine. Both parties realized that neither could secure all they claimed without delay, or a possible renewal of warfare. They determined, therefore, to brave their respective governments, and entirely to disregard both Prussian and German feeling as to the Rhine boundary. Finally a compromise was made, and on the seventeenth of October at midnight, after a long social reunion of the plenipotentiaries; in the dark, Bonaparte telling ghost stories, and making the scene generally dramatic and even theatrical, the treaty was engrossed and signed, being dated from Campo Formio, a hamlet neutralized for the purpose. The negotiators parted with the exchange of friendly greetings.

The terms were far more favorable to France than in all probability Bonaparte had hoped to obtain. The Austrian Netherlands with the Rhine frontier from Basel to Andernach were surrendered by the Emperor, and in token of good faith the commanding fortress of Mainz was immediately to be delivered into French hands. In return Bonaparte ceded the Italian lands eastward from the Adige, by the head of the Adriatic, to the frontiers of Dalmatia, including, of course, the city of Venice. France kept the Ionian Islands and the Venetian factories opposite on the mainland. All the Venetian territory to the west of the Adige, together with Mantua, Modena, Lombardy, Massa-e-Carrara, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna, was incorporated into the new Cisalpine Republic; and Genoa, receiving from the Emperor the remnants of his feudal rights in the surrounding country, was transformed into the Ligurian Republic, with a constitution similar to that of the Cisalpine. The

various arrangements for the redistribution of German lands necessary to compensate princes who must abandon territories on the left bank of the Rhine were to be made by the congress to be held at Rastadt. French plenipotentiaries, under Bonaparte's leadership, were to be members of the congress; while Rastadt, as a border town, and therefore more favorable to French interests than Bern, was to be further neutralized by the departure of the Emperor's troops from all German lands except his own hereditary dominions. When the news of Campo Formio reached Vienna, the peace party was delighted, and the populace broke out in a jubilee. But Thugut was not deceived. "Peace! Peace!" said he. "Where is it? I cannot recognize it in this treaty."

In Paris the negotiations had produced some uneasiness. It is now generally said that Fructidor was exclusively the work of Bonaparte: or, rather, that the thirteenth of Vendémiaire was the work of Barras, assisted by Bonaparte; that the eighteenth of Fructidor was the work of Bonaparte, assisted by Barras. This is only a half-truth based on an exaggerated estimate of the facts. While, on the whole, Bonaparte was at the moment pleased with the results of this second political stroke, there was much connected with it utterly repugnant to his wishes. The so-called Fructidorians, among them Mme. de Staël and her friends, were still favorable, in the main, to Bonaparte; but they were thorough republicans, and considered the day as the victory, not of a man, but of a cause. Later Bonaparte expressed sorrow that he had taken any share in arranging it, for the cause and its few supporters proved to be hostile. The wholesale proscription which followed the success of the Directory and its friends destroyed their personal popularity, strengthened the adherents of the monarchy, and weakened the prestige of the army,

which was the real support of the new revolution. As far as the repression of conservative royalist and moderate republican influence in the Directory and the chambers was concerned, Bonaparte's interests were identical with those of Barras, Rewbell, and the bigoted Larévellière. He would gladly have ended public agitation in a nation the majority of whom had become royalists again. To this end, he would willingly have broken the presses of the newspapers and have closed the Clichy club: he was anxious for any extreme course necessary to preserve the revolutionary model in government until, in his own phrase, "the pear was ripe" for him. The events of Fructidor, on the one hand, confirmed the constitutionalists in the policy of letting other countries alone, and at the same time put an end to all enthusiasm for republican principles even in the radical executive, necessarily substituting in its place the merest self-interest. This new situation, though not inimical to Bonaparte's interests, made the Fructidorian the most determined opponents of his ambitions.

Almost immediately after the events of Fructidor the new Directory had sent instructions to Passariano that Venice was to be preserved from the hands of Austria. The removal of Clarke had followed. At once began a war of words and a conflict of purposes. Bonaparte's despatches depicted the situation of the Italian peoples in the darkest light, so as to set forth their unfitness for independence, while in every letter he dwelt on his own feeble and broken health as a reason for his immediate recall. Meantime he was driving the machinery of negotiation at its utmost speed and capacity. The Directory finally took its stand on the determination that Italy must be free as far eastward as the Isonzo, and the subtle Talleyrand agreed to win or compel Bonaparte's acquiescence. The courier with this ulti-

matum from Paris reached Passariano exactly twelve hours after Monge and Berthier had carried the treaty of Campo Formio in the opposite direction for the sanction of the directors. It was bitter, indeed, for Barras and his colleagues to surrender, but the logic of their position made resistance impossible. They approved the hateful stipulations with what grace they could muster, and, the warfare on the Continent being over, appointed Bonaparte to command what was significantly entitled the Army of England, but without defining his duties. Thirty thousand soldiers began their march from Milan to Picardy on the English Channel. As for the now distracted Venetians, they asked permission to continue the war against Austria on their own account. Bonaparte imprisoned the deputies who presented the petition, and Sérurier delivered Venice into the Emperor's hands, after destroying the arsenals and such vessels as were no longer useful for war. Among these was the stately barge in which the officials of the commonwealth had from immemorial times been wont to espouse the Adriatic — the famous Bucentaur. Manin, the last doge of Venice, was compelled to swear allegiance to Austria in the name of his compatriots. With a broken heart he made ready for the ceremony, but as he stepped forward at the appointed time to pronounce the fatal words, his strength and his faculties gave way together. He fell senseless at the feet of his foes, and died not long afterward.

The effect of Bonaparte's success in forcing such a peace upon Austria was profound throughout Europe. The war party in Great Britain was materially strengthened by the treatment which Malmesbury had received. While the treaty made a pretense of upholding the integrity of the empire as a principle, yet Prussia and all Germany knew that that integrity was quickly to

be violated. Paul I of Russia remembered that as guarantor of the peace of Teschen, he too was deeply concerned in that integrity, and displayed uneasiness. The British had on October eleventh annihilated the Dutch fleet at Camperdown: their sea power was again assured and with it the replenishing of their treasury. These elements of the second coalition have been repeatedly described, but for all that, events would have been otherwise than they were, had there been anywhere in Europe a statesman with moral and material power at his bidding, who could have propagated a moderate, enlightened liberalism in the countries of the north. As a sorry radicalism had full play for some years in France, a blind reactionary conservatism prevailed among all the Teutonic peoples. The struggle of two extremes made the chaos. England was determined on war to destruction or exhaustion: France likewise. The system of national assassinations and territorial compensations begun in the partition of Poland was exemplified in the peace of Campo Formio. Then it was three to one against a nation with neither political nor military strength, and the decision was against nationality. Hereafter it was to be all absolute Europe against a nation with some political and immense military aptitudes. The struggle was to last fifteen years and be decided this time for, not against, nationality as a fact and a principle.

CHAPTER III

BONAPARTE AND TALLEYRAND ¹

Bonaparte in Switzerland — Arrival at Rastadt — A Royalist Portrait of Him — His Affectation of Simplicity — Reception by the Directory — First Threat of Invading England — Career of Talleyrand — His Relations with Bonaparte — Men and Parties in Paris.

IN the complications of his far-reaching designs, the return of Bonaparte to Paris was a matter of consequence to him, an affair to be managed with diplomacy and an eye to dramatic effect. To appease the Directory, the insubordinate plenipotentiary explained in his despatches that he had acted as he did because Austria had made herself stronger than ever in the long interval, which was probably true; and that the possibility of further successful warfare had been jeopardized by the early arrival of winter, which had left him no choice in hastening the conclusion. This was not flatly untrue, for Marmont noted in his diary that it was October thirteenth when the first new snow fell on the mountain peaks, and that he had marked his general's surprise at the fact: the treaty was signed on the seventeenth. Nevertheless, the season was later than usual, and the plea of weather was a pretext to hide the negotiator's own purposes. In his rôle as an Italian deliverer,

¹ Aside from the archives, national and state, and the Correspondence of Napoleon, official and unofficial publications, together with documents published by Pallain, Vivenot, and Bailleu, the best special authorities are Huffer.

Der Rastadter Congress, and Criste: Rastadt, *L'Assassinat des Ministres Français* (original in German). Then follow the memoirs and studies already enumerated, with Desbrière: *Projets de débarquement aux Îles Britanniques*.

Bonaparte remained until the middle of November to consolidate the new republics and await the assembling of delegates at Rastadt. Then, traveling sedately by Turin and the Mont Cenis pass through Chambéry, he reached Geneva. Switzerland was ripe for his presence. The first step was to arrest Bontemps, a Genevese banker who had assisted Carnot in his flight to Nyon, where he was still in concealment. The second was to focus the revolutionary movement in the district of Vaud, and to strengthen its preparations for throwing off the Bernese dominion by organizing an ovation for himself at Lausanne: a democrat must be fêted only by democrats.

"Nothing too far" being manifestly his motto at this period, he then passed by easy stages to Rastadt, where he arrived on November twenty-fifth, and immediately asserted for himself a nominal supervision of the arrangements. The King of Sweden had claimed representation both as Duke of Pomerania and as a guarantor of the peace of Westphalia; for that reason he had sent as his delegate Count Fersen, a shrewd agent, once Swedish ambassador in Paris, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and known everywhere as an intimate counselor of the Bourbons. Bonaparte, outraged at such effrontery, summoned the envoy to his presence, and, trampling on the forms of a hollow politeness, informed him with a few biting words that his presence was not desired. The envoy tarried long enough to assure himself that Austria was quite as hostile as France, and returned to Stockholm. It annoyed Bonaparte even more to find that the imperial delegates had not yet arrived. But he passed the interval with considerable satisfaction in an exchange of pleasantries with the various personages who were on the ground. "How," said he to Stadion, garbed as a canon of Würzburg, "can the station of an ecclesiastical prince of the empire, a man who is both

warrior and spiritual minister, accord with the precepts of the Scriptures, with the poverty and the lowliness of early Christianity?" "Where will your master live?" he said to the agent from the Bishop of Mainz, "when he loses his present residence?" The hollow shells of worn-out institutions rattled wherever this innovator stepped. At last Cobenzl arrived, and the urgent affair of the transfer of Mainz was promptly concluded. That fortress was to be occupied by French troops on the thirtieth, the day in which Austria was to take possession of Venice. Then, leaving Treilhard and Bonnier, the rude and insolent French plenipotentiaries, in a position of arrogant superiority to their colleagues, he set out for Paris, and after a triumphal progress throughout northern France, a region not before familiar to him, arrived, on December fifth, at his residence on Chantierine street. With its usual facility in that line, the Paris municipality soon after dubbed this rather insignificant byway the Street of Victory. Mme. Bonaparte, who had been visiting Rome, where her brother-in-law Joseph was now French minister, rejoined her husband at Christmas.

In the papers of the Comte d'Antraigues was found a pen-portrait of Bonaparte as he appeared at Venice, and it will no doubt, with due allowances, stand for the few months later when he became the idol of Paris. Sucy, a government commissioner of much sense, overpowered by the importance of passing events, wrote in August to a friend that he could not enter upon such voluminous details as would be necessary to depict Bonaparte, but warned his correspondent against supposing that the general had attained the height of his ambition, using the words previously quoted in another connection, "I can even add that I know no other end for him but the throne or the scaffold." But Antraigues was fortunately more communicative: "Bonaparte is a

man of small stature, of sickly hue, with piercing eyes, and something in his look and mouth which is cruel, covert, and treacherous; speaking little, but very talkative when his vanity is engaged or thwarted, of very poor health because of violent humors in his blood. He is covered with tetter, a disease of such a sort as to increase his vehemence and his activity. He is always full of his projects, and gives himself no recreation. He sleeps but three hours every night, and takes no medicine except when his sufferings are unendurable. This man wishes to master France, and, through France, Europe. Everything else, even in his present successes, seems but a means to the end. Thus he steals without concealment, plunders everything, is accumulating an enormous treasure of gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones. But he cares for it only as a means. This same man, who will rob a community to the last sou, will without a thought give a million francs to any person who can assist him. If such a person has hate or vengeance to gratify, he will afford every opportunity to do so. Nothing stands in the way of his prevailing with a man he thinks will be useful; and with him a bargain is made in two words and two minutes, so great is his seductive power. The reverse side of his methods is this: the service rendered, he demands a complete servility, or he becomes an implacable enemy; and when he has bought traitors, their service rendered, he observes but little secrecy concerning them. This man abhors royalty: he hates the Bourbons, and neglects no means to wean his army from them. If there were a king in France other than himself, he would like to have been his maker, and would desire royal authority to rest on the tip of his own sword; that sword he would never surrender, but would plunge it into the king's heart, should the monarch cease for a moment to be subservient."

On Bonaparte's passage through Chambéry, he had been visibly affected by a shout from the multitude hailing him as the father of his soldiers. There were countless homes in France into which the letters of absent sons had sent the same epithet, and the nation at large thought of him in that rôle as a simple, benevolent man, devoted to his country and to her liberties. His histrionic talents, like his other gifts, were of the highest order, and for the moment this ideal must not be shattered. He therefore appeared to the French public as devoted to the principle of equality, which the Revolution considered the guarantee of free institutions. In the "Moniteur," the official journal of the time, may be read every detail of his conduct. Instead of waiting for visits from those in place, he made the advances. His clothes were plain, his manners were simple, his dignity was moderated to a proper respect for himself and others. The carriage in which he drove had but two horses, and there was no suite in attendance, either abroad or at home. Often the passers-by saw him walking alone in the small garden of his unostentatious dwelling, apparently resting from the fatigues of his campaigns. In short, there was nothing recognizable of the conquering potentate who had kept such state at Milan, except the affected simplicity of his personal life and conduct. "At first sight," wrote Talleyrand, whose acquaintance Bonaparte sought immediately on reaching Paris, "he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion, and a certain tired look."

There were a few proper assumptions of great dignity, as for instance when, on December tenth, 1797, a grand festival was celebrated in the classic style for the formal reception by the Directory of the treaty of Campo

Formio from the hands of its negotiator. Talleyrand pronounced a glowing eulogium. Bonaparte, with impressive mien, replied in a few short, terse sentences, which closed with the significant utterance: "When the happiness of the French people shall rest upon the *best* organic laws, all Europe will become free." Barras closed with a long, dreary tribute to the Directory, and at the end imprinted the kiss of fraternity on the young general's brow. The other members of the executive hurried to display a feigned cordiality in following his example. The two councils united in a banquet to the hero of the hour. The public was overpowered by the harmony of its rulers. Bonaparte's studied modesty might have shown the directors how false was their position. As had been said long before to Pepin, the title of king belongs to him who has the power. In private the skilful minister of foreign affairs was no less adroit than the young conqueror, and lavished his courtier arts in the preservation of apparent unity.

The greatest danger to Bonaparte's ambitions was that he should by some mishap become identified with a party. Thus far, chiefly by absence from the seat of government, he had successfully avoided that pitfall. The Parisian populace did not even identify him with the Fructidorians; and, though not entirely forgetful of the Day of the Sections, they flocked to see him wherever it was known he would be. When asked if their interest did not gratify him, he replied that it meant nothing; they would crowd in the same way to stare if he were on his way to the scaffold. He appears to have felt that long residence would diminish his prestige, which for his purposes would be a disaster, and consequently he seems carefully to have conveyed the impression that he was but a visitor. Sandoz-Rollin, the Prussian minister in Paris, believed that the soldiers sent

into France from Italy were intended for use in the capital. Exactly what was planned he did not know, for Bonaparte was not yet thirty, and therefore ineligible, at least under the constitution, to the Directory. Others believed that, Austria having been vanquished, England was to be struck — first through a fight between the two fleets, and then by the landing on her shores of a large body of veterans from the Army of Italy, under their victorious commander. In fact, Monge had formally stated, on December tenth, that “the government of England and the French republic cannot both continue to exist”, and during the winter Thomas Paine exercised his powers as a pamphleteer on the theme of England’s approaching bankruptcy, while the public crowded one of the theaters to stare at stage pictures representing the invasion of England. As Bonaparte’s almost superhuman diligence had ever open and ready two or more possibilities, this direct invasion may already have been a third choice. In the report which he made in February of the following year after a visit to Dunkirk, he distinctly set forth the studied policy of his whole career; viz, to keep three possibilities in working order, a pretense of invasion, a system of barring England from continental commerce, and a blow at the trade of Great Britain in the Orient. Otherwise there is nothing for it but a peace. But his dealings with every Italian power and with Austria had shown a definite policy of striking, not at the heart to produce desperation, but at the limbs, where the blow would be quite as deadly and resistance less furious. All the natural and successive steps of preparation for such an enterprise had been taken by the government during the summer of 1797. Corfu and Zante, and with them the possessions of Venice in the Levant, were secured and kept; a fleet was collected and equipped from the

spoils of northern Italy; Naples was temporarily neutralized; and plans had then been carefully elaborated with experts, among whom was Monge, for the seizure of Malta and the disruption of Turkey by an attack on Egypt.

In all this Talleyrand had been a brilliant and unscrupulous agent. Born of a noble family, his lameness closed other careers and drove him for distinction into the Church, where, under the old régime, the traditions of ecclesiastical feudalism still lingered. In his youth he was the friend of the infamous Mme. du Barry, and owed his early promotion to her influence. When he was treasurer of the French clergy and bishop of Autun, Mirabeau said of him that he would "offer his very soul at a price, and he would do well, for he would exchange dung for gold." During the first years of the Revolution he led the liberal clergy, finally he went to such extremes in secularizing the Church that the Pope excommunicated him. His private life had been scandalous from the first, and he was avowedly a passionate gambler. It was with a sense of relief that he abandoned the Church to become the most unscrupulous statesman and the most adroit diplomatist of his time. It was he who in 1791 laid before the Legislative Assembly the dazzling scheme of national education which afterward was modified and adopted by Napoleon. He forecast the years of radical excess, and had himself sent in 1792 as a secret diplomatic agent to London, where, with occasional visits to Paris, he resided in the main for two years. The English could not endure his duplicity, and finally drove him from their country. The Convention having declared him an emigrant, he sailed for America, and spent some time in the United States, where, being coldly treated in political and social circles, he devoted himself to an analytical study

of the people and their institutions. The revocation in 1796 of the decree pronouncing him an emigrant was obtained by Mme. de Stael's influence, and he immediately returned to France. It is characteristic of him that during these years he was successively a representative of the King, of Danton, and of the Directory.

To the Institute of France, of which learned body he had been made a member during his absence, he presented on his return his brilliant studies of colonization in general, and of the respective relations between the United States and the rival powers of France and England. But politics, not literature, was his trade. At once he began to study the situation of his own land, and observed with profound penetration both the instability of the government and the straits of the Directory. Accordingly, though nominally their man, and accepting from them the ministry of foreign affairs, he attached himself at once to Bonaparte, in the hope, as he explains in his memoirs, of using the conqueror to restore the monarchy. The latter had the perspicacity to encourage the relation, and from that moment possessed in the very center of affairs an able and congenial representative. It is known that Talleyrand's public letters to Bonaparte were accompanied with private supplements which often ran in a sense quite opposite to that of the main sheet. For instance, nothing could be more satisfactory to the directors than his open account of Fructidor; but it is known that the private letter mercilessly analyzed the situation as impossible and unstable. Attempting a corrupt bargain with the American envoys, Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry, in regard to the protection of American commerce, he was mercilessly exposed by the indignant ministers, and finally compelled by public opinion to resign from his office. But even in disgrace he continued in Paris as

the unscrupulous prime mover of French politics, until restored to power by Bonaparte, when he again accepted the position from which he had been driven, and successfully elaborated in practice the schemes of his superior.

There were, however, two other men, Barras and Sieyès, who, after the eighteenth of Fructidor, were left in an unendurable position. Both these men were also boundlessly venal. The former was Bonaparte's "ancient friend"; Fructidor made him the general's creature. Like Talleyrand, both were for the present the devoted satraps of a master who could pay not only with prospective power, but with present cash; ultimately they also hoped to use him for their own ends in the restoration of monarchy. Sieyès, now president of the Ancients, was both weak and vain. But, posing as an oracular constitution-maker, he was admitted as such to the councils of Talleyrand and Barras. Both his pride and his interests being thus engaged, he had apparently become as ardent a follower of Bonaparte as were the other two. Rewbell was so occupied with the foreign policy of the Revolution, and Merlin with the internal administration on Jacobin lines, that neither one nor the other gave any thought to the ulterior consequences of Fructidor. François de Neufchâteau was posing as the wit of the epoch, Larévellière was its prophet; neither was of even the slightest importance. Augereau, seeing himself duped by the disbanding of the Rhine army, had been disenchanted, and was for a while the relentless enemy of his old chief. A few mediocrities both in the army and in politics were in sympathy with Augereau; but as England was the one foe left, the general of the Army of England was virtually the commander of the whole. Not one of the division generals disobeyed his orders.

CHAPTER IV

COMMOTIONS IN EUROPEAN POLITICS

The Directory and the Legislature — Motives of the French Army — Augereau's Blunders — Humiliation of the Batavian Republic — Seizure of Piedmont — Proclamation of the Roman Republic — Swiss Territory Remodeled — Antagonism of Prussia and Austria — Bernadotte's Mission to Vienna — Prussian Neutrality — Unstable Equilibrium of Europe.

DURING the winter of 1797-98 it was the custom of Bonaparte, as the constructive commander-in-chief of the French forces, to share in the deliberations of the various civil authorities; sometimes they seemed uneasy under his influence, but a threat of retirement generally brought them to terms. They yielded because every faction believed that the unrelenting attitude of the Directory toward royalists, emigrants, and ecclesiastics would revive in the country the hatred of Jacobinism and give its enemies a victory in the spring elections of 1798. Animosity was all the more fierce since the press had been virtually throttled by closing during the winter the offices of some sixteen papers, in addition to many already silenced. Should the chambers be hostile to the executive, they would certainly attempt a civil revolution, and Bonaparte with his troops would be the arbitrator. The royalists, therefore, made approaches to him once more, this time through Mme. Bonaparte, who diplomatically procrastinated, and kept the suitors in expectancy. But while all was movement and plot under the surface, the Parisian populace only occasionally had evidence of aught but perfect harmony

in all parts of the government. They were fond of contrasting the brilliant results of Campo Formio with the unostentatious demeanor of the great general who had humbled Austria, and, as he himself had said in his festival speech, had brought two centers of light, "the finest parts of Europe," — Italy and the Netherlands, — under the brighter rays of French illumination.

In later years the unexampled capability of Bonaparte for scheming and machination unfolded itself to such unheard-of limits that it is customary in our day to attribute every detail of European history in those times to his manipulation. This is the more natural because the events of that winter, beyond the boundaries of France, contributed in the highest degree to that political conflagration which preceded the ascendancy of Napoleon and the complete rebuilding of the European state system. And yet the most acute historians often overlook the evident causes in their search for hidden ones; in this case the former are sufficient to account for the results. With the Italian campaign republican armies ceased to fight either for the integrity of France, for her "natural" frontiers, or for the revolutionary system. They were often self-deceived, and thought themselves to be propagating liberal ideas; but glory and plunder were thenceforward the main-springs of action in the majority of both officers and men.

Accordingly, what might have been foreseen actually occurred. Augereau, during the autumn of 1797, sought to emulate in southwestern Germany the political policy initiated by Bonaparte in Italy. But his rude blundering compelled his recall, a step which was softened by his transfer to the Pyrenees, where an army stood ready to intervene in Spain whenever opportunity should be ripe. The movement in Germany spent itself

in shameless plundering both east and west of the Rhine — a double disgrace in view of the fact that the war was ended, that Mainz was surrendered, that the whole left bank, though not yet formally ceded, was in French control; and that the Congress of Rastadt was discussing how the princes who had surrendered their possessions to France should be compensated within the boundaries of the empire.

The course of affairs in the Low Countries was equally disastrous to the prestige of the Revolution. Holland had not only lost all her colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope, by her compulsory enrolment in the republican system, but at Camperdown on October eleventh, 1797, the fleet of the Batavian Republic was battered to pieces by that of England under Duncan. The new commonwealth was thus rendered contemptible, and made entirely dependent on France. Twenty-five thousand soldiers were already quartered on the Dutch, and now they were held to enormous contributions of ships, money, and men for the proposed landing in England. Delacroix and Joubert were the respective civil and military agents in these exactions.

Bonaparte's departure from Italy made no change in French policy or conduct with regard to her. The Venetian possessions had been literally stripped by Berthier of every valuable article before their definitive surrender to Austria. Formal negotiations for a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the Cisalpine Republic were opened as soon as the new state was recognized, but the same pillage continued as during its conquest. By that treaty, which was not concluded until March, 1798, the new "free" state was bound to support twenty-five thousand French troops, and to raise nearly four million dollars a year to pay them. As to the new Ligurian Republic, its boundaries were



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Engraved by Langlois

GENERAL BONAPARTE

Drawn by Raffet

incomplete without Piedmont. Before the end of June, 1798, revolutionary fires having been kindled in Turin by the old efficient methods, two French armies under Jacobin generals seized Piedmont, and incorporated it with the other "free" state, which was then bound to France in the same terms as Cisalpina. Charles Emmanuel, having thus lost all his possessions on the mainland, retired to Sardinia, where he was destined to become, under protection of the English fleet, the focus of a new coalition against France.

Rome had called to her service, for the reorganization of her army, Provera, one of the Austrian generals who had been active in the last campaign. Joseph Bonaparte demanded his dismissal. This spark fired the revolutionary spirit of the few determined liberals at the capital, and a rising took place in which General Duphot, who was expecting soon to become Joseph's brother-in-law, was killed. The insurgents were defeated, and sought refuge in the French Embassy. The papal authorities humbled themselves to make restitution, but Joseph would not be appeased, and demanded his passports. Within a month, on February tenth, 1798, Berthier and his soldiers entered the Eternal City, and proclaimed the Roman Republic. With no consideration for his estimable personal character, the French agents stripped Pius VI, the aged and feeble Pope, of all his jewels: his very rings were drawn from his fingers by their hands. The papal government was declared at an end, and the cardinals were forbidden to elect a successor. The Pope himself was allowed to withdraw to Siena; but disappointing his captors' expectations of his speedy demise, he was removed at their convenience from place to place, until at last he died in the following year at Valence. Naples, of course, was in an agony of fear, but her hour had not yet struck.

Finally the flames caught in Switzerland, where the democratic district of Vaud declared its independence of the Bernese aristocracy. The fire was fanned by Bonaparte's agent, Peter Ochs, the liberal burgomaster of Basel. France intervened, nominally in order to compel Bern to liberate all her political prisoners and to emancipate Vaud, but really to plunder and remodel the whole country. The entering army pillaged friend and foe alike. The desperate resistance of Bern, in which even women and children shared, was of no avail. At its close the Helvetian Republic was constituted under a new charter, like those of Cisalpina and Batavia; it likewise entered at once into an offensive and defensive alliance with France. Bern's indemnity was the surrender of her "treasure," or cash reserve—a sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars. Swiss historians state that besides the cash there were nearly two and a half million dollars in bonds. A fifth of this was sent at once to Toulon, where the fleet was fitting out; the rest went to the army and its commander, General Brune. Fribourg, Solothurn, and Zurich were likewise stripped for the benefit of the military chest. It is thought that from all the enormous sums seized during the winter nothing reached the national treasury. Napoleon in exile declared that Paris knew nothing of all this. But more serious still were the contemplated changes of territory. The Valtellina had already been incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic; the Frick valley was soon to be delivered to Austria along with the Inn Quarter; and eventually Geneva, with the upper Rhone valley, was to become a part of France itself, in order that the Simplon, another gateway into Italy, might be assured to her armies in case the difficult passes on the Mediterranean shore should ever be closed.¹

¹ See Dandliker: *Geschichte der Schweiz* Vol. III. p. 350.

The effect of all this upon the politics of Europe was like that of a torch in dead stubble. The German-Roman Empire was an antiquated institution. Prussia had risen to importance as the representative of a new Protestant German nationality. Frederick the Great, inheriting his shrewd father's army and policy, thoroughly understood that for the attainment of this end Roman Catholic Austria must be humbled and reduced to a secondary position. His success was only partial, but it was so far effective. The relations between these two great rivals in the Germanic body, therefore, were so strained that Prussia, in her antagonism to Austria, naturally leaned toward France. But the seizure of German lands not only on the west bank of the Rhine, but of some even on the eastern side, together with the behavior of the French armies not only in southwestern Germany, but again in Bern, created consternation at Berlin. Sieyès was sent to allay, if possible, the fears of Frederick William III, and to woo him to the French alliance. Meantime, the radical Directory, looking on the ecclesiastical principalities of the empire as anachronisms, had been planning their entire secularization. This would indemnify the secular powers; and the sentiment of both Prussia and Austria favored this solution of the problem. But Bonaparte, foreseeing that temporarily it would also unify public opinion in Germany, and give France no ground for meddling, had declared in Italy that if the Germanic body were non-existent, France should create it for her own purposes; and he impressed upon the French plenipotentiaries at Rastadt how important it was that they should at least prevent a complete secularization of the great bishoprics.

This was the first bone of contention thrown into that Congress; and Austria soon began to see that the treaty of Campo Formio was to be not merely an armistice,

but a very short one. Bonaparte had formed in Italy a legion of five thousand Poles. They were still under arms, awaiting the event. It was notorious that French agents were fomenting discontent in both Poland and Hungary. The Army of Italy had carefully spared the hereditary dominions of the Emperor while hurrying toward Leoben, and Bonaparte, repressing pillage with relentless severity, had explained that France made war not with the good people of Europe, but with their tyrannical dynasties. Even in Carinthia some enthusiasm for revolutionary principles had been created. Thugut had cleverly prevented Clarke from entering Vienna, because he feared the presence of a republican among the inflammable elements of that city. Francis had refused, on the conclusion of peace, to send a diplomatic agent to Paris, because he did not wish for reciprocity, and was anxious lest a French minister, if received at Vienna, might there create such a focus of revolutionary agitation as existed wherever a French embassy had been established. But now it was suddenly announced that the French republic had accredited Bernadotte to his court. The report was true, instructions having been given that the envoy suggest a dismemberment of Turkey in lieu of the further indemnity Francis expected, and ascertain how the reconstruction of Poland would be regarded. He was to prevent Austria's interference in behalf of Rome, and to insist on being treated with the same punctilio as had been shown to the royal ambassadors of France. On the other hand, for the sake of the radicals among the Fructidorians, he was to be conciliatory, because it was of vital importance that France should learn the inner workings of the court of Vienna before war broke out again, especially if the directors were to forestall Bonaparte's complete ascendancy. There is not a scintilla

of evidence that, as some have suggested, Barras, Sieyès, or Talleyrand tampered with Bernadotte. He was still a rude soldier, and not the adroit man of affairs he afterward became. They could rely upon his making a mess of his mission, and he did so. In a haughty tone he at once demanded, as he had been instructed to do, the suppression of the Bourbon orders in Austria, and likewise the omission from the royal almanac of that family as reigning sovereigns of France. At the same time he made such an undue display of the tricolor and the republican cockade as to arouse all latent antagonisms to the Revolution. These and other similar indiscretions were successful in agitating the populace to such a degree that finally the embassy was attacked by a mob. Thoroughly frightened, and knowing that his mission regarding Poland and Turkey was in vain, Bernadotte demanded his recall. He returned to Paris, having, as was expected, brought the relations of France and Austria to the verge of rupture. Arriving in April, 1798, he was married soon afterward to Joseph Bonaparte's sister-in-law, who quickly comforted herself after the death of Duphot.¹

By that time Prussia had been virtually checkmated; for although Sieyès could not bring the court of Berlin to make an alliance with the Directory, yet he had prevented her adhesion to its enemies, promising that revolutionary propaganda should cease in Germany. In return she agreed to observe the old strict neutrality, and to recognize the Cisalpine Republic. This decision has been severely criticized in recent years as a virtual delivery of herself to Napoleon after he should have devoured Austria. It has even been suggested that her statesmen ought to have looked a hundred years ahead, and should have anticipated by a century the Prussian

¹ See Masson: *Les Diplomates de la Révolution*.

alliance with the house of Savoy, which was at this later date the only liberal monarchy in Europe. As Europe was in 1798, such a conception was impossible.

In the spring of that year, therefore, everything presaged the general outbreak which was soon to occur. It may be that Bonaparte had foreordained it, and to the minutest detail had regulated events as they took place. Taking each division of them into separate consideration, a credulous admirer might believe that so much was within the ability of a single man; but the complexity of the whole makes the demoniac power to produce a crash in this way seem beyond the capacities of even a Bonaparte, although he may have cherished the desire for one. It is clear that he rode triumphant in the swift rush of the times, and took every possible advantage from the instability of European institutions in their moribund condition. To complete the picture of Europe in 1798, we must recall that Augereau was in the Pyrenees with forty thousand men, ready, when French agents should have done their work of agitation, to cross the border at a moment's notice, and liberate Spain from her Bourbon rulers. Such arbitrary emancipation was possible elsewhere. Why did it eventually fail in Spain? The answer is that there were no favorable antecedent conditions beyond the Pyrenees. All the strange story of transformation in Italy, in western and in northern Europe, would seem a lying fiction except for the memory of a still more thorough antecedent transformation in the spirit of their inhabitants by the intellectual ferment of the century. This spiritual and rationalizing movement had left Spain, Russia, and eastern Europe almost untouched. It was for this reason that the schemes of Bonaparte as to Poland and Turkey at once healed the breach between Russia and Austria, neither of which was deeply influenced by the

idealism of the age, and both of which were prompted only by dynastic motives. Elsewhere Napoleon seemed like a magician; in those lands his spell was vain. In culture and intelligence England was an age ahead of him, as the others were an age behind him; and the two opposing forces of ignorance and enlightenment crushed him in the end like the upper and the nether millstone.

CHAPTER V

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT¹

French Policy Regarding Egypt — Bonaparte's Use of It — His Military Dispositions and Expectations — His "Complete Code of Politics" — The Alternatives He Saw — Friction Between Bonaparte and the Directory — The Fleet and the Army — The Departure.

TAKEN in its largest sense, the social life of the world has been due to the relations of commerce, thought, and religion between the Orient and the Occident. The short road from one to the other is by way of the Red Sea, the Isthmus, and the Mediterranean. The controlling site on that thoroughfare is Egypt. From the crusades onward the domination of the countries and lands in that great basin was the prize for which France and England were always contending. Pierre du Bois proposed the seizure of Egypt to Philip le Bel in the fourteenth century; Leibnitz sought to draw Louis XIV out of Germany by explaining to him the dazzling advantage of the same enterprise; d'Argenson suggested the Suez Canal in 1738; and Choiseul kept alive the plan of occupying Egypt. The republic had inherited the notion of world conquest which had occupied both Philip le Bel and Louis XIV, although in another form. Bonaparte, in the double rôle of Raynal's disciple and supplanter of the Revolution, was full of the same idea. It was his early study of the "Philo-

¹ Boulay de la Meurthe: *Le et Souvenirs sur l'expédition Directoire et l'expédition d'Égypte.* d'Égypte. Otherwise as before.
De Villiers du Terrage: *Journal*

sophical and Political History of the Two Indies" which made him, in one of his conversations before Campo Formio, designate Europe as a mole-hill when compared with the six hundred millions of men in the East. In these same pages, as in Plutarch, he had read of Alexander the Great, and had learned to admire his example; there, too, he was told that with a proper population and a firm administration Alexandria would rise to greater eminence than London, Paris, Constantinople, or Rome. These opinions he imbibed and never changed, reiterating them even at St. Helena, where he confessed that but for the repulse at Acre he would have founded an Oriental empire. The policy of the Directory was no doubt partly his; but to a far greater extent it mirrored the feeling abroad in the entire nation, and among all its agents, that the times were ripe for the seizure of Egypt. Talleyrand had called the attention of the Institute to its feasibility, and Magallon, the French consul at Cairo, filled his despatches with suggestions as to ways and means. By the spring of 1798 the plan of the Directory was formed and their preparations were finished. Under Talleyrand's supervision a statement of policy, with its historical justification, had been made ready for publication, while the secret outfit of ships and men at Toulon and other points was complete.

The justification of the expedition to the Sultan and to Europe was the plea that Egypt no longer belonged to Turkey. Mameluke usurpers were holding it in disgraceful bondage; France would liberate it. To enforce this view with the Porte, every insurgent of the steadily disintegrating Ottoman empire had for months been receiving encouragement from Bonaparte's letters and agents, and now the grand vizir was given to understand that if an attempt were made to interfere with the French forces, these rebels would be unchained in

his rear; on the other hand, he was encouraged to regard the invaders as auxiliaries to suppress rebellion both on the Danube and on the Nile. Bonaparte was playing for high stakes; he probably hoped to win Turkey as an ally, and thus draw Russia and Austria away from France, but was determined in case of failure to hold Egypt as the French share when ultimately the expected partition of the Sultan's domains should be made.

Otherwise it is impossible to explain why he so managed as to leave France helpless against her Continental enemies; why all the gathered treasures of Italy and Switzerland were spent in his own preparations; why almost every general of ability and every regiment of prowess was destined for Egypt, while in the face of an impending European crash the national treasury was depleted, the inferior troops at his own disposal were left at home, and the remaining veterans of Hoche and Moreau were scattered in various divisions between the Rhine and the Pyrenees. The Army of England assembled in the north was temporarily in a state of atrophy. It was kept at Boulogne with depleted ranks, but ready to be recruited for a landing in England as a subordinate move, if the British should be overpowered in the Levant and compelled to divide their fleet. Otherwise, as Bonaparte thought and said after a visit in February to the shores of the Channel, it would be too hazardous to attempt a landing in face of the tremendous armament afloat under the English flag. "To invade England without the mastery of the seas is an enterprise the boldest and most difficult that has been undertaken. If it be possible, it is only by a surprise passage (of the Channel)." He felt that in any case it would be best to spend the summer in fitting out the fleet at Brest for an invasion of Ireland during the autumn. Two questions which present themselves in this connection

cannot be answered categorically: Was it of his own free will that Bonaparte accepted the command of the Egyptian expedition, or did the directors force it on him? What was the ultimate design of the great schemer if the imminent war broke out while the best French troops were in Africa?

In considering the probabilities as to both these queries, it appears as if Bonaparte had convinced himself that the open assumption of authority was for the moment impossible. He could not be a director: candidates for that office must be forty years old. He dared not take Barras's suggestion and seize the dictatorship, even temporarily, because the Jacobin members of the Directory made it plain, in certain very disorderly sessions of that body, that they would not tolerate such a plan and were strong enough to thwart it. These scenes, which were not kept secret, and were described in the coffee-houses, led the Paris populace to suspect Bonaparte. They were enjoying a temporary repose which it would have been dangerous at the moment for any aspirant to disturb. It must have seemed plain that a change in the constitution was essential to anything like the speedy realization of his personal ambition, which had already taken definite form. As early as September nineteenth, 1797, Bonaparte wrote Talleyrand a letter containing what he called his complete code of politics. His sphinx-like demeanor and the mysterious allusions already quoted from the festival speech, taken in connection with that outline, confirm the notion that Talleyrand, Barras, and Sieyès were preparing for a new constitution, which should be ready for use when the spring elections had increased the number of royalist delegates, as they were sure to do, and had thus produced a clash between the executive and the legislature.

The "complete code of politics" expresses the same

contempt for all antecedent French political speculation as that felt by Sieyès. Even Montesquieu had but arranged and analyzed the results of his reading and travels; though doubtless capable, he had done nothing really constructive. The English had confused the respective functions of the various powers in government. In view of their history, it was easy to see why the taxing power was in the House of Commons. But why should that body also declare war or make peace? Great Britain, being a state whose constitution was compounded of privileges, "a black ceiling with a gilt edge," was quite different from France, where these had been abolished, and all power proceeded directly from the sovereign people. Why, then, as under the present constitution, should the French legislature alone have rights which belonged to government in its totality? This sovereign power, he continued, "naturally falls, I think, into two magistracies quite distinct: one supervises, but does not act, and to this what we now call the executive power should be compelled to submit important measures — the legislation of execution, so to speak. This great magistracy would be truly the chief council of the nation, it would have all that part of administration or of execution which is by our constitution intrusted to the legislative." This assembly should be numerous, and composed only of men who had already held positions of public trust. The legislative should make and change the organic laws, but not in two to three days, as at present, for after an organic law has once been made operative, it should not be changed without four or five months of discussion. "This legislative power, without rank in the Republic, impassive, without eyes or ears for what is about it, would have no ambition, and would not inundate us with more than a thousand specific statutes which, by

their absurdity, destroy their own validity, and make us, with three hundred tomes of laws, a nation without laws." Is this effusion a recurrence to youthful crudities of ideal politics, or does it hint at the exercise by that upper magistracy of its unchecked powers through a single executive agent like himself? Certain it is, this very concept, though sensibly changed, had a direct influence on the institutions of the empire.

In the absence of sufficient evidence as to the facts, there is but one complex theory which explains subsequent occurrences. The Egyptian expedition, as its commander publicly said in leaving Toulon, was the right wing of the Army of England; at the same time it was consonant with the ancient French policy, and appealed to the romantic, Oriental side of Bonaparte's own temperament; finally, as a practical measure it gave him a chance to await with distinction the outcome of affairs in Paris, whether it should be, as he said to Bourrienne, "for a few months or for six years." At the same time it was an anchor to windward. In consequence of the Bernadotte incident, the Austrian plenipotentiaries at Rastadt had refused even the entire left bank of the Rhine to France, and European sentiment was apparently consolidating for another coalition. "I go to the Orient," Napoleon said to Joseph, "with every means to guarantee success. If France needs me; if the number of those who think like Talleyrand, Sieyès, and Roederer increases; if war breaks out, and is unlucky for France, then I shall return, more certain of public opinion than now. If, on the other hand, the Republic is successful in war; if a political general like me appears and centers the hopes of the people in himself, good; then still in the Orient I shall perhaps do greater service to the world than he."

Everything indicates that in the months immediate;

preceding his departure there was friction between Bonaparte and the Directory. It is said that in one of their sessions, called to consider the situation, Bonaparte proposed to reknit the negotiations of Rastadt by himself returning thither, but that François was designated to go in his stead. Thereupon the worn-out scene of threatening resignation was rehearsed by him once more. "Here is a pen," said Rewbell; "you need rest." But Merlin snatched it; and as the furious aspirant, seeing his supremacy jeopardized, left the room, the others heard the words, "The pear is not yet ripe." "Believe me, it is good advice I give you," said Barras, in a private interview immediately after: "leave the country as soon as you can." There was abundant room for such scenes in a committee which considered as its own the policy of indirect attack on England through the East, while all its members were chafing under the dictatorial presence of an embodied and dissatisfied ambition which Talleyrand declares had really devised the scheme, but was now uncertain as to which was the best to take of not two or three, but half a dozen courses. The cast of the die decided for Egypt. The secrecy of preparation had kept even the French in doubt. England for a time was entirely misled, and made the nearly fatal blunder of concentrating her naval force in the Channel, and of guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean with only the few ships she could spare, while on the waters of that sea itself she had virtually no force.

Meantime the great fleet at Toulon, nearly the equal of any which France had ever launched, was entirely ready. To convoy the four hundred overloaded transports, there were fifteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, seven corvettes, and thirty minor armed vessels. It was a surprise even to the initiated that at the last moment the soldiers were found to number not twenty-five thousand,

as originally proposed, but forty thousand, comprising the flower of the republican armies. Of division generals there were D'Hilliers, Vaubois, Desaix, Kléber, Menou, Reynier, and Dugua; of brigade generals, Lannes, Davout, Murat, and Andréossy, of colonels, Marmont, Junot, Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and Bessières. The most novel feature of all was a carefully organized and equipped expedition of a hundred or more scholars, who, according to what was then the fashion, were destined to gather the treasures of the Pharaohs and of the Ptolemies for the collections of Paris. Their apparatus for discovery was the best obtainable, their learning was at least respectable, and their library was a mixture of the ancient classics with those of the modern romanticism, of medieval lore with modern atheism. There were of course the great military memoirs, of Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Eugene, and Charles XII; more interesting is the inclusion of fifteen volumes of geography and discovery. Whither bound? Was this another Alexander? Homer and Vergil jostled Ossian, Ariosto, and Tasso, while Rousseau's "Héloïse" stood neighbor to Goethe's "Werther." Among other "political" works were Montesquieu, the Vedas, the Koran, and the Bible. Caroline Bonaparte gave her brother as a farewell gift a little pocket library, among the volumes of which were Bacon's "Essays," Mme. de Staël's "Influence of the Passions," and Mercier's "Philosophic Visions." The curious have examined these volumes, and found in their well-worn pages a few passages specially marked. In his hours of solitude the great solitary read in Bacon how he who dominates others loses his own liberty; in Mme. de Staël how hard it is to keep the acquisitions of ambition; in Mercier of an Oriental visionary who, after the glories of temporary success, ended his days in exile and forgetfulness.

It was on April twelfth that Bonaparte received his final instructions from the executive. He was to seize Malta, drive the British from all their Oriental possessions which he could hope to capture, destroy their factories on the Red Sea, pierce the Isthmus of Suez, improve the condition of all the native populations, and keep a good understanding with the Sultan. Meantime from twenty-five to thirty thousand men were to be assembled at some point on the Channel as a feint against Great Britain so that her attention should be withdrawn for the time being from the Mediterranean. The very next day the departing general deposited with the Directory his secret plan for the camp at Boulogne and a scheme for the surprise passage. The scholar troop was ordered to Toulon and the commander-in-chief prepared to follow. But the Bernadotte incident at Vienna raised the war cloud and he waited a month until it disappeared from the horizon. Throughout that period Bonaparte kept the directors on tenterhooks by repeated offers to return to Rastadt, where he alone could secure reparation for the insult to the republic in the person of her ambassador. But the Austrians were unready for another appeal to arms, Thugut offered reparation, and the dangerous marplot of the Directory was at last free to remove his troublesome presence from Europe. He left Paris on the night of May third.

CHAPTER VI

THE LANDING IN EGYPT¹

Visions of Oriental Conquest — The Surrender of Malta — Nelson Deceived — The Mamelukes — The Skirmishes at Shebreket and the Pyramids — The Emptiness of Success — Plans for Conquering Asia — The Battle of the Nile — Effects on European Policies.

THE departure of the Egyptian expedition from Toulon, on May nineteenth, 1798, was thus far the greatest occasion of Bonaparte's life. Josephine, apparently no longer the light Creole, but seemingly transformed by the successes and responsibilities of the last two years into a fond and outwardly judicious help-mate, bade him a tender farewell. There had been checks in his brilliant career, but so far they had been temporary; as for the present hour, he believed, as he afterward told Mme. de Rémusat, that it might be his last in France. Mental fabrics of an Oriental splendor, visions of an empire bestriding three continents, dreams of potentates and powers far eclipsing those of western Europe — license like this intoxicates the imagination and disorders common minds. Such plans seem fantastic to the multitude, but what else than their realization is in sober reality the British empire of to-day? The rank and file of Bonaparte's army might not see

¹Mahan· Life of Nelson. Jurien de la Gravière Guerres Maritimes. Harcourt Égypte et les Égyptiens. Gourgaud· Journal. Desvernois Memoirs, ed Defourg (The editor has enriched his pages from

Arab sources) Desgenettes. Histoire médicale de l'Armée d'Orient. Ducasse: Les rois frères de Napoléon. The memoirs of de Rémusat, Belliard, Savary, and Berthier.

a reward for this hazardous expedition in sentimental or distant returns, but they understood perfectly the words of a harangue delivered at Toulon before embarking, which, besides being a reminder of the plunder they had taken in Italy, contained the blunt promise that this time every man should return with money enough to buy seven acres of land. Sailors and soldiers alike were thrilled by the call to establish liberty on the plains of the ocean, as they had on the plains of Lombardy. They even dimly apprehended the meaning of a proclamation, issued at sea, in which their destination was finally revealed, and certain success was foretold, if they would respect the women, the goods, and the faith of the Mohammedans.

Yes; it was a sanguine expedition which, relying on an apparent relaxation of England's vigilance, set sail for Malta. The geographical situation of that island makes it in proper hands the citadel of the Mediterranean, the bulwark of Christendom against heathendom. But the military monks to whom it had been intrusted were grown corrupt and licentious. The Maltese loathed their masters. French agents had already been among them, winning thousands of the people and some of the French knights; and such was the internal disorder at the approach of Bonaparte that after the merest show of resistance to his demands, the gates of an almost impregnable fortress were dishonorably opened to the French republic without a blow. The order, neither monastic nor military in any true sense, was virtually annihilated by the sequestration of its goods, though nominally it survived as vassal to the crown of Naples under the protection of Russia. The spoils of the treasury and the Church were quickly seized, a goodly treasure, and added to the French war chest. Waiting only to garrison his easy conquest, and

to establish a French administration, Bonaparte hastened on, and the entire fleet in good condition anchored off Alexandria on June thirtieth. With a few casualties the troops were landed.

News of the great preparations at Toulon had finally convinced the English admiralty that their supremacy in the Mediterranean was endangered. Nelson, with a small squadron, sailed in due time from Cadiz, and arrived off the French coast before the departure of Bonaparte's expedition. Driven from his position by a storm, he took refuge in the lee of Sardinia, where he remained until reinforced. Such was the overcharge of the French ships in troops and stores that even with a few active vessels Nelson could have crippled, if not entirely disabled, his enemy's great armament. With a new force which in the mean time he had received, he was prepared to dispute their passage wherever found, and his orders were stringent to destroy the enemy's fleet at any hazard. Returning to Toulon only to find that the French had escaped him, he sailed thence to Sicily, and perceiving at last the destination of the foe to be Egypt, passed swiftly to the south of Crete, and arrived off Alexandria to be disappointed in finding its roadstead empty. Supposing that he had been deceived, he hastened away toward Syria. In the desire to find his foe, he had passed him. Bonaparte, learning off Crete that he was pursued, sailed northward through the Candian Sea, while Nelson took the direct line on the other side. So it happened that thus far the good fortune of the invaders had not deserted them.

The denizens of the great Egyptian towns were not a warlike people; the great mass of the population, the down-trodden agricultural workers, or fellaheen, were even less so. Their strongest weapon was that Oriental stolidity which, like a fortress of mud, closes over hostile

missiles without crumbling under their blows. Accordingly, the city of Alexandria, after a feeble and ineffectual resistance, yielded. Bonaparte, ever conciliatory, issued a proclamation to the people, which was translated by one of his savants into the vernacular. It was clear and concise, but had little influence on the populace. The condition of Egypt at the time seeks in vain a parallel in history. Saladin had followed a tradition of Eastern despotism in the formation of a body-guard destitute of all ties except those which bound them to his person. Purchased as infants in Georgia or Circassia, its members were, like the janizaries at Constantinople, trained to arms as an exclusive profession, and, mounted on the finest steeds of Arabia, they became the élite of his army. In time this force of acute and powerful men transformed itself into a warrior caste, was divided into twenty-four companies, and obeyed no authority except that of its captains. These were known in Oriental phrase as Beys, the subordinates were themselves what we call the Mamelukes; the whole, in number about eight thousand, formed a kind of chivalry which, though reduced to nominal submission in 1517, still governed the land with despotic power, and bade defiance to the Sultan's shaky authority. The first portion of Bonaparte's proclamation sketched the evils of Mameluke tyranny, the second called on the populace to aid their liberators. "We, too, are true Mussulmans. Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope that said war must be made on the Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta because those insensate chevaliers believed God wanted them to make war on the Mussulmans? Thrice happy they who are on our side! They shall prosper in their fortune and in their place Happy those who are neutral! They shall have time to understand us, and



MAP OF EGYPT



shall array themselves with us But woe, thrice woe, to those who shall take up arms for the Mamelukes and fight against us! There shall be no hope left for them; they shall perish." The contrast between this language and that which its author had used in Italy concerning the Church shows how much sincerity there was in either case. Here as there he used religion as a political expedient.

The capture of Alexandria was a bitter disillusionment to the French soldiery, for the once rich and famous city had shrunk into poverty and insignificance. There was no booty and the squalor was repellent. With this unpropitious start their struggle on to Cairo was an awful trial. The sky was brass, their feet sank in the dry, hot soil, and mounted skirmishers tormented them from behind the low hillocks on each side of their line of march. No enemy more redoubtable than a few half-naked fellaheen really disputed their progress; but even when, on July tenth, they came within sight of the Nile and their sufferings were about to be mitigated, it was in vain that their general sought to silence their bitter cries of disheartened anger. Three days later they were attacked at Shebreket by the outposts of the Mamelukes, under Murad, chief Bey of the force. The irregular and individual attacks of the well-armed and gorgeously equipped cavalry broke harmlessly against the serried ranks of the French veterans, and the desultory firing of the Turkish artillery was quickly silenced; the rusty cannon, though aimed point-blank at the gunboat flotilla which was ascending the river, did little or no damage. The enemy withdrew, and concentrated their forces for a final stand at Om Dinar before Cairo, behind the lines of Embabeh. On July twenty-first Bonaparte ordered his troops in squares six men deep, as before. They were to advance so as to cut off the

enemy's retreat southward, and were to halt only to receive a charge. "Soldiers," cried the general, "forty centuries look down upon you from the summit of the Pyramids!" The resistance was scarcely worthy of the name. Five thousand horsemen and as many fellaheen were behind the weak ramparts. Murad and his men dashed forward with desperate courage against the phalanx of Desaix, but only to rebound from its iron sides against the equally impassive lines of Reynier and Dugua. Ibrahim, the other Mameluke leader, fled eastward across the river, and Murad retreated toward the south; the undisciplined infantry scattered and ran like frightened sheep. Many of the Mamelukes were drowned in the Nile. It was their custom to carry their wealth on their persons, and the French soldiers, bending their bayonets into grappling-hooks, spent much time in fishing for the corpses. It was estimated that each body thus recovered would afford about ten thousand francs to the lucky finder.

The so-called battle of the Pyramids will ever have a fictitious and romantic fame, largely due, of course, to the quality of Bonaparte's wonderful proclamations, which long after he admitted to Gourgaud were "*un peu charlatan*." Its results, however, were temporarily very important. Cairo was delivered by it into French hands, and the possession of Egypt's capital seemed of the first importance both to the soldiers and to their friends at home. The idea that East and West were fighting under the shadow of those monuments which, now hoary with age, were among the first achievements of civilized human intelligence, thrilled the "great nation," and added new luster to Bonaparte's laurels in the minds of a people wont to revel in great conceptions. Yet but thirty French soldiers were killed, and only one hundred and twenty were wounded. It was

a skirmish; much more decisive than that at Shebreket, to be sure, and somewhat more bloody, but only a skirmish. Both were represented to the Directory as great battles, the five Mamelukes killed in the first being magnified to three hundred. The camp at Embabeh furnished rich spoils to the victorious leaders, but the fabled wealth of Cairo, destined for the soldiery, proved to be like apples of Sodom. The army had been angry and disheartened; deprived of its accustomed booty, it became sullen and mutinous. There was no news from home. Oriental apathy long defied even Bonaparte's administrative powers. Egypt was subdued, but the situation of the general and of his troops was apparently desperate. Long afterwards the Emperor said to Gourgaud that, horrible as was the confession, he believed it fortunate that the French fleet was destroyed at Aboukir, "otherwise the army would have reembarked." If he had commanded Mamelukes, he would have been master of the East, he added.

Nothing daunted by what would have broken a feebler spirit, the disillusioned conqueror turned to the conquest of another world. Africa had failed him, but Asia was near, and a revolution might be effected there. The maltreatment of French merchants in Syria had been one of the Directory's original grounds of complaint, it must serve another turn, and if the Sultan were sufficiently humbled, he might be compelled to an alliance against the menacing league of Russia and Austria. The need for carrying out this plan was further confirmed by the awful news which soon came from Alexandria. Nelson, having scoured in vain the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, had returned first to Sicily, then to Greece, and finally to Egypt. Bonaparte had left instructions for Admiral Brueys to work the fleet into the old port of the Ptole-

mies; but if the anchorage or water-draft should prove insufficient, he was to sail for Corfu. It was believed that with his splendid new eighty-gun ships, and unhampered by the transports, he was more than a match for the inferior squadron of Nelson, whose largest vessels had but seventy-four guns. But Brueys, finding it impossible to enter the harbor with his war-ships, and fearing to sail for Corfu without the provisions promised by the general, disobeyed his orders, and took up what he believed to be an impregnable position near by in the bay of Aboukir, his line being parallel with the shoaling beach, and his van protected by insufficient batteries on Aboukir island to the northwest. The strongest ships in the center and van were those stationed seaward.

Nelson descried the anchored fleet on August first, about midday; before evening his daring scheme was formed and carried out. The English ships advanced in two divisions, one attacking the enemy's center and rear from the sea side, while the other, performing by skilful steering what Brueys had believed an impossible feat, entered the shoal waters, and, cutting off the shore defense, simultaneously attacked on that side. The French van, like the rest of the fleet, was at anchor, and could not come to the assistance of its sister ships. Thus entrapped, the French sailors fought with desperate courage, but they were out-manceuvred, and the English cross-fire was deadly. Moreover, with Nelson a new temper had entered the British navy. At Bastia he had determined the result by his personal daring, for the men of the *Agamemnon*, when led by him, "minded shot as little as peas"; at Calvi he had lost an eye in a desperate venture; at Cape St. Vincent he had boarded two opposing Spanish ships at the head of his own *Captain's* crew, with the cry, "Westminster

Abbey or victory!" and now, in the battle of the Nile, his greatest fight, he inspired the whole fleet with such audacious bravery that to this day his countrymen sing the proud boast of the ballad-writer, "At the battle of the Nile, I was there all the while." Though he had as many vessels as the French, they were of inferior quality and strength; but the result was never doubtful. The brave Brueys went down in his own *Orient* as the dauntless crew shouted, "Long live the Republic!" and Rear-Admiral Villeneuve barely escaped with two ships of the line and two frigates. Two other vessels of the latter class had been towed into the harbor; all the rest were destroyed. From that awful day the modern maritime ascendancy of England was considered a menace by continental Europe. France had struck Great Britain deadly blows in the annihilation of her allies ashore, and was to do so again. England, however, on her own chosen element, seemed thenceforward indomitable.

Any plan which Bonaparte may have entertained for the use of fleets to transport himself or his armies either on the Mediterranean or on the Atlantic during the expected Continental convulsion had to be abandoned. As was explained in a despatch from the Directory, which he did not receive until long after, he must either make Egypt self-sufficient without aid from France, or march on Constantinople to intimidate or wheedle the Grand Turk, or invade India, collect all the elements hostile to British rule, and establish himself there. Any thought of immediate return to France must be abandoned, however disposed he might be to pluck his "pear." On the other hand, France without Bonaparte was a different subject for European consideration, military or political. The wild schemes of her government for aiding the Irish rebels or invading

British soil were necessarily either futile in their inception or never tried, the coalition was shaping itself, and with Bonaparte and Hoche both removed from the scene, the statesmen and generals of the other great powers were only too ready to try conclusions with France.

CHAPTER VII

THE DISASTER AT ACRE ¹

Islam and the French — Plans to Revolutionize the East — The News from Europe — Bonaparte's Recommendations to the Directory — The Invasion of Syria — Murder of Turkish Prisoners — Importance of Acre — The Battle of Mount Tabor — The Siege of Acre — Desperate Courage of Besiegers and Besieged — Defeat of Bonaparte — His Estimate of Human Life — The Retreat to Egypt.

"THIS is the moment," said Bonaparte, on hearing how Brueys's splendid fleet had been annihilated, and the line of retreat to France cut off, "when characters of a superior order assert themselves." "The English," he cried on another occasion, "will compel us to do greater things than we intended." So far from his activity being diminished in the isolation of Egypt, it was redoubled. To preserve the fiction of his mission as the restorer of Ottoman power, the tricolor and the crescent floated everywhere side by side, while prayers were said for both France and Turkey in the mosques. The utmost respect was paid to the Koran and its precepts. Menou and a number of others made an open profession of Islam. To soothe all popular apprehension, existing institutions were changed only to strengthen them, while contemplated reforms were to follow in

¹ References as before Add Masson. Napoléon et les femmes, Josephine. Ernouf. Le Général Kléber. Larrey. Relation historique. Belliard: Bourrienne et

ses erreurs. Guitry. L'Armée en Égypte. Memoirs of Lavalette, Bourrienne, Miot de Melito, and Lucien de Bonaparte.

proportion as increasing public enlightenment demanded them. In particular, the utmost respect was paid to marriage customs, and no license among the common soldiers was tolerated. In marked contrast was Bonaparte's own conduct. An intercepted letter written from Alexandria to his brother Joseph expressed jealous doubts of Josephine's fidelity — or, rather, a certainty of her infidelity. From that instant his own licentiousness became a scandal even to the loose notions of his train. But outwardly he affected the inflated speech of a semi-divine messenger; once, while visiting the burial crypt in the pyramid of Cheops, he pretended to a mufti that he was a proselyte, and pronounced with an air of conviction the Mohammedan creed. Every element in the population, however, — Copts, Turks, Greeks, and Arabs, — was courted, and made to share in the administration. Printing-presses were established, and the French scholars, though surprised and disenchanted by what they found, united into an institute, and began the study of every possible improvement in political, social, and domestic economy. Nor was the army forgotten: the captured Mamelukes and other available youth were enrolled in the French battalions, and taught the drill and discipline of war. Even the scattered Bedouin received the conqueror's flattering attentions with ever lessening distrust.

All this was part of a plan to effect a religious and political revolution in the East, the two to move hand in hand, by an appeal to Mohammedan zeal for coöperation with those who had already destroyed Christianity in Europe. Talleyrand was to have been the representative in Constantinople of the same idea. But in disregard of his promise he stayed at home, and neither the Sultan, as the political and religious head of Islam, nor its devotees, were for a moment deceived. On the

well-known principle that offers of peace come best while war is hottest, Bonaparte's iron hand was shown in certain most stringent regulations, and one determined insurrection was put down with merciless rigor. The domestic relations of the people were sacred, but they must buy indemnity with the payment of all their cash; and treasure, wherever found, was seized for the army chest. The old city barriers of Cairo were broken down, and fortified turrets were built in their places. Resistance of any kind met with quick punishment, and heads fell throughout the land with such regularity and frequency as to force from the natives a recognition of Bonaparte as *el Kebir*, the Exalted.

The utter isolation of summer, autumn, and winter would have been intolerable but for such occupations. Only a single official despatch, and that a most insignificant one, reached Egypt from France during this interval; and the rush of events in Europe was for months utterly unknown to the castaway army. In fact, but two efforts were made to forward news — an astounding proof of the feeling in Paris. The Directory had failed in their attempts to cajole the Sultan, and a message from Bonaparte arrived too late to influence him, for, on receipt of news from Nelson's victorious fleet, the Turkish monarch hesitated no longer, and accepted the proffered alliance of Russia. The only certain news from Europe which was generally disseminated in Cairo was contained in a package of Italian newspapers brought into Alexandria by a blockade-runner. Through them it was known that the invasion of Ireland, having been precipitated by a misunderstanding between the secret society of United Irishmen and the Directory, had failed; that Malta and Corfu were blockaded; that the Spanish fleet was significantly inactive; and that all Europe was arming for the renewal of hostilities in the

spring. Bonaparte made every effort to communicate with Paris. Some of his frequent despatches certainly reached their destination, but, going by circuitous routes, they were belated. This very fact, however, went far in France to surround him with a halo of romance, and to glorify the legend, never eradicated from French imaginations, that the national arms had subjugated the land of the Pharaohs. As every day revealed the incapacity of the Directory in the face of an exasperated and united Europe, the fancied splendor of Bonaparte's feats neutralized any remnants of suspicion remaining in the minds of the people regarding their absent victor. The conquering republic was over the sea; it was a spurious one which had remained at home to be humiliated.

Disquieting rumors of Bonaparte's death, said to have been spread by English and Russian agents, were prevalent during a part of December; but while at their height they were allayed by the arrival, direct from the seat of war, of a budget dated October seventh. The condition of the colony was described in glowing terms, but the gist of the despatches was that the Spanish admiral must be goaded to activity, and that the fleet from Brest must be sent to coöperate with him in the Mediterranean, in order to restore the prestige of France in the East. As for the writer himself, he hoped, should war break out again in Europe, to return in the spring. Meantime, the Neapolitans were marching on Rome, a fact which inclined the vacillating and harassed directors to act on the suggestions of their real master, although they kept his recommendations secret.

It was, therefore, not entirely without a coordination of plans that the Army of Egypt, strengthened and refreshed, made ready to move in February. The Turks, under the viceroy, Achmet, styled Jezzar, the

Butcher, were mustering in Syria, and it was necessary to anticipate them. Kléber was put at the head of twelve thousand men, and, after dispersing the eight hundred Mamelukes who had retreated in the direction of Rahmaniye, he advanced some days' march to El Arish, which was at once beset. Bonaparte tarried at Cairo for a few days, and then having learned that the congress at Rastadt was still sitting, and that war, though imminent, was not yet declared, set out, reaching El Arish on February seventeenth, 1799. Three days later the Turkish garrison, composed largely of volunteers, surrendered. They were paroled, and ordered to march toward Damascus. Gaza fell with the exchange of a few musket-balls, and important munitions of war were delivered into the hands of the French. On March fourth the invaders were before Jaffa, which had a garrison of four thousand men, a part of Jezzar's army. After three days' bombardment a breach was made in the walls, and two thousand troops who had taken refuge behind caravansary walls surrendered under promise of their lives; the rest, it is said, had been killed in a massacre which immediately followed the assault.

No French victory was ever marked by more unbridled license than that which the victorious troops practised at Jaffa. But what followed was worse. Although the prisoners of war were too numerous for the ordinary usage, yet they should have been treated according to the terms of quarter they had exacted. On the seventh a council of war unanimously voted that the old rule under which no quarter is given to defenders in an assault should be applied to them. For two days Bonaparte hesitated, but on the ninth his decision was taken. A few Egyptians were sent home, and the remainder of the prisoners, together with the eight

hundred militia from El Arish, were marched to the beach, and shot. In the report to the Directory the total number was put at twelve hundred. Two eye-witnesses estimated it — one at three thousand, the other at four thousand. "I have been severe with those of your troops who violated the laws of war," wrote the author of the deed to Jezzar. No mention of the fact or excuse for it was made in any other portion of his correspondence at the time. All winter long he had been dealing as an Oriental with Orientals, and this was but a piece of the same conduct. The code of Christian morality was far from his mind. In January, for instance, he had ordered Murat to kill all the prisoners of a hostile tribe in the desert, whom he could not bring away; and in the same month identical orders were issued to Berthier concerning another horde. The plea which is made by the eulogists of Napoleon, and by some recent military writers, for this wholesale execution, is that among these slaughtered men the garrison of El Arish, which had surrendered, had been found again with arms in their hands; that they were deserving of death according to all the laws of war; and that, as to the rest, there were no French prisoners for whom to exchange them, and no provisions to support them; consequently their presence with the army would jeopardize its success, and it was therefore justifiable to diminish the enemy's resisting power by their execution. Those who believe that in any war, whether just or unjust, the practice of barbarity is excusable if it lead to speedy victory will agree with that opinion.

Bonaparte had foreseen that of all the Syrian towns the Pasha's capital, St. Jean d'Acre, which was on the shore, and not inland like the places so easily taken, would make the strongest resistance. Accordingly he had provided a siege-train, and had despatched it by

sea from Alexandria. The English squadron in those waters, now in command of Sir Sidney Smith, was in the offing when the French army arrived on the coast. Approaching in order to open fire, the English admiral became aware after a few shots that his enemy had no artillery. Divining the reason, he swiftly put to sea, and easily captured their transports. Phélippeaux, a French emigrant who had graduated from the military school at Paris only two days before Bonaparte, was sent by Smith to superintend the fortification of the city with the very guns destined for its destruction. The siege of Acre thus became a task quite different from any hitherto imposed on the French. Supported by an English fleet, and easily provisioned under protection of their guns, the city might have made a determined stand even against an enemy with cannon; but to one without artillery it was likely that its resistance would be effectual. And so it proved; for under the ancient Gothic walls of a city whose name recalled the fleeting dominion of the Frank crusaders, Bonaparte's dreams of an Oriental empire vanished forever. On March nineteenth he sat down before them, with really no dependence except on fate. In spite of discouragements, however, a breach was effected on the twenty-eighth by means of a mine, but the assault was repulsed.

Day followed day without an important incident, until in the third week an army of twenty-five thousand men, under Abdullah, approached from Damascus to relieve Jezzar. Kléber set out to check their march, and the first skirmish of advance-guards occurred at Nazareth. For eight hours Junot, in the van with a few hundred men, stood firm against a tenfold force; and even when the whole French division arrived the overwhelming superiority of the Turkish numbers was not perceptibly diminished. Bonaparte was not far

behind Leaving a respectable array before the town to keep up appearances, he hurried away with the rest, and by a forced march debouched on April sixteenth into the plain of Esdraelon. In the distance, at the foot of Mount Tabor, he could see a cloud of dust and smoke, in the midst of which the ranks of Kléber's division seemed buried beneath the masses of his foe. Throwing his fine cavalry on the Turkish flanks, the commander-in-chief, at the head of the infantry, caught his enemy unawares from behind the whirling sand which had concealed his presence. The result was an utter rout of the Turks, who fled by the mountain passes in complete disorder.

Bonaparte returned victorious to Acre, and resumed the siege with a grim determination such as even he had not often felt. He had good cause. Another messenger from the Directory, traveling with comparative directness by way of Genoa, had arrived with despatches and newspapers dated as late as February Two Austrian generals, Mack and Sachsen, had put themselves at the head of the Neapolitan army, and were about to march on Rome. An Austrian army division had already begun hostilities by entering the Grisons, thus violating the neutrality of the allied Helvetian Republic. Russia, Turkey, and Austria were in coalition: Russia would despatch troops to defend the Turkish capital and to aid in conquering Italy Two new French armies were in the field. Moreau, the only first-rate general in France, was still under suspicion of complicity with Pichegru, and although permitted to accompany the Army of Italy as a volunteer, had been passed over in the choice of commanders. Jourdan, whose consistent democracy as a member of the Five Hundred had restored him to favor and rank, was to command the Army of the Danube; Joubert was to

succeed Bonaparte in Italy. As for himself, he was left unhampered by instructions, but three alternatives had suggested themselves to the Directory — that he should either remain in Egypt and complete his colonial organization, or else press on to India and there supplant the English power, or, finally, march straight to Constantinople and attack the Russians. The tone of the despatches was one of anxiety. From earliest times Acre had been the key of Palestine; if Bonaparte should secure it, he would become the arbiter of his own destiny and of the world's. With Palestine, Egypt, and India at his feet, the tricontinental monarchy of his dreams was realizable; or else, in the same case, he could return to Paris with laurels unknown since the crusades, and put the copestone on the nearly completed structure of military domination in France and Europe. To the end of his days he imagined, or represented himself as imagining, that he would have altered the world's career by choosing the part of Oriental conqueror. We may call these notions dreams, or fancies, or visions, or what we will; they were sane conceptions in themselves, although it is not likely that England would have been conquered in the loss of India. She had been vigorous without it; she could have survived even that blow. For the moment the fall of Acre appeared to be an antecedent condition to either of the courses which were in the mind of Bonaparte.

But the siege was not prosperous. The assault and the defense during the attack in March had been alike desperate, and French valor had been futile. A fleet was now on its way from Constantinople to throw additional men and provisions into the town. At the same time Phélippeaux had constructed a new girdle of forts inside the walls, and had barricaded the streets. In the interval, however, the French had brought up some

heavy guns from Jaffa, and were making preparations to renew operations. A breach was easily effected, and a few gallant fellows seized the tower which controlled the outworks and curtain; but the storming party was repulsed, and the men in the tower, though they held it for two days, were finally so reduced in numbers that they succumbed. This exasperated the French soldiers intensely. For the first two weeks of May there was scarcely a break in the succession of assaults. The fierce struggles which occurred in the breaches, on the barricades, even in the streets, to which the French once or twice penetrated, resulted in an appalling loss of life; but neither party quailed. Before long a pestilence broke out in the French camp, and the hospitals established at Jaffa and elsewhere were crowded with sick and dying.

On May seventh Kléber's division was called in for a conclusive onslaught, and in the face of a double fire from Sir Sidney Smith's cannon and the guns on the walls, both the first and second works were scaled and taken. All was in vain. Every house rained bullets from embrasures made for the purpose, and the entering columns retreated on the very threshold of their goal. Three days later a second equally desperate attempt likewise failed. In all, the siege lasted sixty-two days; the French assaulted forty times, and twenty-six sallies were made by the garrison; four thousand soldiers and four good generals from his splendid army were the sacrifice of human life which Bonaparte offered at Acre to his ambition. Finally, the squadron from Constantinople having safely arrived, news came that another was fitting out at Rhodes to retake Egypt itself. Nothing was left but to draw off, and on the seventeenth the siege was abandoned. The retreat began on the twentieth. At Jaffa Bonaparte passed through the hospital

wards calling out in a loud voice: "The Turks will be here in a few hours. Whoever feels strong enough, let him rise and follow us."

As a votary at the shrine of science he believed, both then and later, in the lawfulness of suicide; and he now coldly suggested murder to his surgeon-general, hinting that an overdose of opium would end the sufferings of those plague-stricken men who would have to be abandoned. It was long believed that such a dose actually had been administered to the sixty or more who were left behind. But the conclusive evidence that the report was false is in the fact that when Sir Sidney Smith occupied Jaffa the sufferers were still alive. Napoleon to the last defended the suggestion as proper, though he falsely denied having made it himself, and untruthfully declared at St. Helena that he had delayed three days to protect the dying patients. With cynical good nature, he told the fine story of how the noble French army surgeon Desgenettes had rejected the criminal suggestion, replying that a physician's profession was to save, not to destroy, human life. The rebuke was particularly scathing because the heroic doctor, in spite of his conviction that the plague was contagious, had already inoculated himself with the disease in order to allay the panic of the terror-stricken soldiers. The army was reduced to eight thousand. After a nine days' march through the burning sands, the exhausted columns of the French reached Cairo. Such was the unparalleled vigor of the survivors that a few days' rest and proper food sufficed to recuperate their strength.

More wonderful still, they soon believed themselves to have returned with crowns of victory. Their crafty general explained that but for the terrible heats of Syria, the pest, and the expedition from Rhodes. which

threatened their rear, they would have leveled the walls of Acre and destroyed Jezzar's palace, returning with standards and spoils to confirm France's dominion in the hearts and fears of the Egyptians. The volatile and sanguine soldiery, unwilling to admit defeat even to themselves, half believed this was true, and soon by an easy transition came to hold the mere suggestions as actual facts. Berthier was instructed that the native authorities at Cairo were to be so informed by an advance agent, General Boyer. The few important prisoners whose lives had been spared were to be conveyed, with due display of captured standards, to the citadel of Cairo, and there imprisoned with the public announcement "that a great number of such were coming." The litters of the wounded French officers Lannes, Duroc, Croizier, and Arrighi were to be quietly carried in on different days. In one emphatic paragraph are the instructions for Boyer: "He is to write, to say, to do everything which may secure a triumphal entry." So adroitly were truth and fiction intermingled and confused by Bonaparte and his agents, that in spite of various attempted risings the country as a whole remained quiet. Murad, however, who had fled to Nubia, and had there remained in concealment until informed of the proposed Turkish expedition, soon reappeared with the remnants of his cavalry, for the purpose of coöperating with the Sultan's forces. For weeks he came and went among the people so mysteriously that the French guards could never seize him. Bonaparte's superstition was awakened by the stealthy and uncanny movements of his enemy, and in July he gave vent to his nervous irritation in a request to one of his subordinates either to kill or worry to death the object of his dread. "Let him die one way or another, I shall be equally obliged," were his words.

CHAPTER VIII

ABOUKIR AND THE GREAT DESERTION ¹

The Last of the Mamelukes — Aboukir — The News from Paris — An Adventurer's Decision — Preparations for Departure — His Plans Concealed — The Last Visit to Corsica — A Narrow Escape — Reception in France — Conjugal Estrangement.

THE Turkish army which had sailed from Rhodes numbered about twelve thousand men. The fleet which transported them appeared off Alexandria on July twentieth, and a landing was attempted. Repulsed by the forts, the ships drew off to Aboukir, where the effort was successful. The force was composed of infantry, and as nothing further could be done without cavalry, they began immediately to throw up breastworks, hoping to make a successful stand until the arrival of Murad. But this romantic personage, the last of the Mamelukes to enjoy undisputed sway, was able to come no farther than the Pyramids; the land at which he gazed from the summit of Cheops was never again to be his. Before he could reach his allies they had been overwhelmed, and before the evacuation of Egypt by its invaders he fell a victim to the plague. Mehemet Ali and the Albanians were to inherit his power. By July twenty-fourth the Turks had strongly fortified the peninsula of Aboukir with a double line of works. Not only did they hear nothing from Murad, but Ibrahim, who was expected from Syria, also failed them, and the lack of cavalry threw them on the defen-

¹ Authorities as before.

sive. But their presence, they hoped, would be sufficient to fan the rebellious spirit of the country, and they might maintain themselves until reinforcements should come by sea, or the belated cavalry arrive by land.

With his accustomed rapidity Bonaparte made ready to strike. Ibrahim was checked, Murad was finally driven back, and Desaix was called in from upper Egypt to keep order below while the contest was going on in the Delta. With six thousand men in the main army, and two thousand reserves under Kléber, Bonaparte set out. On July twenty-fifth the battle was joined. It was short and murderous. The enemy was first outflanked on the left, and that wing driven into the sea; then the right was caught in the same manner, and suffered a like fate. Finally, with a rush the infantry of Lannes surmounted a redoubt in the center. What was their surprise to find Murat with his cavalry already on the other side! The dashing riders had madly circumvented the line of intrenchment. There were but three thousand Turks now left, and these took refuge in a citadel which they had constructed at the apex of the peninsula. On August first, 1799, the anniversary of the battle of the Nile, the entire force surrendered. Bonaparte told the Directory that twelve thousand Turks were drowned. As he said in his despatch to Cairo, "Not a single man of the hostile army which had landed escaped." The French troops were now convinced that their general had always been invincible, and that somehow he would open the doors of their prison-house, and find a way for their return.

It was nearly six months since the date of the latest authentic news from Paris. At least so thought the general's adjutants and companions, and they were possibly right. They knew that he had been constantly forwarding news of their enterprise, and probably



Napoleon Exposition, 1895

NAPOLÉON—BY INGRES

(Belonging to German Baptist)

regular instructions, to the authorities at Paris. Bonaparte mentions in his correspondence the despatch of sixty vessels of various kinds with his letters, and some of them, at least, reached their destination. This certainty, with the wise adaptation of his subsequent course to his ultimate ends, has led to the supposition that he was in constant receipt of secret information from his brothers, by way of Genoa and Tunis. This he never explicitly denied, although he said at St Helena that newspapers were sent ashore from the English fleet after the battle of Aboukir, adding, as a kind of ingenuous generalization, that, besides, news did not come from France by way of Tunis. Joseph declares in his memoirs that he himself sent a messenger to tell the sorry tale of French affairs to Napoleon. But there is no proof and no likelihood that this courier ever reached his destination. It is certain that Bonaparte learned at Acre of the new coalition against France from Phélippeaux in a parley held across the trenches; it is probable that his private news came by way of the Barbary States; it is unquestioned that his best information was obtained through the English fleet, which was now off Alexandria, negotiating for exchanges on behalf of Turkey. According to Marmont, Sir Sidney Smith, hoping to discourage his enemy, sent a packet of papers ashore, and declared that if the French army should strive to escape, in accordance with the desire of the Directory, he would endeavor to give an account of himself to the fugitives.

In any case, what was now definitely made known to Bonaparte was not unwelcome information. He was assured that war had broken out, as he expected and perhaps knew; that the French arms had suffered disgrace in Italy; and that a fleet under Admiral Bruix had been despatched to conquer the Mediterranean and

to bring home the Army of Egypt. No doubt he guessed that the Directory was showing hopeless incapacity. What he could not know was that on May twenty-sixth they had actually despatched a special courier to express the hope that he himself would return to take command of the armies of the republic. This messenger, we know, never landed in Egypt, but his services were not required, for no sooner was Bonaparte convinced that the crisis he had long foreseen was actually occurring than the resolution he had twice foreshadowed in his letters to Paris was finally taken. He told Marmont that the state of things in Europe compelled him to return: the French armies defeated, all the fruits of his hard-earned victories in Italy lost! Of what use were these incapables who were at the head of affairs? With them all was hesitation, stupidity, and corruption. "I — I alone have borne the burden, and by constant victory have given strength to this administration, which without me would never have lifted its head. On my departure everything had, of necessity, to crumble. Let us not wait until the destruction is complete; the evil would be irremediable. . . . The news of my return will be heard in France simultaneously with that of the destruction of the Turkish army at Aboukir. My presence will elevate men's spirits, restore to the army its lost confidence, and to the good people the hope of a prosperous future." No commentary could make this language clearer.

His arrangements were quickly made. A few trusted men were confidentially informed of the situation, and Kléber was appointed to the chief command of the army, which was so dishonorably to be abandoned in a most critical situation, reduced as it was to half its original numbers, destitute of provisions and ammunition, surrounded by a hostile, fanatical population, and confronted by the powerful fleet of its most unrelenting

enemy. Secretly, and by night, the two frigates in the harbor of Alexandria were prepared, and anchored off a remote point of the shore. In the early hours of August twenty-second the fugitive general embarked, accompanied by a few devoted and choice friends — capable generals like Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Berthier, Duroc, Bessières, Lavalette, Ganteaume, and Andréossy; equally fine political scholars like Monge, Denon, and Berthollet. It was arranged that Junot and Desaix should come later.

The great deserter could easily persuade himself that this was an act of heroism — risking his life on hostile waters in order to save France. It was not hard to reason speciously that it was a colony which had been intended, and a colony which had been planted; that in his return he was using the discretion granted by the Directory, and carrying out a plan announced from the outset. But it needed no verdict of posterity to declare that it would have been more heroic to remain and share the consequences of a scheme so largely his own. His conscience asserted as much, for he deceived the brilliant and acute Kléber in an appointment to say farewell, which was not kept; while the Grand Council of Cairo was told that he had gone to take command of his fleet, and would return in three months. Orders were left that if fifteen hundred soldiers should die of the pest, Kléber should open negotiations for evacuating the country. An angry and emphatic protest was written by the victimized general; but it was intercepted by the English cruisers, and did not fall into the hands of his betrayer until after he had become First Consul. At St. Helena, Napoleon declared that the failure of the expedition was clear to him from the moment of Nelson's victory; for any force which cannot be recruited must melt away and eventually surrender.

Sir Sidney Smith, not thinking either that a general would abandon his army, or that vessels would sail for Europe against the adverse winds of that season, had made for Cyprus to renew his supply of water. In this interval the two French frigates gained the open sea, their captains entertaining the vague hope of reaching Toulon direct, by some reversal of nature's laws. But the prevalent breezes continued, and compelled them to coast along the African shore. It was three weeks before they even sighted the headlands of Tunis. At last a favoring wind began to blow. With lights extinguished, they passed at night the strait which separates Africa from Sicily, escaping the observation of the English cruisers sent from Nelson's fleet to patrol those waters. Skirting Sardinia, the flotilla reached Corsica early in October. Though, as Bonaparte declared, he was "deeply moved by the sight of his native town," no remnant of his early enthusiasm could sweeten for him the enforced delay of several days in the harbor of Ajaccio. He had left far behind the emotions of that primitive society, and, evidently fretting to be gone, was rather impatient at the abounding caresses of all the friends who thronged the town when he was ashore and crowded the decks when he was afloat. Some deeds have been recorded to his credit: all the money he had by him, about forty thousand francs, he distributed to the garrison, which had not been paid for over a year and a half; his features, it is also said, relaxed with evident joy as he tenderly returned the greeting of the old woman who had been his earliest attendant. It was his last visit to the island of his birth, but not the last time the accents of its dialect fell on his ears, for it was a Corsican who troubled his dying hours at St. Helena.

What moved him really and deeply was the news of

French disasters on the Trebbia and at Novi, of Joubert's death, of the dissolution of the Italian republics, and of Moreau's last stand in the Piedmont fortresses. What probably moved him most was the further news that the old Directory had virtually fallen on the thirtieth of Prairial, and that Sieyès, who had returned but partly successful from Berlin, had been chosen as a member of the new one, to preserve at least a semblance of respect for the institution. Finally, the favoring breeze sprang up, and on October eighth sail was made again, not for Italy, to restore the fortunes of the army, as Bourrienne says had been planned during the voyage, but direct for France. Suddenly, at sunset, a British squadron loomed on the horizon. Was Fortune at last to desert her child? It seemed so. The captain of Bonaparte's vessel gave orders to make again for Ajaccio, and prepared a long-boat for the solitary landing of his passenger on the wild shores of the island in case of extremity. But a dark night revived his courage. The English, deceived by the apparent angle of their enemy's yards, mistook his course, and sailed in a wrong direction. The French kept directly on. Next morning the adventurer set foot once more on French soil near Fréjus. A few nights later news of Bonaparte's landing was brought to his sisters in their box at the theater. They received it with exultation, but apparently with no manifestation of surprise.

How was he received, this thwarted leader of a costly fiasco, this general who for nothing had left the bones of thousands to whiten upon Eastern deserts, who had deserted in a plague-stricken land many thousands more of the finest troops which France could furnish? With a passion of delight! From Fréjus through Lyons to Paris, along the old familiar route, the people knew nothing of their hero's failures. They had not for-

gotten his Italian victories, which only a short year before had made them masters where now their armies were in disgrace and their name was execrated; they knew only too well the wide-spread legends of the same man's triumphs in the romantic East, before Cairo and at the feet of the Pyramids. With all this they contrasted the valley of humiliation through which the republic had been dragged by the incapacity of their leaders. Was it wonderful that at Lyons the fêtes were like a jubilee, through which Bonaparte, aware that his goal was near, moved like one already elevated among his fellows — conciliating, deprecating, mysterious?

It was on October sixteenth that he arrived at his house on Victory street, in Paris. Mme. Bonaparte was not there to give him a welcome. During the absence of her husband she had made her house the center of a brilliant society which numbered among its members the ablest men of the time. This circle was untiring in its devotion to Bonaparte's interests, making friends for him at home, plotting in his behalf abroad, turning every political incident to his advantage, and building up a strong party which believed that he was the only possible savior of France. In conduct the associates were gay and even dissolute; occasionally a select inner coterie withdrew to Plombières, nominally for repose, but probably for a seclusion not altogether innocent. Into this loyal but licentious company the sudden announcement of Bonaparte's approach brought something like consternation. Josephine, in particular, having been recklessly unfaithful during his absence, was now over-anxious to display a feigned devotion to her husband. Doubtless she had heard of his desperate licentiousness in Egypt; she must have recalled her own orgies of faithlessness during his absence, in Italy first and now again in Egypt; she may have learned

that his family were already hinting divorce and that his ears were only too attentive to the suggestion. But she knew her powers and resolved to stake all on another cast. Learning of his approach, she went out some distance to meet him, but took the wrong road, and passed him unawares. Hurrying back, she found the door of his chamber barred, her absence being of course a confirmation of the general's jealous suspicions. For hours her entreaties and tears were vain. At last Eugène and Hortense joined theirs with their mother's, and the door was opened. The breach was apparently healed, but rather to avoid a scandal than from sincere forgiveness.

CHAPTER IX

"THE RETURN OF THE HERO"¹

The Second Coalition — Failures and Defeats of the Directory — The Rastadt Congress — Murder of the French Plenipotentiaries — The Crisis in France — The Revolution of Prairial — The Conscription — The Schemes of the Directors — The Successes of the Bonapartists — The Attitude of Paris — "The Return of the Hero" — The Man of Destiny.

THE situation of affairs in Europe at the close of 1799 was, as Bonaparte had anticipated, by no means simple. England having been scorned in the propositions for peace which she made in 1797 at Lille, a second coalition of France's enemies was formed in 1798, largely through the efforts of Paul I, the new Czar of Russia. The organization of the Helvetic Republic in Switzerland had brought the Revolution into the very heart of central Europe, and thus had further estranged the trembling dynasties of both Austria and Prussia. The organization on February eighteenth, 1798, of the Roman Republic had brought the Revolution to the frontiers of Naples; when her king, having joined the coalition, renewed hostilities and inaugurated a general war by throwing an army

¹ The fullest accounts are those of Sorel and Vandal. Further authorities are the memoirs of Duport de Cheverny, of Larévellière-Lepeaux, of Lafayette, of Mme. de Chastenay, and of Pasquier, the works of Roederer, the studies of Aulard, the contempo-

rary journals and reviews. Also, E. and I. de Goncourt: *Histoire de la Société Française pendant le Directoire*. Stenger: *La Société Française pendant le Consulat*. Rocquain: *L'État de la France au 18 Brumaire*.

into Rome, the French troops in Italy were divided, and a portion of them, under Championnet, overturned the Neapolitan throne in a kind of pleasure excursion. In January, 1799, the Parthenopean Republic was proclaimed. By a skilfully devised complot in which Lucien Bonaparte was active, the Directory charged the feeble King of Sardinia with unfriendliness, the Cisalpine Republic picked a quarrel with him, Tuscany became involved in the ensuing disorders, and Charles Emmanuel IV was compelled on December ninth, 1798, to abandon all his territories on the mainland, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III, fled shortly after, in 1799, to his relatives in the court of Vienna, leaving his dominions temporarily at the disposal of France.

It was doubtless a pleasant delusion for sincere republicans to imagine that in these events free governments were rising on the wreck of absolutism; but unfortunately the fact was otherwise: every one of these so-called free states was founded, not in the hearts of its people, but in the power of French arms. With the waning of this military ascendancy, they must of necessity lose all vitality. Bonaparte had stated to the Directory, in defense of his own conduct, and of course both repeatedly and emphatically, that to divide the Army of Italy and leave the Austrians on the Adige would be to lose Italy. And yet this was precisely the blunder the directors made in sending Championnet to Naples. Angered by the unexpected renewal of hostilities, their preparations for the coming war, though vigorous and energetic, were made unadvisedly and in haste. Brune was sent to command in Holland, Bernadotte to the middle Rhine, Jourdan into central Germany, Masséna to Switzerland, Macdonald to Naples, and Schérer to upper Italy. Two hundred thousand

men were raised under the new conscription law, and these conscripts — a word then used in that sense for the first time — were sent to fill the depleted ranks of the respective armies. Brune and Masséna were destined to show ability and win success, the others were marked for overwhelming defeat: the crowning example of folly was the appointment of the incapable Schérer to the post of greatest importance. He had once before shown his inability to master the rudiments of warfare in Italy, and this time his command was as inefficient as might have been expected. Jourdan, having been defeated toward the close of March, by the Archduke Charles, both at Ostrach and at Stockach, was succeeded by Lenouf, who was at once compelled to retreat behind the Rhine. On the heels of this disaster, Schérer was driven first behind the Mincio, then to the Oglio; he was shamefully beaten at Magnano in April, and then voluntarily made way for Moreau, laying down his command amid the jeers of his disgusted troops.

Meantime the congress at Rastadt had been keeping up the forms of negotiation, its proceedings being in the main perfunctory, and its sessions deriving their interest mainly from the attempts of the French plenipotentiaries to overawe their colleagues. In this they were largely successful, because they had in their possession the clearest evidence of Austria's earlier determination to secure her importance by the dismemberment of Bavaria. They were now three in number: two of them, Roberjot and Bonnier, were honest supporters of the Directory, the third, Debry, was an old friend of Bonaparte's, and had never swerved from his allegiance. As chief of the embassy he had attracted great attention, and having displayed a spirit far from conciliatory, he gave some cause for the special dislike in which he was held, not only by the other delegates, but even by his

own colleagues. There was the utmost tension in the congress when hostilities were renewed. With the successes of Charles, Austria grew so bold that she determined to break off all negotiation. Already one imperial representative had withdrawn in dudgeon; the others were ready to follow. Aware that war was imminent, both French and Austrian troops had begun early in 1799 to scour the suburbs of Rastadt, and had in frequent forays not merely attacked each other, but had molested the citizens and even the ambassadors. Finally, in April, the imperial troops beset the town, and ordered the remaining members of the congress to leave within a term which, according to usage, was to be fixed by the assembly itself.

The French ministers, in obedience to orders received from Paris, waited until the very last, leaving with their train only at nightfall on April twenty-eighth. In a few moments, and almost before the gates, they were surrounded and hustled, by whom is not altogether certain, though at the time some were believed to be Austrian hussars. In the ensuing tumult the three plenipotentiaries were dragged from their carriages and furiously assaulted; Roberjot and Bonnier were killed, Debry escaped. Next morning he appeared in Rastadt wounded and bloody, but not seriously injured. This murder has become one of the standing historical puzzles. Some have attributed its instigation to the British cabinet, some to Bonaparte, some again to Caroline of Naples, and some to the French émigrés. Many claim that the blows were struck by Debry himself, who, it is thought, was one of those Bonapartist agents, like Garat in Naples and Ginguené in Turin, whose business, as is claimed, was to bring on anarchy at any price, and discredit the Directory. The royalists, supported by the declarations of Mme. Roberjot, who was in the

carriage with her husband, asserted this at the time, and the numerous hewers at the greatness of Napoleon have again repeated it in our day. There are circumstances which could be twisted into corroborative evidence if even the slightest positive proof existed; but no satisfactory testimony has ever been offered from Austrian sources to prove that these attacks, like others of the time and in other lands, were not instigated by the authorities, and made both to conceal inconvenient shortcomings, and to bring on the war for which Austria was now thoroughly prepared.¹

The second coalition was stronger than the first, because, although Prussia remained neutral for reasons already mentioned, it included not only England and Austria, but also both Turkey and Russia, with Portugal and Naples. The long frontier, from Holland to Naples, which France was called on to defend in the absence of her best troops and generals in Egypt, made her weak and vulnerable as never before. England

¹ There is a small library of books and pamphlets devoted to the subject. The latest is that of the Austrian officer, Criste, to which reference has already been made: he searched the Vienna archives to learn, if possible, the truth, and confesses that he cannot find it, though he discusses all the theories and asserts the innocence of Austria. Even finer, however, is the volume of Helfert: *Der Rastadter Gesandten Mord*. The other sources are Gentz *Ueber die Ermordung der Französisch Congress-gesandten*, a contemporary opinion, 1799; Bohtlingk's three discussions in *Napoleon, Seine Jugend und Sein Emporkommen*, *Napoleon Bonaparte und der*

Rastadter Gesandten Mord, *Der Rastadter Gesandten Mord vor dem Karlsruher Schoffengericht*; Huffer: *Der Rastadter Gesandten Mord*. By Muller, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and von Reicheln Meldegg, there are monographs of the same title. Further material is contained in Schlitz *Denkwürdigkeiten*, *Obser Politische Correspondenz Carl Friederich's von Baden*; Delaure: *Esquisses historiques*; Gohier. *Memoirs*, Arnault *Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire*; Vivenot: *Zur Geschichte des Rastadter Congresses*; Jomini. *Vie politique et militaire de Napoléon*; Erzherzog Karl *Ausgewählte Schriften*.

appeared in Holland with an Anglo-Russian army; the Russians poured into Switzerland and Italy; the Austrians were again on the Rhine and the Adige; while Turkey was showing unexpected energy in repelling the invaders from lands which, slack as was the tie, she still considered her own. Worse than all, the false position of the French republic and the Church with reference to each other had kept alive smoldering coals of discontent, and as a result civil war again broke out in Brittany and Vendée. To meet this appalling emergency there was needed either a capable, homogeneous administration heartily supported by the nation, or else a military despotism such as was the logical result of Vendémiaire and Fructidor. The former did not exist. Instead of gaining strength by wise self-denial, the Directory had grown steadily weaker, usurping authority of every kind, and actually seating in the councils of 1798, by the basest arts, creatures of their own as representatives of no less than forty-nine departments. The May elections of 1799 expressed the popular discontent in an uprising of extreme Jacobinism, which sent an opposition delegation into the councils too strong to be thus supplanted or overthrown.

The new legislature met the executive, and at once, with their own weapons. Aided by public clamor, and by the influence of a widely read pamphlet which Carnot had written in justification of his course, they obtained in June a virtual reconstruction of the Directory. Barras, who had become known as a weak trimmer, was suffered to remain. Rewbell, as a supporter of the unsuccessful Schérer and the pertinacious associate of Rapinat, a dishonest contractor connected with the Army of Italy, had been himself suspected of speculation, although unjustly, and his time having expired, he was not reelected. The others went as a matter of course;

Merlin and Larévellière were permitted to resign because, although troublesome, they were nonentities; Treilhard, though honest and able, could not make himself felt, and a flaw in his election was used as a pretext to replace him by Gohier, who, though he had been formerly minister of justice, was a feeble creature. Sieyès was put in Rewbell's place in order to secure a better constitution. He carried into his new sphere the same habits of supercilious mystery which he had always had, continuing likewise the scheming for radical change which he had so long carried on. He looked to Joubert as the popular general most likely to become an easy tool, and formed an intimacy with him. The two other places were filled by utter mediocrities: Roger-Ducos, a moderate, and Moulins, a radical. This revolution of the thirtieth of Prairial, another "day," was held to be a Jacobin counterstroke to that of the eighteenth of Fructidor. The legislature had shown itself as lawless as the Directory; the constitution was proved to be worthless: another must be enacted. With Fouché at the head of the police, and other Robespierrians restored to office, it appeared to the majority of the nation as if all constitutional government were jeopardized, as if the Terror were to be revived, as if such madness could be repressed only by military force.

But where was the general? Championnet had disgraced himself by permitting unbridled license among his soldiery after the capture of Naples on January twenty-third, 1799, and his army fell into a state of disreputable disorganization. Macdonald had gathered together and reorganized the remnants, but only to be defeated by Suvoroff with his Russians on the Trebbia. The army of Joubert, who succeeded Moreau, had been overwhelmed, and its leader killed, by an Austro-Russian force at Novi, on August fifteenth. Mantua was

already lost. Moreau, having saved some remnants of Joubert's troops, made a successful stand in the Apennines, where his army still was. Masséna was defeated at Zurich, in June, by the Austrians under the archduke Charles; but on September twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth he routed the Russians under Korsakoff at the same place. Brune had defeated on September nineteenth, at Bergen, an Anglo-Russian army under the Duke of York, who was forced to capitulate at Alkmaar on October tenth, and to evacuate the Batavian Republic. Bernadotte was the new secretary of war, more successful in that office than as a diplomat. Although he was Joseph Bonaparte's brother-in-law, he was not a Bonapartist, being first, last, and always a Bernadottist. Under his administration Jourdan had devised and carried out the new conscription measure which filled once more the empty army lists. This sweeping measure was the extreme development of the system introduced by Carnot, whereby all able-bodied French citizens were declared liable to military service, and drafts were made only when voluntary enlistment failed. The conscription law was passed on September fifth, 1798, and compelled the service of all young men, or at least of as many as the government saw fit to draw, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. This procedure differed but little from that now universal in modern Europe, and created the Napoleonic armies as distinguished from those of the republic. Organized into divisions, brigades, and half-brigades as before, the new ranks appear to have been quite as enthusiastic as the old, for the young of the nation now looked to war as the quickest road to glory. Bernadotte expressed the common conviction of all ambitious young men when he said: "Children, there are certainly great captains among you." The treasury was replenished by a

forced loan disguised under the form of an arbitrary tariff. Besides all this, a frightful measure had been passed, known as the Hostage Law, which made the innocent relatives of every Chouan or emigrant responsible for his conduct.

These measures were indicative of a dangerous and rising tide of the new Jacobinism, which was represented by a majority in the Five Hundred, in the Directory by Gohier and Moulins, and outside by a recognized club of terrorists, which began to sit in the famous riding-school where the Convention had held its sessions. The well-to-do men like Talleyrand, Regnault de St.-Jean-d'Angély, and Roederer, the philosophers Cambacérès, Sémonville, Benjamin Constant, and even Daunou, were outraged at the thought of a new Terror, and looked to Sieyès and Barras to prevent it. In view of these disturbing circumstances, many also asked, Where is the statesman? The Jacobins, as of old, had perfect faith that the chapter of accidents would reveal a statesman; a general they had either in the calm Jourdan or in the hotspur Augereau. Their policy was to repeat republican victories, and fortify democracy in the coming constitution, whatever shape it should take. Sieyès and his friends naturally would have turned to the conqueror of Italy, with whom they had already plotted; but he was absent, and, besides, they wanted a tool, not a master. They actually tried Moreau with the offer of a dictatorship to be equally shared with Bonaparte; but he was already under the spell of royalism, and proved coy. It has been suggested that but for the arrival of Bonaparte himself, Masséna, who much resembled Monk in character, might have repeated that general's rôle in France. Certainly the advocates of a limited monarchy would, in the extremity, have welcomed even the Bourbons as a constitutional

dynasty, and this although they were so distrustful that Sieyès, when ambassador in Prussia, had dreamed of choosing a foreign royal house for that purpose, selecting as his own preference that of Brunswick.

Such, then, was the complicated web of defeat and victory in war, of plot and counterplot in politics, of cross-purposes everywhere, which was displayed to Bonaparte on his return to the capital. Should he, the hitherto avowed republican whose devoted soldiers still believed themselves to be fighting for freedom's cause, continue the farce still further, and throw in his fate with the Jacobins? Or should he put down the mask? It soon became clear to him that Paris and the people would never again tolerate a Terror, and that success in the long run lay in an alliance with them. If they would accept his leadership, the game was won. But was this possible? The cool heads, like Baron de Pasquier, had noted the real character of the Egyptian and Syrian campaigns; but even they had an admiration for an adventurer's effrontery, and they were too few to make much impression upon the masses. By large numbers of the hitherto indifferent it was now believed that Bonaparte and his army had been deported to Egypt from jealousy on the part of the Directory; and to some of the conservatives he was a martyr returning from exile, yet bringing new trophies to his country. This rumor was not only never contradicted, but was rather increased by the significant hints of those among the Bonaparte family who were now in the thick of events. Joseph, having three years previously been elected to the Five Hundred, had risen high in the public esteem; and Lucien for two years past had likewise been one of the most influential members. Both were changed men. Polished, at least superficially, and apparently devoted to letters, they were known as

solid citizens. Their social gifts had made their homes, like that of Mme. Bonaparte herself, centers of influence among many important people of the capital. Hers, however, was far more exclusive, and affected a lofty superiority to all others. Between it and the other two there existed intense jealousy concerning the general's favor, but all were heartily united in furthering his interests.

The people of Paris did not, like those of Lyons, run to meet Bonaparte as if he were already a sovereign; but they received him warmly. In particular the malcontents who were plotting in his behalf, as if under his personal direction, welcomed him with effusion. Without a moment's delay he took charge of their councils. Sieyès had lost his mainstay in Joubert, and his prestige by the defeat at Novi. With the help of Talleyrand and Roederer he was soon brought to terms, and under Bonaparte's immediate direction the careful, daring plan for a complete change both in the constitution and in the administration which had been already discussed by Sieyès and his followers, the so-called reformists, was revised and finished. It was on its face a determined attempt to remedy the radical defects of the constitution of the year III, and to organize a strong constitutional government. In fact, its author had already shown a certain executive ability in preparing the way. Waving the red signal of the Terror, he had by a series of arbitrary measures suppressed the Jacobin papers and banished their editors. Jourdan at this crisis demanded from the assemblies a vote that the "country was in danger," but his appeal fell flat. Then came the stirring news that under Masséna and Brune the armies of France were renewing their pristine glories, and that the Rhine and the Alps at least were safe. A few days later a messenger from the executive read to the councils,

in solemn state, the despatch, composed by Bonaparte for the purpose, containing his exaggerated narrative of the battle of Aboukir. Tremendous enthusiasm swept over both chambers. Gohier, who had fallen a victim to the charms of Josephine in her frequent visits to his flattered wife, was the president of the Directory. To him Bonaparte had paid his first official visit, and on the following day the Directory received in formal audience the general, who, as he himself declared to Gohier, had "left his army to come and share the national perils," reports of which had so disquieted him in Egypt.

The official and the popular good will were therefore before long alike intense: Paris was within a few days as much dazzled by Bonaparte's return as the country had been. The "Return of the Hero" was the catchword of the nation. Recent events had shattered parties into fragments: here was a leader who had never been identified with any one of them. The newspapers took up the pæan of his virtues. Meanness and mediocrity were to disappear; the French people, avid of great things, had found again the favorite of fortune who alone could accomplish them. First Talleyrand, then Sieyès, then all the other well-known men, from Gohier down, openly joined in the train of admirers. The shifty course of large numbers who, like Roederer, were opportunists at heart had become wearisome to the moneyed classes, and they also soon arrayed themselves under Bonaparte's banner. Doubtful or distant persons of influence were courted, and, as in the case of Moreau, were by consummate art often won. Roederer thought the revolution virtually completed by October thirtieth; the work, he said, was three quarters done. Next day Lucien Bonaparte was elected president of the Five Hundred, among whom, though the majority

were vacillating and uncomprehending, there was a strong minority of unreconstructed Jacobins. Within the fortnight the defeated general had drawn together at Paris a court more powerful than that which he had had at Montebello in the hour of victory. His personal demeanor was much the same as then — quiet and reserved, but conciliatory, simple, and frank. He affected the simple garb of the civilian, sometimes wearing an Oriental scarf with a small scimitar; frequented the Institute, of which he had been made a member; and associated by preference with men like Volney, discussing questions of philosophy and science. Soon it was whispered that his plans were maturing. What could they be? The answer was not long in suspense. The pear was ripe.

We felt ourselves the associates of an all-powerful destiny, wrote Marmont, concerning the voyage from Egypt. Bonaparte himself was the author of this sentiment, which for long was to be the controlling thought of millions. The Orient had quickened in him a latent conviction as to the value of a destiny and a star. When, in threatening crises, others forgot it, the great adventurer reminded them of it, meaning thereby his own clear vision, unclouded by adversity, penetrating in the confusion of circumstances. In no sense was he an Oriental fatalist; on the contrary, his destiny was the power to discern and to dare which resided in himself. It was his presence in France which was to dispel doubts, restore confidence, control events. "My presence," he had said on shipboard, "by raising their spirits will restore to the army its lacking self-reliance, and to good citizens the hope of a better future. There will be a movement of opinion to the benefit of France. We must struggle to arrive, and we shall arrive." To Kléber, the ablest of his generals, he had left the command and with it

a masterly set of directions for the guidance of affairs. He could not be charged with failure, for the end was not yet; disaster could not be retrieved in Egypt. he had hastened to the scene where alone succor could be found, and he had arrived with a heart ready for the decision, under conditions the most favorable, with a definite goal and a clear, simple plan for its attainment. To outsiders and to posterity the result has appeared a happy chance. It was not so, though unforeseen circumstances contributed. It was a foregone conclusion.

CHAPTER X¹

BONAPARTE SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY

The Banquet to Bonaparte and Moreau — Plans of the Bonapartists — Terrors of Bonaparte and Talleyrand — The Rôle of the Ancients — The Generals at Bonaparte's House — His Address to the Ancients — The Five Hundred — Sieyès and Roger-Ducos Resign from the Directory — Barras Intimidated — Gohier and Moulins Imprisoned — Bernadotte's Counter-plot

ON November first, 1799, Sieyès formally surrendered all control. By agreeing, as he did in a conference with Bonaparte, that the outline of the "perfect" constitution which he had written — it was his own epithet — should not be laid directly before the councils, but should be submitted to a committee, he abdicated the public leadership, and became the dupe of his colleagues. On the sixth a banquet was given to Bonaparte in the church of St. Sulpice. It had originally been intended that the tribute should come from both chambers; in reality the affair was arranged entirely by a few of the Ancients, who were now almost to a man Bonapartists. Moreau was present as a guest. Embittered against the Directory by the impossible labors they had assigned to him, he had entered Paris cautiously and quietly; Bonaparte, equally embittered, but by his own failures, had come amid the plaudits of a nation; but

¹ The references for Chapters X and XI are as before, with these additions: the memoirs of Hyde de Neuville, Duport de Cheverny, Thiébault, Marmont (duc de Raguse), Sarrazin, Mathieu

Dumas, Barras, Allonville, Gaudin (duc de Gaete), and Pasquier, the *Mémorial de Norvins*, *Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet*, the *Souvenirs of Macdonald*, the *Commentaries of Napoleon*, the letters of

the two were for all that justly ranked together as the great captains of the hour. The occasion, however, fell flat, for both Jourdan and Augereau, the Jacobin generals, remained away, and they were the intimates of Bernadotte. Moreau himself was sullen, and the only incident of importance was Bonaparte's toast to the "harmony of all the French." He drank it in wine that was brought in a bottle by Duroc, his aide-de-camp; for his guilty conscience made him suspicious that the meat and drink provided in his honor were poisoned.

Immediately after the close of the gloomy ovation he had a meeting with Sieyès, who produced his draft for three measures, the general tenor of which had been previously agreed upon. In the revolutionary movement now arranged, the Council of the Ancients, in which a majority was certain, were, at the proper time, to take the initiative according to constitutional provision, and pass all three as preliminary to the overthrow of the constitution. They were first to declare the existence of a plot, the nature and size of which were not to be mentioned; then to ordain the session of both councils at St. Cloud, and lastly to appoint Bonaparte commander of the troops in Paris. When assembled next day at St. Cloud, they were to accept the resignations from the Directory of Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, the latter having been persuaded to join the new movement. Finally Gohier, Barras, and Moulins were to be cowed into resigning, and thereupon a provisional

Mme de Reinhard, and the correspondence of Fiévée Likewise, Lescure. Mémoires sur les journées révolutionnaires et les coups d'état de 1789-1799 Lucien Bonaparte Révolution de Brumaire Madelin. Fouché. Aulard Le lendemain du

18 Brumaire and Délibérations du Consulat provisoire. Béranger Ma Biographie Guillois Le Salon de Mme Helvetius. Montier Robert Lindet Vatout Le Palais de Saint Cloud Stourm Les finances du Consulat.

consulate, consisting of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos, was to be intrusted with the work of reconstruction.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on the fifteenth of Brumaire (November seventh), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the Ancients were to meet, according to the program, on the seventeenth of Brumaire in the morning, and summon both assemblies to hold a session on the eighteenth at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution, whenever an amendment to that document was to be considered, the bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated; and although there might be no disorder, there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the Five Hundred must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was really the key to the whole combination. Success would depend entirely on the momentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares. Minor troubles there were also. Sieyès, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only so long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitbout a few nights before the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation at about one in the morning, when they heard the rumbling of carriage-

wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased; the cavalcade had stopped at the door. Bonaparte turned pale, and Talleyrand also, as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles, and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling-house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare. Before the appointed day, however, everything which master-schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost; for the Directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky; the army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy; the mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and, sick of war, were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation, and the army were, therefore, in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.

All night long, from the sixteenth to the seventeenth of Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting its plans. Next morning at seven the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council; the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all, or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well-known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the terrible conspiracy which was menacing

them. Regnier then moved that according to articles one hundred and two, three and four of the constitution both branches of the legislature should meet next day at noon, and not before, in the palace of St. Cloud; that General Bonaparte should be intrusted with the execution of their decree, and that to that end he be appointed commander of the Paris garrison, of their own special guard, and of the National Guard; that he therefore appear and take the oath; and that these resolutions be duly communicated to the Directory, to the Five Hundred, and also to the public by printed proclamation. The motion was carried unanimously.

During these proceedings, all the generals present in Paris except Jourdan and Augereau, who had not been invited, but including the staunch republican Lefebvre, commander of the garrison, had gathered in and before Bonaparte's house. They had been requested to come in uniform in order to arrange for a review. It was noticed that Bernadotte, though present, was not in uniform. He had so far yielded to the blandishments of his brother-in-law as to come, but declared that he would obey only what was at that moment the chief authority in the state. Lefebvre was in uniform, but having met on the way bodies of troops moving without his orders, and not being initiated, he was naturally startled. But Bonaparte knew his man. "Would you, a supporter of the republic, leave it to perish in the hands of these lawyers?" was his greeting. "See, here is the sword I carried at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a mark of my esteem and confidence." "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," came the expected answer.

A few moments later arrived the authoritative summons from the Ancients. Bonaparte stepped out on the porch, and read their proceedings aloud. By a

united impulse the officers flourished their swords in response. It was but an instant before they were mounted, and with Bonaparte in front, the cavalcade, headed by men either already famous or destined to become so, — Macdonald, Sérurier, Murat, Lannes, Andréossy, Berthier, and Lefebvre, — proceeded to the council-chamber. It needed but a hasty glance, as they passed through the city, to see that preconcerted orders had already been carefully executed. The troops were all under arms and at their stations in commanding places throughout the town. Arrived at the Tuileries, the general and his glittering escort entered the chamber. "Citizen delegates," he said, "the republic was falling. You understood the situation, your course has saved it. Woe to them who cause disorder or disturbance! With the help of General Lefebvre, of General Berthier, and my other brethren in arms, I will arrest them. Let no man look for precedents in the past. Nothing in history is comparable to the end of the eighteenth century, nothing to the present moment. Your wisdom passed this motion, our arms will execute it. We desire a republic founded in true liberty, in civil liberty, in popular representation. We are going to have it. I swear it in my own name and in that of my brethren in arms!" "We swear it!" was the antiphonal response of the assembled generals. Some one indiscreetly suggested that Bonaparte had sworn, but not the oath of allegiance to the constitution required by their previous action. At once the president hurriedly declared all further proceedings out of order, the assembly having adjourned by its own act.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and the members of the Five Hundred were gathering. Their meeting was soon called to order, with Lucien in the chair. The recent action of the Ancients was announced amid

a deep silence, broken only at the conclusion by numerous calls for an explanation. In strict legality, and according to the letter of the constitution, the lower house had on such an occasion no function but to listen, and the president pronounced the session ended. Amid cheers for the constitution of the year III the representatives then dispersed. A more impressive and dramatic scene was the reception of Bonaparte a few seconds later by the soldiers who had been assembled in the courtyard below for the purpose. Their cheers rang out in volleys as he mounted and rode away, the hero of the hour. A few moments later he reached his headquarters to find all his chosen subordinates assembled. Fouché, the Jacobin minister of police, having seen how the weathercock was veering, was there likewise, conciliatory, obsequious, and super-serviceable.

In fact, the incidents of that day were all uncommon. The "Moniteur" published an article hinting that the Jacobins contemplated merging the two councils into a convention. The populace, far from being uneasy and riotous, seemed dazzled by the military display, and were not alarmed by the movements of the soldiery. It was only with languid interest that they read a pamphlet scattered everywhere, which had been written by Roederer to prove the need for renewing the constitution. Bonaparte as commandant, and therefore temporary dictator, received according to prearrangement the resignations of Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, to be presented on the morrow at St. Cloud. The Gohiers had been invited to breakfast with Mme. Bonaparte that morning at the unusual hour of eight o'clock. Pleading official duties, the director himself did not go; his wife, amazed by the dazzling assemblage of generals which she found before the Bonapartes' door, hurried back

to announce what she had seen. We may surmise that had Gohier accompanied his wife, both might have been won to the support of the movement in hand; in the other event, perhaps, both might have been forcibly detained.

As it was, Gohier's first instinct was to consult Barras, and he hurried in search of his colleague; but the fallen statesman was in his bath, and could see nobody. He sent word to Gohier to count on him; but before his toilet was complete he was forced to receive Bruix and Talleyrand, who had come as emissaries from Bonaparte. A guilty conscience made him like wax in the hands of Talleyrand, who successfully pleaded with him to resign, and secured his signature to a form, prepared in advance by Roederer under Bonaparte's supervision, which declared that all danger to freedom was past, thanks to the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way to glory. Such was the haste that even before Moulins, the remaining director, could reach the Tuileries, where Bonaparte had established an office, this paper of Barras had been delivered, and the Directory had ceased to exist. "What have you done," said the dictator to Barras's messenger — "what have you done with the France I made so brilliant? I left you victory: I find nothing but defeat. I left you the millions from Italy: I find plundering laws and misery. Where are the hundred thousand warriors who have disappeared from the soil of France? They are dead, and they were my comrades! Such conditions cannot last; in three years anarchy will land us in despotism. We want a republic founded on the basis of equality, of morality, of civil liberty, of political long-suffering." It is needless to say that a reporter was present, the poet Arnault, who printed this fine language next day in the newspapers.

Finally Moulins and Gohier were admitted. Welcomed as if they, too, were about to join in the movement "to save the commonwealth," it was with feigned astonishment that Bonaparte heard them plead for the laws, for the constitution, for the sanctity of oaths, and for good faith to the republican armies, once again victorious. Their adversary was of course immovable. With Gohier he tried argument; to Moulins he menacingly remarked that if Santerre, the notorious demagogue and his relative, should this time make a move to raise the populace, his fate would be death. To a point-blank demand for their resignation both firmly answered, "No," and withdrew to the Luxembourg, where the now defunct Directory had had its seat. With no knowledge or intention on their part, they were to serve as a means for the immolation of Bonaparte's last victim and most dangerous rival. In the military dispositions of that day, Lannes had been put in command at the Tuileries, Sérurier at the Point-du-Jour, Marmont at the military school, Macdonald at Versailles, and Murat at St. Cloud. To the central point, the seat of government, the home of the Directory, Moreau had been assigned. If Bonaparte became the statesman of the impending revolution, Moreau reasoned that he himself would of necessity become the general of the new government, and, regarding his selection for this post as a distinction, he accepted. By the order of his temporary superior, Gohier and Moulins, the two unyielding and incorruptible members of the executive, though not shamefully treated, were yet deprived of their liberty. With the proverbial fickleness of humanity, the agent was held by the public solely responsible for this conduct, and was harshly judged. To him was imputed the stain of arbitrarily applying force at the critical moment, and his influence disappeared like a mirage.

During these closing hours of the day, Augereau, too, appeared to make his peace, asking with perplexed jocularity, and with the use of the familiar "thou," if Bonaparte could count no more on his "little Augereau." His fears were scarcely allayed by the brusque advice that both he and Jourdan should keep the peace.

All afternoon the bill-posters were busy, according to the time-honored French custom, covering the blank walls with a carefully worded announcement that the Revolution, having gone astray through incompetence, was to be concluded by its friends. There was a conspiracy: it must be met by united action to secure civil liberty, equality, victory, peace; by a last supreme effort the people must come to its own. The counter-revolution would be the real one. Meantime the papers were printing for their morning issue of the nineteenth the program of the new government. Away with the hostage law, forced loans, the proscription of emigrants: enter peace, an enduring peace, secured if needs be by a new series of victories over the enemies of France, but a peace, solid and permanent. Did ever the wheels of conspiracy run so smoothly? The officious Fouché had closed the city barriers. Bonaparte was so secure that he ordered them thrown wide open. The night was apparently as serene as his spirit. In reality there was a counterplot, and that in a dangerous quarter. Bernadotte met with a little junta, comprising a few members of the Five Hundred, at Salicetti's house, and planned, with himself in uniform as commander, to reach St. Cloud next day in advance of all others, and to install himself, with his supporters, in charge of the palace, so as to control events in his favor. But Salicetti was a traitor in the camp. He had long been double-faced with Bonaparte; but, having at last recognized where lay the mastery, had made his peace, and

had been pardoned for the unforgotten imprisonment. Fouché was duly informed by him of the counterplot, and without exciting suspicion, every member of the Bernadotte junta was delayed in the morning far beyond the time appointed, and their scheme failed. Besides the slight danger in this fiasco there appeared a division of opinion among Bonaparte's own friends, some of the more timid recommending in the early morning hours that Bonaparte should accept a seat in the Directory. "There is no Directory," was his reply; and it was determined, after a number had withdrawn, that they should adhere to the original plan, which was to demand an adjournment of the councils until the first of Ventose (February nineteenth, 1800), and that in the long interval Bonaparte should be intrusted with the administration. Unfortunately, the conspirators overlooked two important points. Nothing was prearranged as to who should act in case the Five Hundred proved refractory, and no preparations were made in the palace of St. Cloud for the reception of the deputies. It was a strange fatality that Bonaparte, who elsewhere and at other times had always two strings to his bow, should, in the heart of France and at the very nick of his fortunes, have provided only one. It was a rash satisfaction with the day's events which he expressed to Bourrienne on retiring for a few hours' rest.

CHAPTER XI

THE OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY

The Councils at St. Cloud — Bonaparte's Poor Appearance as a Conspirator — His Attack on the Constitution — Uneasiness of the Five Hundred — Bonaparte Overawed by their Fury — The Day Saved by His Brother Lucien — A Semblance of Constitutional Government Restored — Bonaparte Master of the Situation — Paris Delighted.

NEXT morning there was much coming and going in the city, much discussion in the streets, but no disorder. Toward noon, the hour appointed for their meeting, the delegates to the two houses of the legislature, accompanied by many of the people, moved in the direction of St. Cloud. Bonaparte, with a few thousand troops, was already there. Nothing was ready for the reception of the councils, and during the almost fatal interval of hasty preparation the Jacobins gathered in groups to discuss the situation, suspecting for the first time that what confronted them was not reform of the constitution, however radical, but its overthrow. It was long after the appointed time, nearly two o'clock, before the rooms of the palace were ready and the members of the councils were called to order — the Five Hundred in the Orangery on the ground floor of one wing, the Ancients upstairs in the other wing, occupying the Hall of Apollo. Bonaparte and the half-hearted, timid Sieyès were closeted in one of the downstairs chambers, awaiting events. A six-horse carriage had been stationed by the latter at the gate, for his own use in case of mishap. Soldiers stood guard at all the

approaches, and the reception-rooms were filled with men and officers, friends of the arch-conspirator. Disquieting news soon began to arrive from the assemblies. Upstairs the Ancients, amid intense excitement, had voted a series of routine motions and adjourned for an interval, a course tending to postpone consideration of the proposition to intrust Bonaparte with the conduct of affairs. They wished to ascertain through a message from the Five Hundred, as the law required, if the executive were duly constituted, and all the directors present; for in that case only would their action be legal. The delay was to them unaccountable and seemed interminable as they strolled about in pairs and groups, uneasy and vacillating. At last the rumor spread that the general was coming to their hall and they hurried to their seats. When they were at last reassembled anarchy broke loose; for the secretary announced, falsely, of course, that four directors had resigned, and that the fifth was in restraint.

At that moment Bonaparte, with his staff, appeared at the door and a sudden silence fell upon the place. The scene appalled him. The bravery of the general is different from the personal courage of the soldier in the face of physical danger, and both are unlike the pluck of him who defies the law. The latter Bonaparte never had. For a moment he was pale; but, gathering resolution by a mighty effort, he spoke in disjointed but rudely eloquent phrase. They were on a volcano, he said. He was no Cæsar or Cromwell, but a plain soldier living quietly in Paris, who had been called unawares to save his country. If he had been a usurper, he would have called not on the legislature, but on the soldiers of Italy. It was the duty of those present to save liberty and equality — “and the constitution,” cried a voice. “The constitution!” was his answer. “You violated

it on the eighteenth of Fructidor; you violated it on the twenty-second of Floréal; you violated it on the thirtieth of Prairial. The constitution! All factions invoke it, and it has been violated by all. It is despised by everybody, it can no longer save us, because it commands the respect of nobody." He then proceeded to ask for the powers necessary in the emergency, promising to lay them down when his work was done. "What are the pressing dangers?" said some one. What were they, indeed? If he must speak, he would. "I declare," he cried, "that Barras and Moulins have invited me to head a party in order to overthrow all men of liberal ideas." The clumsy falsehood produced a storm. Was this the Jacobin conspiracy they had been told of — Barras the aristocrat and Moulins the democrat conspiring together! They wanted details.

In the interval of speaking, the orator had found his cue again, and at once launched out, not into the asked-for details, but into a tornado of language, abusing the constitution and the Five Hundred, and at the same time adroitly threatening that if the old cry of outlaw were raised against him, he would call on the grenadiers whose caps he saw, on the soldiers whose bayonets were in view. "Remember that I walk with the goddess of fortune, accompanied by the god of war!" "General," whispered Bourrienne in his ear, "you no longer know what you are saying." The president of the Ancients was at his wit's end. How could the council, eager as they were to do so, grant the general's demands on such a showing as this? A third time came calls from the benches for details of the plot which made necessary the contemplated measures. And a third time Bonaparte's gift of specious prevarication failed. He could think of nothing but Barras and Moulins; but now, in mentioning their names once more, he added that what

made them dangerous was that they had expressed what was almost universally desired; otherwise they would be no worse than a very large number of others who were at heart of the same mind. "If liberty perish," he cried, "you will be responsible to the universe, to posterity, to France, and to your families." It sounded like an anti-climax and left his auditors perfectly cold. Therewith he was virtually dragged from the room by his dismayed companions. The preconcerted program was then carried out, and a vote of confidence in Bonaparte was passed. To retrieve the blunders of his speech, a revised version, of the same general tenor, but more as it should have been, was next day printed by "authority."

Downstairs the uproar was terrific. Lucien had expected the Ancients to act swiftly and remit their decree at once to the Five Hundred. He hoped to put and carry a motion to sanction it without giving time for deliberation. The opening formalities of the session passed quietly, and the assembly listened without interruption to a short, vague, and feeble speech in which a Bonapartist deputy professed to announce the pretended plot. The delay of two hours in meeting had, however, given the Jacobins time to consider; there was no business before the house, the resignations of the directors had not been presented to them, and, apparently to pass the time, it was proposed that the delegates present should solemnly, one by one, renew each his oath to the constitution. This was done by all but Bergoëng, a single recalcitrant who resigned his seat. Lucien himself performed the solemn rite. But in the tedious process lasting over two hours desultory cries began to be uttered: "No dictation!" "Down with dictators!" "We are all free here!" Finally the shouts swelled in volume so as to reach the sympathetic

ears of the guards outside. In this critical moment arrived Barras's resignation. It was read in full, including the passage which declared that with the return of the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way, and amid the striking marks of confidence which the legislature had shown in their general, he felt sure that liberty was no longer in danger, and that he was therefore glad to return to the walks of private life.

The delegates, most of them at least, were unaware of the fact that Sieyès and Roger-Ducos had already handed their resignations to Bonaparte, and did not know that Gohier and Moulins were in duress. This language, read between the lines, made it evident that the Directory was on the verge of dissolution, or already dissolved, and confirmed their suspicions of impending revolution. The Jacobin majority was utterly disconcerted. Some proposed the immediate election of a new Directory; others insisted on the constitutional term of delay, and called for an adjournment. The most clear-sighted saw the trap into which they had fallen, and began to speak of what the circumstances meant. "I believe," said Grandmaison, "that among those present some know whence we have come, and whither we are going." At that critical instant the doors opened, and Bonaparte, surrounded by grenadiers, appeared on the threshold. Chaos ensued. The delegates rose from their seats, some made for the windows, some rushed with menacing gestures toward the intruder, some shouted, "Outlaw him!" "Outlaw him!" and demanded that a motion to that effect be put. This redoubled the disorder. "Put him out!" "Outlaw the dictator!" cried the multitude. "Begone, rash man!" said one near by. "You are violating the sanctuary of the law." "Was it for this," said another,

"that you were victorious?" In the heat of passion the unavoidable collision occurred, and the angry representatives laid rude hands on Bonaparte. It was said next day that a grenadier whose name was Thomé threw himself in front of Bonaparte, and received in his own coat-sleeve a dagger-thrust of Arena, an old Corsican foe, which had been intended for his general; but no credible witness ever professed to have seen the deed or any wound. Overpowered by excitement and the mortal agony of one who has staked his all on a doubtful event, the leader turned pale and lost consciousness. The soldiers caught him in their arms, and dragged him downstairs into the office which he had occupied, where he soon regained his self-command. The cries of the now frenzied soldiery served as a complete restorative and he demanded a horse. His own horse was not at hand and he made but a sorry figure in mounting and curbing a restive steed, the first which offered. But at last he found his seat and his voice. Bounding to the open terrace, he harangued the troops and met with a quick response in their hearty acclaim; they promptly formed in line.

The decisive moment had arrived. Would the soldiers, enthusiastic as they seemed, really obey if ordered to take violent measures? Among the generals were many anxious, troubled faces. After his incursion upon the Ancients, Bonaparte had rushed into the ante-chamber where his commanders sat, exclaiming, "There must be an end to this." During his second absence, Sérurier took the cue, and marched up and down, declaiming, "They were going to kill your general, but be calm!" In the Orangery Lucien accomplished a miracle, calmed the assemblage, steadily refused to put the motion for outlawry, and demanded a hearing for his brother. His plea being of no avail, he finally left the

chair, and with the despairing cry, "There is no liberty here!" rushed from the room. The dreary honors of the day were to be his. Bonaparte despatched a file of soldiers to escort him through the throng. The drums rolled for silence, and a horse was brought, which he mounted. Presenting himself then to the troops, he declared, as president of the Five Hundred, that the majority of the legislature were honorable men, but that in the room from which he had come were a few assassins, English hirelings, who held the rest in terror. "Hurrah for Bonaparte!" cried the soldiers, but they made no motion to clear the Orangery, and Napoleon uttered no command. This was the historic moment. Lucien, seizing the drawn sword of a bystander, and pointing it at Napoleon's breast, exclaimed: "I swear I would strike down my own brother should he ever endanger the liberties of the French!" There was at last a movement in the lines. "Shall we enter the hall?" said Murat to Bonaparte. "Yes," was the reply; "and if they resist, kill, kill! Yes; follow me! I am the god of the day!" Fortunately, these hysterical words were heard only by a few. "Keep still!" said Lucien. "Do you think you are talking to the Mamelukes?" With that the order rang out, the rolling drums drowned the roar of talk, action began, and with the brothers on horseback at their head, the grenadiers advanced. There was no resistance, the deputies fled swiftly through doors and windows into the dark, and in a few moments the disordered room was empty.

If Bonaparte were to be neither a Cæsar nor a Cromwell, it was Sieyès, as the civilian and the constitution-maker, who should have swayed the legislative councils in behalf of reform; but his heart was no more engaged in Bonaparte's support now than it had ever been. Anxious to be a leader, and to impose on France a con-

stitution which by its "perfection" should command authority, he had ever been relegated to a second place. Instead of seizing this, his greatest opportunity as a lawgiver, he and Roger-Ducos had softly withdrawn to their carriage. The "perfect" constitution he had prepared would, in view of what had just happened, consequently rest, like the one overthrown, upon military force. Nevertheless, he thoroughly understood that Bonaparte had gone too far, and that his mistake must be retrieved. The country was not ripe for a military despot who, like Charles XII of Sweden, would send his boot to preside over the representatives of the people, or else turn them out of doors without a qualm. Accordingly, the few Bonapartist delegates, who had fled with the rest and had found refuge in the taverns or private houses of the neighborhood, were by his advice, but with some difficulty, found and summoned by Lucien to meet, late as it was, in their respective places, cold and uncomfortable as these were. Upward of fifty out of the Five Hundred — some impartial witnesses have put the number as high as one hundred and twenty — ventured to come, and the semblance of representative government was restored. To them the new, impossible, and clumsy constitution made by Sieyès was presented for consideration.

Meantime Bonaparte had thoroughly recovered his self-control. He declared at St. Helena that all the conspiracies of the time were alike without a head because they needed a "sword"; and that, possessing one, he alone could choose what pleased him best. To Mme. de Rémusat he said: "It was one of the epochs in my life when I was most skilful. I saw the Abbé Sieyès, and promised to put his wordy constitution into operation. I received the Jacobin leaders, and the agents of the Bourbons. I refused no one's advice,

but I gave only such as was in the interest of my plans. I withdrew from the people's observation because I knew that when the time arrived curiosity to see me would throw them under my feet. Every one fell into my toils, and when I became head of the state there was not a party in France which did not cherish some hope for my success." Mme. de Stael, returning on the eighteenth of Brumaire from Switzerland to Paris, saw Barras driving to his country-seat of Grosbois. On her arrival men talked no longer of abstractions, of the Constituent Assembly, of the people, or of the Convention. it was all of a person — of what General Bonaparte had done. Her own feelings, she says, were mixed. If the battle were joined, and the Jacobins victorious, she might turn about and fly, for blood would flow once more. Still, at the thought of Bonaparte's triumph she felt a prophetic sadness. She could not mourn for liberty, for liberty had never existed in France. This was the voice of the dispirited and disheartened constitutional republicans, who knew and proposed no remedy. The royalists were fully aware of what they desired. They had been sighing for a despot in France, for another Richelieu, a fierce, intractable master, wielding a rod of iron, without which the inhabitants could never be reconstructed into a nation. In the words of a letter written somewhat earlier from Colblentz, their city of refuge on the Rhine, they desired "the union of powers in the hands of an imperious master, . . . who, by a splendid and brilliant Cromwellism, would hold in awe the people whom he forced to respect and bless their own servitude." The mass of the nation were tired of war and eager for a peace that would bring prosperity, pleasure, and glory. The few honest and austere radicals went down with their greedy and noisy fellows; the Jacobin party was no

more. There had been a complete rearrangement of factors in the French problem.

For this reason the escaped legislators who reached Paris that night found little or no comfort as they told their dreary tale. Everywhere there was perfect calm, here and there signs of great satisfaction with what was likely to happen or had happened. The great city went about its affairs as usual, and when late in the evening Fouché issued a manifesto to the effect that Bonaparte in his effort to denounce "counter-revolutionary" measures before the Five Hundred had barely escaped assassination, the paper was read on the stage of all the theaters to eager audiences which in every instance applauded with almost frenzied enthusiasm. Paris and all France was weary of the Directory, it was eager for new things, for authority, for order, for foreign and home policies which would safely anchor the civil liberties won by the Revolution but jeopardized by the violence, self-seeking, and incapacity of the adventurers who had been holding the helm of state.

CHAPTER XII¹

BONAPARTE THE FIRST CONSUL

Bonaparte's Position — The Absence of Enthusiasm — The Provisional Consulate — Measures of Security — The New Constitution — An Autocratic Executive — The Plebiscite — Bonaparte the First Consul — New Officials — Efforts to Appease the Church — The Feeling in France — Confidence Restored — Financial Stability

WHEN Bonaparte returned to Paris on the evening of the eighteenth of Brumaire he was the arbiter of French destiny; for the great powers of government, both executive and legislative, were in the hands of himself and his creatures. To the multitude it was not, perhaps, much of a feat to disperse by force a legislature which rested on force, and by means of the army to turn the tables on the very Jacobins who had themselves been ever ready to appeal to the army. Moreover, in their minds another constitution more or less was of small importance: the next one would doubtless be only a rearrangement of the old devices. The

¹ The newspapers of the period. Napoleon's Correspondence and Commentaries. Aulard. Le lendemain du 18 Brumaire and *Registre de délibérations du Consulat provisoire*. The memoirs of Lafayette, Marmont, Gaudin, Hyde de Neuville, Tercier, and Pasquier. Montier Robert Lindet. The letters of Charles de Constant and of Mme Reinhard. The works of Roederer. Albert: *Napoleon et*

les théâtres populaires Lecomte: *Napoléon et l'empire racontés par le théâtre*. Schmidt. *Tableaux de la Révolution*. Mallet du Pan: *La Révolution vue de l'étranger*. Sloane *The French Revolution and Religious Reform*, in which volume of the author will be found references to many of the original sources for our information concerning the restoration of the Roman Catholic Church in France.

Revolution was in the hands of its friends, and the world must go its way. Talleyrand and the royalists understood that the day's work had turned the oligarchy of the Directory into a powerful monarchy of some kind: a temporary one, they hoped, which would enable them eventually to bring back the Bourbons.

But Napoleon Bonaparte was, as ever, wise in his generation, and, as he understood himself, knew that though both these notions were illusory, he must proceed cautiously. As a gambler he had staked everything, and had won: he meant to pocket the stakes. But yet how narrowly had he won! The shouts of "traitor" and "outlaw" were still in his ears, no doubt the terrible alternative to his perilous escape was in his mind. Though determined to go on, he was nevertheless sobered. There was temporary exultation in the army and the people. He knew that among the latter it would soon die out, as it did. Already it was rumored that although Mme. Bonaparte had been in pecuniary straits, her husband had thirty millions on deposit in various banks. This was certainly untrue, because the general had recourse to the brokers of Paris for the funds needed to reward his abettors. The merciless extortion of the lenders engendered in him a bitterness against their class which he entertained to the latest day of his life. It was estimated that the day had cost him one and a half millions; every man under his command had received a new uniform, twelve francs in cash, and a drink of spirits; the rest was spent in rewarding his generals and political supporters. The constitutional and moderate republicans felt that their cause and the fate of the nation were in the balance. The royalists were the only faction which would have been glad to see Bonaparte usurp the power at once. He and his friends understood that a nation still infatu-

ated with the Revolution in theory must be led by a parade of constitutional measures.

The mutilated chambers began work on the very night of their reassembling at St. Cloud. Lucien harangued them on the familiar theme of Roman liberties, recalling the commonwealth in which the consular fasces had been the symbol of freedom. The country would approve and its enemies would be disarmed if these insignia should again be displayed. Boulay de la Meurthe presented the temporary plan: a provisional consulate composed of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos; the adjournment of the legislature until February twentieth, 1800; the appointment of two committees of twenty-five, one from each council, to aid the consuls in the proposed renovation; the proscription of fifty-seven delegates who had made themselves obnoxious. To preserve the appearance of legality and historic continuity, the committee from the Five Hundred was to propose, that of the Ancients to adopt; the new constitution must uphold the one and indivisible republic, respect popular sovereignty, and secure representative government with the division of powers, while property, liberty, and equality must be guaranteed beyond a peradventure. After a formal declaration that the Directory had ceased to exist, each of these measures was duly adopted by both houses in turn, and the consuls were sworn in, promising unswerving fidelity to popular sovereignty, to the French republic one and indivisible, to liberty and equality, and to representative government. With a resolution that Bonaparte had that day deserved well of his country, the chambers adjourned at an early hour in the morning. When the sun rose over Paris and France, the land had found its despot; to all appearances he was to be a beneficent despot. The consuls met that very day in the Luxem-

bourg palace. the general's name came first in alphabetical order, and on the suggestion of Roger-Ducos he took the presidency and the executive for the twenty-four hours, the others to follow in turn. Their first work was the construction of a provisional ministry: three of the old members were without discussion retained: Cambacérès for justice, Bourdon for the navy, and Reinhard for foreign affairs. Dubois-Crancé was replaced by Berthier for war, Robert Lindet by Gaudin for finance, Quinette by Laplace for the interior. There was much debate concerning Fouché as minister of police, but on Bonaparte's urgent representations he was reappointed. It was rumored that the Jacobins intended to rally at Toulouse, and Lannes was ordered to take command in that city at once. To the public a simple and safe announcement was issued, promising better days for the republic.

The men and measures worked well. A treasury absolutely depleted was slowly replenished by the practice of simple honesty; a disintegrated military force was cautiously reassembled and brought into order, but the garrison of Paris was not enlarged above nine thousand men, and there was no show of force. The Bonaparte family moved into the Luxembourg, but its head appeared always in civilian garb. He was much abroad, visiting and conversing with men of science, letters, and finance. Thoroughly restored in balance of mind, he did and said kind things, joking about the scenes of St. Cloud, and explaining away the unhappy words he had uttered. His sayings were repeated far and near, and within a few days there were throngs of influential visitors in his parlors. It may well be believed that shrewd observers noted his appearance and manners, his hollow cheeks, pale face, stern brow; his insatiate, all-embracing curiosity, keen questionings, and tactful rejoinders,

the irresistible magnetism of his vigor, his mind, and his youth. The family connections were not in evidence; Lucien especially was kept in the background. There were no oracular statements, no boastful professions, yet every one felt profoundly that the consuls were a force, an active force, saying little, toiling to exhaustion, and that results of importance would emerge in due time. Indeed the ameliorations of administration were in evidence from the very first.

The industry of Sieyès and Bonaparte was indeed unexampled. There was friction, but one was indispensable to the other, they must work together, and the supple Talleyrand was then to keep the peace. Sieyès's "perfect" constitution propounded a singularly cumbersome plan of government, but it contained much that was Bonaparte's own, and therefore suited to Bonaparte's purposes. It was accordingly taken as a starting-point. In the end, the document actually adopted and promulgated proved to be outwardly similar but inwardly antipodal to that of Sieyès. While skilfully blinding all classes to its possibilities as an instrument for controlling the nation by a central power, its provisions were perfectly adapted to conciliate every faction except that of the Jacobins, who were by flight or conversion to all intents annihilated. Sixty-two members of the Five Hundred were deposed. The rest, as a reward for their late complacency, were invited in the name of the public welfare to accept office as foreign ministers, or diplomatic agents, and, in some cases, as government representatives in the provinces; their position as delegates was not to be jeopardized by acceptance. The purpose of this was to remove the majority of the old republican politicians from Paris, under the guise of compensating them for past service. Sieyès's great fundamental notion was to secure the form of

popular representation without its substance, — “confidence coming from below,” as he expressed it, “power coming from above.” In order to secure this he had devised a plan nearly identical with that laid down to Talleyrand by Bonaparte three years before. It was adopted for the new constitution. Every one of the five million citizens of France was to have a vote. From among them one in every ten was to be chosen by universal suffrage to be a candidate for local office; this formed the “communal list.” These “notables of the communes” were then to choose one in ten of their number as a “notable of the department,” a candidate for departmental office, thus constituting the “departmental list”; and these, in turn, one in every ten of their number as “notables of France,” candidates for the national legislature and the higher offices of state, thus forming the “national list.” From among these last the administration and the senate, by the exercise of the appointing power, were to select the great officers of state. This was Bonaparte’s popular representation, “without eyes, ears, or power.”

The legislative was also to be silent and powerless. It was divided into council, tribunate, legislature, and senate. The first, chosen at will by the executive, had the initiative; in the second three speakers might discuss the measures proposed, but no vote could be taken; in the third there was no discussion, but the members voted, the fourth was also mute, but it had the veto power. All except the senate were to sit with closed doors, and publicity was to be controlled by the administration. Sieyès had a plan whereby a chief magistrate, to be called the “great elector,” should be chosen by the senators, since they also chose the representatives of the people from the elected candidates. This titled personage was to appoint all civil and military function-

aries, together with two consuls to overlook the administration. Bonaparte contemptuously wondered how any man "of some talent and a little honor would consent to play the part of a hog to be fatted on so and so many millions." He called on Daunou for suggestions, but that ardent republican desired both a strong executive and a strong direct expression of the popular will. The new autocrat felt that the latter must be avoided at any cost, and proposed, through one of his creatures, an executive of three consuls, of whom the first should serve for ten years and be the head of the state. His should be the right to execute the laws, and his alone the appointing power. Since he was to nominate the members of the council of state, he should also have the power to initiate legislation. In case of need he might act by administrative process; that is, he might legalize any regulation whatsoever as an administrative necessity. He might rule by decree. This centralizing engine of despotism was made complete by a system of prefects modeled on that of the royal intendants, and intended to be the keystone of the structure. It was adopted, and still prevails in republican France. In every administrative division of town or country the local councils, under stringent regulations as to the scope of their deliberations and decisions, were intrusted to the charge of a prefect. This petty dictator was the sworn servant of the central power, appointed or removed by it at pleasure. Through these men the hand of the First Consul was on every hamlet, village, town, and city. In fact, even the mayors of the great towns were his appointees.

This monstrous but marvelous charter, though nominally prepared by them, was offered for discussion neither to the two committees nor to the councils themselves. During the weeks spent in its elaboration, the

nation was skilfully prepared for its reception. In the capital a proscription list drawn up by the wily Fouché, as police minister, was by a studied inadvertence put into reporters' hands. It contained a jumble of names, gentle and simple, criminal and innocent, friend and foe, and was absurd on its face. No one would assume the responsibility, though it was said to have emanated from the police prematurely and irregularly. The consuls, especially Bonaparte, displayed a most engaging activity in erasing one name after another, until nothing of importance remained. By the ordinary course of criminal procedure a few notorious characters were removed from the scene, the persons of importance who were menaced made grateful submission and joined the ranks of the trusty, notably Jourdan. As news came in from the departments it became clear that Jacobinism was everywhere discomfited and could be neglected. The scanty garrisons and the administrative functionaries were all with the new government, the people of the cities and towns were enthusiastic. The horrors and terrors of the passing régime had moderated for the time the frenzies of the royalist party. Indeed, moderation became the watchword. France, in the parlance of the hour, was to drink the waters of Lethe. The example was given in Paris and twenty-four choice men were sent one into each of the military departments to exhibit and emphasize the fact, to study and mold public opinion. They were mostly men of the older régime, who had heartily accepted the consular idea. They worked faithfully and successfully. None knew as yet the provisions of the new constitution, though all approved its provisions, whatever they were, because they must be better than those of the old. On December fifteenth, 1799, six weeks after the completion of the document, it was presented directly to the nation



Napoleon Exposition, 1895

NAPOLEON WORKING BY THE GLIMMER
OF THE LAMP

at large, under the proposal of a national or popular decree — a plebiscite. Those then living were amazed at the general apathy, only about three million votes having been cast. To us it appears as if the whole people were in a plague of Egyptian darkness. As each voter could but adhere to or dissent from the proposition for the adoption of the constitution as offered, the result was an overwhelming approval, the negative votes being only one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven in number.

On December twenty-second, before the result of the plebiscite was known, the new charter was put in operation. It is difficult to determine exactly the composition of the assembly which met at the Luxembourg palace to determine who should be the permanent consuls. According to an anecdote of the time, Sieyès opened its proceedings by explaining the dangers of a military despotism should the First Consul be a soldier. Bonaparte impressively whispered to his supporters that they should scatter themselves throughout the room, and that when they saw him take Sieyès's hand they should shout, "Bravo — Bonaparte!" Then, stepping forward at the close of Sieyès's address, he assumed an air of generous friendliness, and said, "Let us have no difference of opinion, my friend; for my part, I vote for the Abbé Sieyès. For whom do you vote?" Taken all aback, Sieyès murmured, "I vote for General Bonaparte." Instantly the latter put out his hand, and the speaker grasped it. "Bravo — Bonaparte!" rang from all sides, and Sieyès's supporters joined in the shout. Thus, apparently by general consent, the shrewd intriguer, as the story runs, was acclaimed First Consul. At all events, Bonaparte took the office to himself without a question on the part of the public. His two colleagues were to be chosen by the constitutional com-

mittee. They named Daunou as one, but Bonaparte threw the ballots into the fire. Sieyès obligingly presented two other names, — “the right men,” as he assured the committee, — Cambacérès and Lebrun. The former was an eminent jurist, the latter the ablest financier of his time. Both were appointed, and both rendered excellent service to the Consulate. Sieyès had already been made “keeper” of the Directory’s secret funds, — six hundred thousand francs, — which he called “une poire pour la soif.” Soon afterward he accepted from the First Consul the great estate of Crôsne, and was then relegated to obscurity as chief of the senate. The other great officials were all appointed in much the same way. “The pike is eating the two other fish,” said Mme. Permon to the First Consul’s mother soon after.

The safeguard of so-called popular adhesion having been secured, the next step was to adopt and execute a comprehensive policy of conciliation. The royalist emigrants were encouraged to return, provided they would accept the new power and lend it the grace of their presence and manners. Amnesty was likewise proclaimed for the victims of Fructidor. Gaudin, who had been an experienced financier under the Bourbons, and had shown his mettle as provisional minister, was put permanently in charge of the treasury. The moderate and able Cambacérès became minister of justice, and Forfait undertook the navy. Carnot, whose castigation of the Directory in his widely read defense had done so much to undermine their prestige and hasten their fall, was recalled and made minister of war. Talleyrand was forgiven for his base desertion on the eve of the Egyptian expedition. As will be recalled, it had been arranged that as the fleet left Toulon for Alexandria he was to start for Constantinople in order to hood-

wink the Sultan and prevent the very resistance which afterward proved so disastrous. But at the last moment he refused. In consequence of his scandalous attempt to extort a bribe from the American envoys he was forced to resign his office soon afterward, and he then sought retirement to await results. There never was greed more dishonest than his, a life more licentious, nor a deceit more subtle; but at the same time he was the most adroit diplomat of an age devoted to diplomacy as a political power, and more familiar with the intrigues of courts and the aspirations of European dynasties than were any of his contemporaries, unless possibly Metternich, who did not become prominent until later. He was therefore indispensable, and was reappointed minister of foreign affairs. The great Laplace had been provisionally appointed minister of the interior; but so marked was his unfitness for the post that he soon was transferred to the senate and made way for Lucien Bonaparte.

But all this was little compared with the contemplated reconciliation with the Church for which the way was now carefully prepared. Pius VI had died a prisoner on French soil, and had been buried without honor. Befitting memorial ceremonies having been performed, the priesthood were released from the ban which the Jacobins had laid upon them. No oath in support of the new charter was required from the many priests who could not accept the civil constitution of the clergy, enacted in 1790; they could minister to their adherents without fear of persecution; they at once returned from exile or emerged from their hiding-places in large numbers. In the rôle of philosopher the First Consul professed to see the necessity of the Church as the main prop of a strong social organism and good government. As a far-seeing schemer he clearly felt that military

power was a stanch support, but that in the end a firm moral foundation would likewise be needed in the hearts of hundreds of thousands in Europe, who would bless the man that should restore to them the institution which was the visible sign of their hopes for eternity. This desirable affection and approbation Bonaparte meant from the outset to secure. Had the scoffer, the worshiper of science, the would-be Mohammedan prophet, himself experienced a change of heart? Perhaps. Responsibility often breaks down indifference.

This policy of tolerance was well understood to be an interim measure, to be succeeded by a permanent settlement satisfactory to all the faithful. Furthermore, the ban having been removed from the exiled royalists as well, a number of emigrants had likewise returned: these and their clergy soon conceived the idea that Bonaparte was preparing a restoration of the monarchy, and would consider propositions for reestablishing the close alliance of church and state, the identity almost, which had been the one outstanding feature of French absolutism. For this reason the insurrectionary West made overtures to the First Consul, and emissaries were passed through the lines, admitted to an audience, and permitted to state their case. Bonaparte gave heed and attention. Andigné proved exacting and impossible, Hyde was smooth and uncertain; it was only later that in Bernier, a simple village priest, he found a man to his liking, shrewd and scheming, but reasonable and efficient. He soon became an important agent in resolving the knotty problem of restoring the West to French nationality. Hitherto the rebels of lower Normandy and Brittany had followed either the resident nobility, of whom Andigné and Frotté were types, or peasant reactionaries like Georges Cadoudal, bold, desperate, irreconcilable men who demanded either

war or their king. Bonaparte determined to ignore alike the high and the low, the desperate men with everything to gain and little to lose; he therefore appealed to the middle sort of gentle and simple through the intermediation of Hédouville for the government and Bernier for the people. The latter, accompanied by Count Bourmont, finally came to Paris, and both were won, Bourmont to the undoing of Napoleon, as it turned out. A method of pacification was arranged and soon put into successful operation, largely through the superlative adroitness of Bernier. Frotté was captured and executed, Cadoudal fled to England. The royalist agitation of the West was ended for a time: the efforts of the party in Provence, though carefully studied and widely exerted, proved ineffectual, and the internal reforms of administration were there, as throughout all France, efficiently put in operation. The policy of tolerance and moderation won over thousands upon thousands, and reduced the sullen minority to inactivity.

The upheaval of Brumaire is unique in French history. When consummated, there appeared among the people no remnant of fear or distrust. The radical side of the Revolution had ceased to exist. Its ideals of civil liberty were embodied in Bonaparte, the national spirit was invigorated, and hopes ran high. Such was the testimony of all the most disinterested observers. Brinkmann, a Swede of great ability, wrote on November eighteenth that no legitimate monarch had ever found on his accession a people more submissive than Bonaparte had found. "It is literally true," runs his letter: "France will perform the impossible to help him. Excepting the despicable horde of anarchists, the people are so weary, so disgusted with revolutionary horrors and follies, that they are sure any change will be for the better. Every class in society makes fun of the

heroism of the demagogues, and from all sides comes a call for their expulsion rather than for the realization of their ideal visions. Even the royalists of every shade are honestly devoted to Bonaparte; for they attribute to him the intention of gradually restoring the old order. The indifferent are attached to him as being the man best fitted to give peace to France; and enlightened republicans, though trembling for their institutions, prefer to see a single man of talent, rather than a club of intriguers, seize and hold the public power."

None of Bonaparte's measures was more masterly than the financial policy whereby he won the devotion of the capitalists. If the country had been exhausted by the old régime, what had the recklessness of the Jacobins done for it? Bankruptcy, disorder, and utter distrust — chaos, in short — held sway in all departments of finance. The new order restored public confidence to such an extent that the revival of credit seemed miraculous. After the events of Brumaire the five per cents, which had fallen to one and a half per cent. of their par value, immediately rose to twelve per cent.; and on the final, satisfactory fulfilment of what the day appeared to foreshadow, they advanced to seventeen. The disgraceful laws for enforcing compulsory loans which had been passed under the Directory disappeared, with their companion the Hostage Law. Instantaneously order was brought into the system of direct taxation, and regularity into the collection of the taxes. The mysterious anti-Jacobin measures, promulgated as a warning, and then modified so as to paralyze and drive away the worthless spendthrifts of the Directory, while sobering and retaining for public use the able and sensible men like Jourdan, worked as a charm; they were a notification that the irregularities of all visionaries whatsoever were ended. and that waste

of capacity as well as of money was to be succeeded by wholesome economy. For measures of temporary relief the new constitution permanently substituted a financial system of far-sighted regulations which completely revived general confidence, and with it the public credit, thereby restoring the producing capacity of the country. The Bank of France, organized in January, 1800, fixed a norm for the rates of discount, gave a sound currency to the country, and was the visible sign of a new era.

CHAPTER XIII

BONAPARTE EMBODIES THE REVOLUTION ¹

End of the Revolution — The Alternatives — French Glory — Bonaparte as an Idealist — Reconstruction of the Army — Russia and the Great Powers — Slackness of the Coalition — The Policy of England — Debates in Parliament — Canning's Influence — Austrian Schemes — French Opinion and the Press — Consolidation of French Power — Bonaparte in the Tuileries — The Washington Festival.

NO one understood better than Bonaparte the connection in a state between external and internal affairs. The second coalition, so far as Russia, Austria, England, and Turkey were concerned, was very loosely cemented indeed. They were united in their determination to subdue revolutionary France, but they had not an interest in common beyond that. Such was their jealousy as regarded the control of the Mediterranean that a strong government at Paris might hope to create discord among them. When, therefore, on December fifteenth, 1799, the provisional consulate came to an end, and the new constitution, known in French history as that of the twenty-second of Frimaire, year VIII, came into operation, the government entered

¹References as before. Further, Adolphus History of England (Reign of George III) Alison History of Europe. Vandal. *l'Avènement de Bonaparte*, Vol II. Oncken: *Zeitalter der Revolution*. Allardyce *Memoir of Lord Keith*. Castlereagh. *Correspondence*. Jackson: *Diaries and Let-*

ters, and the Bath Archives The *souvenirs of Chaptal, Hue, and Girardin*; the memorial of Norvins, the letters of Joubert, and the memoirs of Barante. Quinet. *La Révolution* Tocqueville. *Correspondance*. Proudhon: Napoleon I. Benckendorff. *Histoire anecdotique de Paul I^{er}*.

upon life, as was most essential for French interests, not as an empty scheme, but as a full-fledged organism, with every office filled, the machinery actually in motion, and the administration ready for intercourse with the other governments of Europe. The words of Bonaparte's proclamation were: "Citizens, the Revolution is planted on the principles from which it proceeded. It is ended." As regarded the internal life of France, no truer words could have been written. There had never been true liberty nor true brotherhood under its banners; the leveling had been more successful, and equality in the matter of civil rights might be considered as won. What was left of those principles, as the event proved, was embodied for France herself in the First Consul and in his beneficent measures. To Europe at large this embodiment of the Revolution in the new sovereign was soon made equally evident. France had adopted him. Would the surviving dynasties admit him, as the representative of French nationality, to a seat on their Olympus? Nothing but an imperative necessity would compel them to do so, and then only for the moment.

Two courses were therefore open to the new power: first, to extort an acquiescence, however distasteful, by consolidating France as the nation and the homogeneous people which the Revolution had made it, by increasing her prosperity, by fostering her genius, by showing an example to the world of what the people of a peaceful, enlightened, industrious state could be in contrast to the case-hardened, unreceptive, and sullen populations who still remained passive under dynastic rule; or, second, to restore the expansive anti-national character of the Revolution, and, using the magnificent military system created in that epoch as a destroying power, to menace the dynasties in their very

existence, and thus make them first respectful neutrals and then subservient tools both in their own reconstruction and in the liberation of their subjects. These seemed, in this emergency, the two alternatives at the First Consul's command. Choosing neither permanently, but one or the other at will, as each rising question made it expedient, the result was an interference which brought first this and then that policy into prominence, made both partly successful, but neither entirely so, and ended in the ruin of the schemer.

The responsibility was not his own: he so behaved under the compulsion of the national spirit. The revolutionary tyrannies, one after the other, had adopted the foreign policies of Richelieu and Louis XIV. Nothing could be more definite, nothing more ingrained as the fiber of French existence. France itself must have the boundaries of ancient Gaul, and the Mediterranean must be a French lake. To this end the dynasties must be indemnified: Spain might have Portugal, Prussia the hegemony of North Germany, Austria might expand in Bavaria and Italy. For a bulwark of defence the land frontier must be girt with little buffer states, semi-autonomous but dependent: Batavia, Helvetia, Cisalpina. The still more important sea frontier must be fortified by the exclusion of Great Britain absolutely from the Continent, Italy was to be rearranged, with Piedmont and Tuscany occupied and subdued, the States of the Church distributed among the secular powers of which Roman and Neapolitan republics were to be the chief. It was a stupendous task, but ideals have no physical limits. Glory is the circumambient ether of the French spirit. Repose, order, material prosperity, domestic life, religion — these must be the preëstablished basis of existence, but life is triumph, splendor, power. It was not, therefore, as inheritor

and incarnation of the Revolution, but as the embodiment of France and her immemorial policies, that Bonaparte became a student of foreign affairs. With the prospect of peace must be envisaged the prospect of war: war for the frontiers, the heritage of the Gauls; for propagating French thought and influence; for the invasion of irrecconcilable lands. The voluminous and careful studies of foreign affairs which he caused to be made by able councilors still exist to show his painstaking zeal in the perpetuation of time-honored and sacred policies, which no man aspiring to capture the heart of the French dared neglect or permit to lapse into oblivion.

Taking advantage of the temporary abdication of all power, and of the momentary renunciation of all activities, even of interest, by the people, the unconscious idealist began his work. Never was a man more practical in his own eyes, or, from his own point of view, more concrete and direct in his motives or conduct. Seizing every opportunity as it arose, he was the type of what is to-day called in France an opportunist. But for all that, not the least element of his supernal greatness was an ever-present idealism. In view of his birth and early training, it is easy to see that if, as Mme. de Stael first suggested, nature had brought that quality down in his line from some far-off Italian of the early Renaissance, it would develop under Rousseau's and Raynal's influence. Whencesoever it came, it is not least among the causes of the later political renaissance which saw the creation of a new and modern society, the completion of a process which began with the English revolution. It is this quality alone which makes Napoleon an element of the first importance in universal history. Other traits make him so in the epoch now called by his name.

His first thought was for the army. It is probable

that Moreau's participation in the latest political stroke — a fact to which, in the initial stages, it owed its success — was due to personal ambition; he probably thought that when Bonaparte had once become a civilian, his only military rival would be disposed of. Accordingly, when the plan for the coming campaign was published, it was found that Moreau was to command a great central European force composed of the recruited armies of the Rhine and of Helvetia, to be called by the name of the former. Masséna, whose brilliant victories in Switzerland had moderated the gloom occasioned by the disasters of the previous year in Italy, was to have supreme command of the forces which were still to be called the Army of Italy — the name made so glorious at Lodi, at Arcola, at Castiglione, and at Rivoli. It seemed, indeed, as if the First Consul had himself renounced all ambition as a soldier in order to become entirely a statesman. The imperious and jealous but prudent Moreau was to have full scope for his powers, the brilliant Masséna was to wear his old commander's laurels. But there was a reserve army, not talked of nor paraded, which was quietly, silently, and unostentatiously formed, under Berthier's master-hand, from new conscripts skilfully intermingled with selected veterans. The divisions were gathered in different places, apparently with no unity, and thus were drilled, trained, and organized without observation. While most of it was kept within the French borders, ready for instant mobilization, and with headquarters ostensibly at Dijon, a part was sent under the nominal command of the devoted adjutant to Geneva in order to maintain the French honor in Switzerland.

The French people, however, desired not war, but peace. The list of competent and admirable administrators chosen by the government was sufficient proof

that public affairs were to be carefully transacted. The reconstruction of the army gave evidence that peace was to be made with honor. The next step was so to behave that France should think her new chief magistrate eager for a general pacification. Since Bonaparte's return from Egypt there had been a combination of circumstances which pointed to an easy solution of this problem. The Czar of Russia was much exasperated with George III because the Russian soldiers included in the capitulation of Alkmaar were coolly received when transported to England, and then virtually imprisoned in the island of Guernsey. When, soon afterward, the English laid siege to Malta, of which he yearned to be grand master, he was ready to accuse Great Britain of treachery. But he was still more incensed with Austria. As has been told, a portion of his army, under Korsakoff, was overwhelmed by Masséna at Zurich on September twenty-fifth, 1799. Suvoroff, with the other wing, was at the time in full possession of Piedmont; and in accordance with his master's instructions he had invited the fugitive Charles Emmanuel IV to return from Sardinia and reinstate himself at Turin.

The Austrian archduke Charles had withdrawn, after his defeat of Masséna by the first battle of Zurich in June, 1799, to take command in central Germany. Francis, being fully determined to keep all northern Italy for himself, and therefore to prevent the reestablishment of the house of Savoy on the mainland, speciously ordered Suvoroff to the assistance of his fellow-countrymen north of the Alps. The Russian general found nothing prepared for his passage of the St. Gotthard; on the contrary, he was so hindered at every turn by the absence of mules for his baggage-train, and so harassed by the attacks of the French, that his ex-

pedition was one long disaster. He attributed his misfortunes to Austrian indifference or worse. Driven from valley to valley, over icy peaks and barren passes, his troops perished in great numbers, and their panic was complete when they heard of Korsakoff's terrible defeat. Before a junction could be effected with the remnants of that army, Masséna turned and attacked Suvoroff himself, compelling him to flee eastward as best he could until he reached the confines of Bavaria. This put a climax to the Czar's fury; he demanded that the Italian princes should be restored to their governments, and that Thugut should be dismissed, as a guarantee of good faith. Finally he heard that when Ancona fell before the combined attacks of Austrians, Russians, and Turks, his own standard had been taken down, and only the Austrian left flying. To a gloomy enthusiast, claiming to be the mirror of chivalry and magnanimity, this was a crowning insult; and he determined, in December, 1799, to withdraw from the coalition. This was Bonaparte's opportunity, and he began at once a series of the most flattering attentions to Paul, which made the Czar for the rest of his short life a passionate admirer of the schemes and person of the First Consul. England and Austria were thus the only formidable opponents left in the coalition against France.

With ostentatious simplicity, Bonaparte wrote both to George III and to Francis II, as man to man, announcing his accession to power, and pleading, in the interest of commerce, of national well-being, and of domestic happiness, for a cessation of hostilities after eight years of warfare. The French people, who looked upon the First Consul as a ruler made by themselves, were delighted with this simple straightforwardness, and gratified by the notion of their representative

treating on equal terms with the divine-right monarchs of Europe. Pitt mistakenly thought that Bonaparte still personified Jacobinism, and labored under the delusion that France was completely exhausted. An English army was ready and about to disembark on the west coast of France. Kléber in Egypt, having maintained himself superbly thus far, was about to yield to pitiless fate, and accept humiliating terms for evacuating the country. Could the flames of the civil war which was once more raging in France be further fanned, and the control of the Levant secured in English hands, the great English premier would be able in a few months to make terms far more advantageous than any he could hope for at the moment. Lord Grenville therefore wrote a brusque letter to Talleyrand, refusing negotiation with a government the stability of which was not assured, and suggesting in a weak, impolitic way that while the French had a right to choose their own government, the return of the Bourbons would be the best guarantee of a permanent and settled administration. This clause afforded the opportunity for a smart reply by Bonaparte, denouncing England as the author of the war which had raged through 1799 and was about to be renewed, and reminding the King that he himself ruled by consent of his people.

The debate which ensued in Parliament was most instructive, because the First Consul was entirely right. Great Britain was the mainspring of the coalition. The wits of London said in public that England had contracted half of her national debt to destroy the Bourbons and the other half to restore them to power. This was the key-note of the Liberal opposition. Lord Holland was willing to be sponsor for Bonaparte's sincerity, but the Lords laughed at him. In the Commons Whitbread charged the excesses of the French

Revolution to the unwarrantable interference of other powers; England owed it to herself to make peace when she could, even with a usurper. Erskine could see in England's course nothing but a blind obstinacy which had overwhelmed the nation with debt and disaster "What would you say," said Tierney, "if Bonaparte victorious should refuse to treat except with the Stuarts?" But the temper of Parliament and the people was for continuing the war Grenville, in the upper house, declared that Bonaparte was merely a new exponent of the revolutionary wickedness of the Directory. He had made treaties or armistices with Sardinia, Tuscany, Modena, and the minor Italian states, only to violate them, he had scorned the neutrality of Parma; he had dragged Venice into war for her own destruction; he had trampled Genoa underfoot; and he had destroyed the liberty of Switzerland while uttering false promises of peace and friendship, His hearers sustained him by an overwhelming majority.

In the lower house Canning denounced the First Consul as a usurper who, like a specter, wore on his head something which resembled a crown. Pitt rose to the height of his majestic powers in one of the great orations of his life. Minor political considerations must be waived. Bonaparte was the destroyer of Europe. The sole refuge from the calamities with which he was about to flood the nations was England. He himself had unwillingly consented to the negotiations at Lille; it was Fructidor which had broken them off, and it was Bonaparte who was the author of Fructidor He might be reproached for desiring the restoration of the ancient monarchy to France, but an exhausted and desperate country could not find the long repose essential for recuperation except under the Bourbons. The success of his plea was even greater than Grenville's.

Thus by an appeal to the old detestation of revolutionary excess which was so deep-seated in the English masses, and by an adroit insinuation that it was this for which Bonaparte stood, — a fact which seemed to be shown by his career, — the ministry gained a new lease of life, and men believed that a few months would see France fall in utter exhaustion before the coalition.

Bonaparte's personal letter to the Emperor was, as the writer doubtless foresaw it would be, equally unsuccessful. Austria, thanks to her double-dealings with Russia in the last campaign, was now occupying Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Papal States; she meant to keep them, and moderately but firmly refused to treat on the basis proposed, which was that of Campo Formio.

Among other unfortunate surrenders which France under the Directory had made for the sake of quiet and security was that of freedom for the press. A consular decree of January seventeenth, 1800, further emphasized this undemocratic policy, and suppressed all but thirteen political journals. This was nominally a measure to be enforced only during the war. For its justification there was the plea of necessity. The serious indiscretions which a free and enterprising press always has committed, and is sure to commit, during hostilities, uniformly call out the angry denunciations of military writers. The "spurred and booted ruler" of whom Napoleon spoke at St Helena could not well be expected to act otherwise than he did. Unfortunately, the only papers which continued to be published became at once mere administrative organs. When, therefore, with a skilful display of facts the course of negotiations in both England and Austria was laid before the public, the people of Paris and the provinces were easily roused to warlike ardor. The clever and

witty pasquinades, the abusive and scathing paragraphs, in which all the papers indulged, from the "Moniteur" downward, increased the excitement. It pleased the French fancy to read a supposed summons to George, inviting him, as a convert to legitimacy, to abdicate in favor of the surviving Stuart heir. Forgetful of the immediate past, the nation was ready to maintain French honor at any cost against its embittered and inveterate foe. The Pactolus streams of English gold could not, the French felt sure, much longer subsidize the Continental powers, for it was Great Britain, and not France, which was really exhausted.

Led by a man whose genius was believed to be as fertile in political, administrative, and fiscal expedients as it had always been in military measures, with an admirable machinery of government and a general confidence in their ruler, the French people became ever more certain that they might now and finally conquer in the struggle with England for mastery. This opinion was further strengthened because the inveterate rancor of civil conflict in the west was again quieted, temporarily at least, perhaps permanently. The devastator of Egypt and Syria still held out with one hand the mildest offers of conciliation to the malcontent communities of that district, with the other he displayed his powerful sword, while in his proclamations he threatened measures as severe as those he had practised against the rebellious Bedouin. This course had the desired effect, and, having brought the French rebels to terms, seemed likely to soothe them into habits of submission. The Army of the West could therefore be reduced in numbers, and as at the same time the Batavian Republic was in a fervor of enthusiastic loyalty, so also could the Army of Holland. In this way more than thirty thousand excellent soldiers were freed for use elsewhere.

Simultaneously with these events the most careful preparation was made for a step which might redound to Bonaparte's credit if properly taken, but could easily be detrimental to the complete success of his schemes. Under the new constitution every department of government had an assigned dwelling-place. That of the consuls was to be the Tuileries. How could an absolute dictator install his penates in the sometime home of absolute royalty without inspiring general distrust? The first step was to rechristen the pile as "the palace of the government," the next to consecrate it to glory. From far and near the statues of the great were gathered to adorn its halls. The choice of these displayed in significant confusion the generals and statesmen of all times in all places. Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick; Cato, Cicero, Brutus; Mirabeau, Marceau, and Joubert; and many others of lesser note, were assembled in effigy. But highest of all was set the image of Washington, the news of whose death had just reached Europe. His example was to be held up as the real inspiration of the new ruler. In order both to arouse the imagination of the people and to convince their understanding, the army was put into mourning for the great American, and a festival was instituted in his honor. To exalt the man who was universally considered as the typical and ideal republican of the age was a conspicuously effective idea, since it accorded thoroughly with the approved traditions of the Revolution.

The celebration was set for February ninth, 1800, and proved a great success. It had already been decided to reawaken public enthusiasm by instituting great military ceremonies when the captured standards from Aboukir were finally deposited in the Hospital of the Invalides. These and the Washington festival were interwoven with consummate art: while the First Con-

sul's victories were recalled in the imposing parade, the simple and impressive words of an able orator, M. de Fontanes, reminded the nation that the immortal Washington had shown as a general more strength than brilliancy, and had awakened little enthusiasm but great confidence; that he was one of the men inspired to rule who appear from time to time in the world, that he was neither partizan nor demagogue; and that when peace had once been signed he had laid down his arms to become the wisest of constructive legislators. "Yes, Washington! thy counsels shall be heard — thou warrior, legislator, administrator! He who in his youth surpassed thee in battle, like thee shall close with conquering hands the wounds of his country." Minds less quick than those of the Parisians would have discovered the moral of the address even without the peroration. When the official journal next day published the glowing words and described the brilliant ceremony, the coming monarch was already lodged under the roof of the Bourbons. Since Bonaparte had made the liberation of Lafayette an indispensable condition of the treaty ratified at Campo Formio, it might have been expected that this name, so long used elsewhere in a natural juxtaposition, would on such an occasion have been mentioned in connection with that of Washington; but the honors of that day were to be shared with the dead foreigner, not with the living Frenchman.

CHAPTER XIV¹

A CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM

Policy of the First Consul — His Family — The New Officials — The Council of State — Bonaparte's Ubiquity — Foreign Affairs — France and Russia — The Mistake of Prussia — Peace Impossible — Bonaparte's Plans — His Aims — The Temper of Great Britain — Bonaparte's Appeal to the Army — The Military Situation

THE makers of a paper constitution cannot foresee every detail in the working of its provisions; and contrary to the expectation at least of Sieyès, the form which the new government took at the outset was largely personal. The Consulate and the ministry were entirely so, their members being chosen with a keen business instinct, like that of a great industrial or commercial master, for personal character, integrity, capacity, and devotion. "What revolutionary," said Napoleon to his brother Joseph, "would not have confidence in an order of things where Fouché is minister? What gentleman would not expect to find existence possible under the former Bishop of Autun? One keeps my left, the other my right. I open a broad path where all may walk." This was so far true, but such nice discrimination could not be exercised in filling the hundreds of minor offices. France is second to no land in the ambition of its people for office-holding, and among

¹ Further references are the Eckart· Montgelas Fournier: Tratchefski Archives in Vol LXX, Studien und Skizzen. Reinach: Société d'histoire de Russie. Correspondance Royaliste. Pin-Martens Traités de la Russie. gaud. d'Antraigues. Stanhope: Montgelas Denkwürdigkeiten. Life of Pitt.

the thousands of greedy claimants it was not easy to choose. There were many mistakes made in selecting the petty officials, and the disappointed formed a large class of embittered malcontents from the very inauguration of the consular system. There were the senate, the legislature, the council of state, the tribunate, the whole judicial administration, all to be filled. It was understood that the official emoluments would not be niggardly. When finally fixed, the salary of a senator was twenty-five thousand francs; that of a tribune, fifteen thousand; that of a legislator, ten thousand. As a measure of relative importance it is interesting to note that the First Consul had five hundred thousand a year, and each of his colleagues one hundred and fifty thousand.

So swiftly and thoroughly did Paris and France absorb the concept of monarchy in the Consulate, that the powers and fortunes of the First Consul were scarcely considered in relation to those of the other two, who, far from parity, were barely coadjutant. What the nation felt and accepted, but scarcely whispered, the Bonaparte family discussed with shameless greediness. How far soever Napoleon removed himself in other respects from the primitive institutions of Corsican barbarism, in one he never so far had varied: the sense of clanship. His brothers and sisters were men and women of parts, but they were undisciplined in language and behavior: their natural appetites were never concealed, nor their tongues bridled. Napoleon acknowledged the fraternal bond in the tribal sense; for every one of them he desired to provide handsomely in money and honor, and he expected the return of affection and loyalty. Behind his back they discussed his death and the succession, formed cabals of supporters, wrangled for influence and power. Of this their brother was not unaware, and the danger

of their irregular conduct was ever present to him. But he could not bring himself to check them. At this moment when their activities were most pernicious, he intended Lucien to be the master politician, Joseph the master negotiator, Louis a general, and Jerome an admiral. Their intercourse with official France might make or mar the fortunes not only of their brother but also of themselves.

The new officials were selected from every walk of life, from every shade of opinion, from every stratum of society. The intention was that they should have no bond but a common interest in the new order. The senate became a high place for the successful among the old, the men whose day was over. Monge, Berthollet, Volney, and the like were found on its benches. The silent legislature was filled with the majority of those whose ardent and uninstructed ambitions were easily muzzled by the tenure of place, and found a sufficient vent in casting a voiceless vote. The tribunes, "legislative eunuchs," as they have been called, were men such as Daunou, Benjamin Constant, and J. B. Say — the elect among the able and intelligent of the day. Their duty was to debate the nature and utility of all bills with the proposers, the council of state; and it was expected that the fiery logic and merciless criticism which they were sure to employ would rebound harmlessly from the benches on which their opponents sat. If freedom of debate and liberty of speech became too dangerous even in such remoteness from action, the superfluous institution could be suppressed without a jar in the machinery of state. There was possibly a hint of this in the fact that the tribunes found shelter in the Palais Royal, then the haunt of prostitutes and the refuge of the great gambling-hells which were so numerous. To the end of its days the

tribunate was the one asylum of liberty under the constitution of the year VIII. It was supposed, as has just been said, that the impotence of the tribunes would be offset by the independence of the council of state.

In this last body, therefore, were assembled three important classes: sincere Bonapartists like Roederer, Regnault de St-Jean-d'Angély, and Boulay de la Meurthe; clever specialists like Ganteaume, Chaptal, and Fourcroy, who were quite willing to serve the First Consul; and a number of proselytes from among the royalists and other factions. For the most part these were men of great ability, and for a time they found in the First Consul a disinterestedness in serving France which made them his devoted servants. The personality of the council was Bonaparte's, and whatever independence it possessed was his. The court of appeals was duly organized by the senate, which had this right as being the guardian of the constitution. The justices and councilors of a supreme court, the keystone of the judiciary, were nominated by the same body. The other courts were also ably manned with officials who, though not servile, were staunch supporters of the new government.

Before the time when the campaign could open in the spring of 1800, all these parts were intended to be, and actually were, running smoothly; but they were running by the inspiration and activity of a single man. The council of state was his greater self, the senate his instrument of governing; the legislative body was as silent as the tribunate was noisy — neither was a serious check on his plans. Legislation of the greatest importance was under way; it was all devised for purposes of centralization, and was studied in detail by the First Consul. Administration was proceeding with scarcely any friction whatsoever; but this was because Bona-

parte kept his eye on each separate office, and carefully superintended its working. By special arrangement foreign relations were considered and settled in secret consultation by the chief of state and Talleyrand; but the latter dared not pretend that in unraveling the threads of so tangled a web, or in their skilful rearrangement, the initiative was his. Carnot, at his old work, with his old genius unimpaired, needed little encouragement; but even in his department every corps, every battalion, every regiment, every company of all the arms, — cavalry, infantry, and artillery of every class, conscript, soldier, reserve, and home guard, — each and all were known to the First Consul. Incredible and exaggerated as such statements must appear, the testimony to their truth is so abundant and unimpeachable that it seems to the reader as if at this crisis there had appeared in Europe a being neither human, demoniac, nor celestial, but a man with superhuman powers of endurance, apprehension, and labor, an angel without perfection, a demon without malevolence. For, on the whole, Bonaparte's work, while replete with dangerous expedients, and, as the future conclusively proved, inspired by self-seeking, was beneficent, constructive, and permanent in regard not merely to France, but to Europe and the world.

In the opening months of 1800 the Continental situation was even more peculiar than usual. In 1799 the Directory had, as a financial measure, incorporated Belgium with France, and her provinces, like all other parts of the country, paid heavy taxes. This could not be changed; and in regard to the minor states still nominally independent, but really under French control, the old policy of the Directory could likewise not immediately be dropped. Masséna had just made a forced levy in Switzerland. Genoa was laid under a

fresh contribution of two million francs, and menaced with a forced levy. It was arranged that Holland should pay forty million francs for the restitution of Flushing; and Amsterdam was invited to lend ten more, but refused. Hamburg was secretly held out to Prussia as the price of an alliance with France. Publicly the Hohenzollern monarchy was praised for its refusal to surrender some important political refugees to the coalition, and was offered the friendship of France at the price of four to six millions of francs. It was determined that Portugal, which, having been exhausted by a long alliance with England, now earnestly desired peace, should be told informally by Talleyrand that it could be purchased by a contribution of from eight to ten millions for the Army of Italy. Paul I of Russia, already angry with Austria, was confirmed in his friendship for France by many acts of courtesy. The Russian prisoners of war received new clothes, and were released, the First Consul, recognizing the Czar's quixotic interest in the Knights of Malta, sent to him the sword of Valetta, captured on the seizure of the island. A treaty of peace between France and Russia speedily ensued.

This of course effectually checked Turkey, and soon afterward competent experts were appointed by Paul to consider the details of a combined Franco-Russian expedition for the invasion of India by land, and to parcel out Asia between the two powers. The scheme originated with an agent of the Directory, named Guttin, who after a sojourn in Russia had boldly suggested that as Russia could never be even touched by modern ideas, and as the international propaganda of cosmopolitan republicanism must needs stop at her frontiers, there was but one course open: to seek her alliance. Bonaparte carefully studied the long and persuasive report,

began his preparations to realize the policy in the far future, was mindful of it at Tilsit, and, thwarted in his hope of keeping Russia an eastern power, found his first serious check in the campaign fought to coerce her. The expedition planned by him and Paul, as a side thrust at Great Britain, embraced both India and Persia in its details. Should it succeed, even the island kingdom might one day find itself a tamed and trained unit in the federation of western and central Europe under the ægis of a new western emperor, dividing the world with him who claimed to be the eastern; the heir and successor of those Romans who had reigned from Byzantium.

The center of gravity on the Continent remained in Prussia. As the land of Frederick, and the rival of Austria, she supposed herself to represent the liberal side of German life. In fact, there was a strong French party at Berlin, which felt that the republic had been fighting Prussia's battle in weakening the house of Austria. But Frederick William III, the young King, was timid, cautious, and full of self-esteem. He was overmastered by the specious idea, also cherished by his prime minister, that a firm neutrality would recuperate the strength of his country and people while internecine warfare was exhausting the rest of Europe. On this ground he had so far stood unshaken; and though the sympathies of his house had always been, in the main, on the side of absolutism, he refused the alliance of the absolutist coalition, and remained obstinate between the two alternatives. Nor did he falter until he destroyed his own prestige. The country itself would have been sacrificed but for the national uprising which some years later compelled him to take a decided stand. The Directory had longed to secure Prussia as part of the French system in Europe, and finally sent Sieyès to engage her as an ally. But the envoy spent

more energy in intriguing against his employers, and in devising schemes for the monarchical system which was to supplant them in France, than in his proper work, and succeeded only in confirming the King of Prussia in his policy. Bonaparte sent two representatives, Duroc and Beurnonville, to renew the negotiation and obtain Prussia's active assistance. They were received with much show of kindness, and the hopes of the latter envoy rose high, but only to be shattered. Privately the King notified Sandoz, his minister in Paris, that if France were defeated in the inevitable impending conflict, Prussia would reclaim her territories on the left bank of the Rhine, and declare war to secure them. The treaties in which she had renounced them were waste paper in this case; but until the event were decided she would stir neither hand nor foot.

With Prussia persistently neutral, and all the minor states exasperated not only by the continued billeting of French troops upon them, but by new demands for money, France was virtually left alone against Austria and England in the coming campaign. This situation was perfectly clear to the French people; but in view of all that had happened since the change of government, it appeared to every one not only as if reasonable offers of peace on the part of the First Consul had been refused, but as if French honor were inseparably united with the policy of war forced upon him. Though not proved, it is reiterated that this was what Bonaparte wanted. Subsequent events support the hypothesis; and if it be true, no schemer ever met with such perfect success. A career of aggressive extension was apparently forced upon him.

Three great revolutionary concepts of foreign policy were therefore the outcome of Bonaparte's studies in the exhibition of Austrian and British policy, of French

temperament and personal ambition: the mastery of the Mediterranean basin and thereby of the Orient; the extension of a revolutionary liberal system in Europe by the conquest and protectorate of the Continent; and the leadership of the world for the French nation, still as ever enthusiastic for lofty ideals and great deeds. Similar notions had not been foreign to the ancient régime, but England had prevented their fulfilment. The republic, having vaguely enlarged them, had fought for them as France had never fought before, because these things were not to be achieved for a dynasty, and were now illuminated by visions of human regeneration. Still England stood in the way. Bonaparte had given them new shape and new intensity with new definition; logically his success would stand for that most splendid of ideals which has ever dazzled poets, theologians, and kings — the universality of empire for peace and its arts, and the consequent elevation of all mankind. By the conquests of Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles the Great, animated as was each in turn by ambition and fiery zeal, nations, tribes, and institutions had been melted in one crucible. Each of those heroes had done a wondrous work in the advance of civilization, but their gains had been indirect. The experiment was to be tried for a fourth time. Would England again and finally dash the French Utopia into ruins?

For the moment Great Britain might be well content. India was safer for the overthrow of Tippoo, Ceylon was conquered, Egypt blockaded, and supremacy regained in the West Indies as well. Malta was in her hands, the Dutch fleet had been destroyed, the French and Spanish fleets were imprisoned at Brest. It is true the liberal agitations inaugurated and kept alive by the discontent of her middle and lower classes were hard to repress; but they were mercilessly crushed as they

came to the surface, and on the whole, public opinion supported the policy. That Grenville was subsidizing Georges Cadoudal with half a million francs to reorganize the Chouannerie of western France, and strike the "essential blow," was barely suspected. The proof has only come to light a century later. Assassination is an ugly word: it was not used, but it was contemplated. If this were the temper of Great Britain, that of Austria, her ally, was even more irreconcilable. Expansion in Italy was the focal concept of her policy. There was no expense of money and men she would refuse to consider for erasing the blot of Campo Formio. She had recruited her treasury and her army by British aid, and was defiant. The letter to her Emperor from the First Consul, as of equal to equal, was a crowning insult.

The first four months of the Consulate had not left the First Consul without enemies at home both numerous and bitter; moreover, many narrow minds — men who, like Talleyrand, were ignorant of how impossible the permanent return of the Bourbons had become — considered Bonaparte's tenure of power only as a transition to the old order. But at the critical instant, in April of the last year of the eighteenth century, France as a whole, including even the factions which had hoped to use him as a tool, felt that her doctrines, her aspirations, and her fate were personified in the great Corsican. His own motives may properly be stigmatized as those of personal ambition; but they were much more. Half educated and half barbarous as he was in his disdain of human limitations, there was in his heart a clear conception that good can come only of good, and therefore he had a definite purpose to do the most possible in order to illuminate his own rise by the regeneration of society. Himself a man without a country, — for

all his patriotic aspirations perished in Corsica's desperate failure, — he cared little for territorial limits, and utterly failed to comprehend the strength of national ties. Without sincere ecclesiastical feeling or an earnest faith, he partly understood the value of religious sentiment in the individual, but underrated utterly its moral preponderance in the social organism. The church to him was little more than a "white" police force. A consummate actor, he estimated at its full the influence of the dramatic word and situation on the common mind, but was often self-deceived while believing others misled or beguiled by his acting.

It is not at all inconsistent with a possible sincerity in the ostensibly pacific foreign policy he was pursuing that, even before the decision to fight had apparently been forced upon him, two manifestoes rang out to the troops. To the Army of the Rhine he said: "You have conquered Holland, the Rhine, and Italy, and have dictated peace under the walls of terrified Vienna. Now it is not a question of defending your borders, but of overpowering hostile states." To the Army of Italy in particular he said, with reference to a too notorious instance in which during the previous year a half-brigade had shown the white feather: "Are they all dead, the brave men of Castiglione, of Rivoli, and of Neumarkt? They would rather have perished than have been untrue to their colors; and they surely would have dragged their younger comrades on to honor and to duty. Soldiers, you say your rations are not regularly distributed. What would you have done if, like Four and Twenty-two of the light infantry, like Eighteen and Thirty-two of the line, you had found yourselves in the midst of the desert, without bread, without water, with nothing to eat but the flesh of horses and mules? 'Victory will give us bread,' said they; and

you — you desert your standards!" Such words, from such a man, could leave no soldier of any nation unmoved. The Frenchmen in the ranks were thrilled by them, the general who wrote them understood that peace without glory was a broken reed for an aspiring ruler. He had proffered the olive-branch, but he must, in order completely to win his people, chastise those who had spurned it. Austria, in particular, must get another lesson in humility.

On the eve of active operations in the first months of 1800 the military situation was as follows: The Italian line stretched from Genoa around by Savona to the Col di Tenda. On it were thirty thousand men, under Masséna, while ten thousand more guarded the passes of the Alps. Confronting it was an Austrian force of eighty thousand men, under Melas, a general of the old formal school, hampered by tradition and by the machinery of the Aulic Council in Vienna. In Tuscany, in the Papal States, and in Piedmont were twenty thousand Austrian soldiers in garrison. On the Rhine stood Moreau, with a hundred and twenty thousand men, facing a less able antagonist than Melas in the person of Kray, whose army was about equal in number to his own. The Austrian lines stretched from the falls of the Rhine northward by their headquarters at Donaueschingen to Kinzig. The greatest of the Austrian generals, the Archduke Charles, was not in the field. A sensitive epileptic, he had been wounded by the incessant and meddling interference of the Vienna bureaucrats, and had temporarily withdrawn from service. The plan of Francis and his ministry was to drive back Masséna's inferior force; then, with the aid of the English fleet, which arrived in March, under Keith, to reduce Genoa, where Masséna was sure to make a stand; then to cross the Var, and increase the

numerical superiority of the Austrians still further by a union with the royalists of Provence, who were organizing under Pichegru, just escaped from Guiana; and finally to carry the war into the heart of France, while Kray held Moreau in check.

CHAPTER XV

STATESMANSHIP AND STRATEGY¹

Bonaparte's Plan of Campaign — His Relation to Moreau — The Reserve Army — The Movements of Moreau — The Austrians Defeated — Further Advance of Moreau — Bonaparte with the Army — The Italian Campaign — Position of the Austrians — The St. Bernard — Passage of the Alps — Military Problems — Grand Strategy — Bonaparte's Preparation.

BY an article of the new French constitution the First Consul might not be also commander-in-chief of the forces; but, as he said to Miot de Melito, nothing forbade him to be present with the army. Nevertheless, his military greatness was now for the first time to display its stupendous proportions. Hitherto, superb as had been his achievements, they had been won as a subordinate carrying out one part of a large plan, and securing prominence for his own ideas only by disregarding those of nominal superiors. Now he had charge of a great war in its entirety. There was but one obstacle — Moreau's ability and jealousy. With the

¹The important military authorities are Napoleon's own letters and bulletins Dumolin: *Précis d'histoire militaire*. Yorck von Wartenburg: *Napoleon als Feldherr*. Jomini: *Histoire critique et militaire des guerres de la Révolution, 1792-1803*. Dodge: *Napoleon*. Clausewitz: *Werke*. For other material see Thugut's letters, Marbot's memoirs, Thiébault's *Journal of the Blockade of Genoa*, Valmy: *Histoire de la*

Campagne de 1800, Alison's *Castlereagh*, Woronzow's *Archives*, and Bailleu: *Essays in the Historische Zeitschrift*, vols. 77 and 81; Cugnac: *Campagne de l'armée de réserve en 1800*, La *campagne de Marengo*; Gachot: *La deuxième campagne d'Italie*, Neipperg: *Aperçu sur la bataille de Marengo*; Huffer: *Quellen zur Geschichte des Zeitalters der französischen Revolution*; Picard: *Bonaparte et Moreau*.

superiority of true greatness, Bonaparte at once took in the military situation, and, disregarding all the vexing details which would pass for essentials with men of less ability, analyzed it into its large and simple elements. If Kray were beaten, the French army could reach Vienna, and dictate peace before Melas could produce an effect in Italy. His plan, therefore, was to unite near Schaffhausen the various portions of the reserve army which he had quietly been organizing, and, covered by the Rhine, to effect a junction with Moreau; then by overwhelming superiority of numbers to turn Kray's left flank, cut off his connections, and, taking his army in the rear, either capture or annihilate it. Moreover, a detachment of this victorious force could then cross the easy lower passes of the Alps, and attack the Austrian army in Italy from the rear, even if in the interval that force should have been victorious. In this one great combination lies the proof of its author's genius. Its five great strategic principles are these: one line of operation, with one offensive; the massing of the army as the first aim; the line of operation on the enemy's flank verging toward his rear; the surrounding of the enemy's wing so as to jeopardize his connections; and lastly, the defense of your own connections. Standing in sharpest contrast with those of his great predecessor Frederick, these principles have not yet been overthrown even by modern science, nor by the revolutionary change which has taken place in the material of war and in the number of men engaged in modern conflicts.

But the idea was too great for the conditions. Moreau would not serve as second in command, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware that he himself was not yet sufficiently firm in his political seat to alienate a rival so influential. In fact, on March sixteenth, he wrote a private letter to Moreau, in which he said: "General

Dessoles will tell you that no one is more interested than I am in your personal glory and in your happiness. The English are embarking in force. What do they want? I am to-day a sort of manikin which has lost its liberty and its happiness. Greatness is fine, but only in memory and in imagination. I envy your happy lot. You are going to do great things with brave men. I would gladly exchange my consular purple for the epaulets of a brigade commander under your orders." All the First Consul's military conceptions had to be carefully propounded, that for a campaign in central Germany was not carried out until several years later. Moreau, conscious of his own powers, would not even accept Bonaparte's suggestions for conducting the passage of the Rhine. He was therefore left perforce to act independently except for instructions from Paris that he should take the offensive at once, and drive the enemy into Bavaria behind the Lech, so as to intercept his direct communication with Milan by way of Lake Constance and the Grisons. Lecourbe, with twenty thousand men, was to watch the higher Alpine passes. The dangerous rival was then left entirely to himself, and the destination of the reserve army was changed to Italy. This, of course, was done in order that such success as Moreau would certainly have won with its aid might not endanger the political situation in Paris. He must not be permitted to retrieve a reputation sullied both by his suspected connection with Pichegru's conspiracy, and by his participation, contrary to life-long professions, in the revolution of Brumaire.

Early in March the existence of the hitherto hidden army was revealed by an order for its advance toward Zurich to prepare for crossing the Alps. Switzerland, having fallen into French hands through Masséna's operations of the previous year, and being therefore no

longer neutral, its territory was open for use in offensive operations against the foe. Masséna had received his first instructions a few days earlier. They were to concentrate the Army of Italy in order to defend Genoa and the entrance to France. Melas would surely follow the well-worn Austrian plan of advancing in three columns for a concentric attack. The French general was to avoid two, and meet the third with all his strength. In April, however, he was informed of the new combination, and told to stand on the defensive until the reserve army had crossed the Alps. "The art of war," Bonaparte always said, "is to gain time when your strength is inferior." This Masséna, with brilliant capacity, undertook to do when, on April sixth, the brave and veteran Melas attacked him with sixty thousand men. But in spite of repeated successes against superior numbers, before the end of the month active resistance became impossible, and the whole French center was compelled to withdraw on April twenty-first behind the walls of Genoa, the situation of which now became precarious, for it was blockaded by the English fleet, and provisions were growing very scanty, not more than sufficient stores for a month being available. Suchet, with the left of Masséna's army, ten thousand strong, retreated along the coast, pursued by Melas with twenty-eight thousand, until on May fourteenth the former crossed the Var. Ott, with twenty-four thousand men, was left to beleaguer Genoa, in which Masséna held out until June fourth — a siege considered one of the most stubborn in history.

Such had been the wretched management of the previous year in the department of war at Paris that Moreau's force was not properly supplied in any particular, and he would not move until a month after the time arranged. It was not until April twenty-fifth,

after an urgent request from Bonaparte, that he ventured to carry out his own cautious plan for the passage of the Rhine in four divisions instead of in one united body, as the First Consul had suggested. Less was risked, and probably less was won; but the complicated movement was prosperous. Making a feint as if to occupy the Black Forest, he completely misled Kray as to his real intentions, and induced him to abandon his strong position at Donaueschingen. By a series of clever countermarches, in which the Rhine was crossed and recrossed several times by various French corps, the whole of Moreau's command was finally united beyond the Black Forest, having successfully outflanked not only that dangerous mountain-range, but also the enemy, which was still occupied in guarding its eastern exits.

The movement was brought to a fortunate conclusion by the French advance, before which the Austrians withdrew to secure a position. In the last days of April Moreau found himself with only twenty-five thousand men facing the mass of the Austrians under Kray at Engen. In the rear, on his left, but beyond reach, was a division of his own army under Saint-Cyr. On May second, expecting their speedy arrival, he joined battle with his inadequate force. The reinforcements did not arrive; but after a desperate fight, with serious loss, he defeated the enemy. Next day Saint-Cyr came in, and the Austrians, having learned that Stockach with its abundant stores had fallen into the hands of the French division under Lecourbe, withdrew north-eastward toward the Danube. Moreau's success was unqualified. Kray could no longer retreat toward the Tyrol by Switzerland and the Vorarlberg; he had also lost a large supply of munitions most precious to their captors, besides five thousand prisoners and three thousand killed.

Nevertheless, he was still undismayed, and two days later made a stand at Messkirch. After an embittered and sanguinary conflict on May fifth he was again defeated. The victory of Moreau would have been overwhelming but for a second inexplicable failure of Saint-Cyr to bring his division into action. Investigation revealed that while that division general had displayed no zeal and had evinced no good will in the interpretation of orders, he had strictly obeyed their letter. His laxity was therefore overlooked. It was soon found that the Austrians were again gathered to defend their depots at Biberach. This time Saint-Cyr was ardent, and with conspicuous fire he led his inferior numbers against the enemy's center, driving them from their position. Still aglow with victory, he then called in a second division under Richepanse, and attacking again the main body of the enemy's army, which was drawn up on the slopes of the Mettenberg, dislodged them from that position also. Two days later Lecourbe captured Memmingen with eighteen hundred prisoners, and on the tenth the Austrians withdrew to make a determined stand on a fortified camp at Ulm. It is probable that in two days Moreau would have driven them from that position if his force had been left intact; but Carnot had come in person to ask for the detachment of Lecourbe's corps to serve in Italy, and a request from such a man could not well be denied.

The First Consul had studied the situation of France as carefully as he had analyzed that of Europe. Bernadotte was chief in command of all the soldiers within the confines of the republic. He was bound in the most solemn way to treat every faction with the utmost consideration and gentleness far and near throughout the land; above all, to lull the West into repose. To

the judicious Cambacérès was intrusted the supreme power at Paris: "during the absence of the First Consul," his orders ran. His duty was to repress without pity every symptom of disturbance by the aid of the police under Fouché and the soldiery under Dubois. The news was carefully spread about that Bonaparte would soon return, very shortly in fact; there was uneasiness among the best-disposed at the thought of his absence, of his carefully balanced machinery left to the care of others. His departure was carefully arranged. The partizans of Masséna were alert that the fortunes of their hero should not be sacrificed. The news, true though inaccurate, that Kléber had capitulated in Egypt made little stir, but the fact was rather ugly. "Have it understood," were Bonaparte's later instructions to Talleyrand, "that had I remained in Egypt that superb colony would have been ours, just as, had I remained in France, we would not have lost Italy." Desaix, of whose eminent ability and vigorous character Bonaparte had formed the highest opinion, was already on the way, and for him a letter was left urging his presence at the earliest moment in Italy. The glorious news of Moreau's brilliant successes was read from the stage of the opera, where the First Consul led the enthusiastic cheering, and that very night, having sent a message of congratulation to the conqueror, "glory and thrice glory," he departed for Dijon. Next day Paris was reassured, gay and brilliant. It so continued until his own triumphant return. Resting for a short day at Dijon, he hurried on to Geneva, where he remained for three days in consultation with Necker. Thence he passed to Lausanne, where Carnot arrived with the news of his successful mission. Moreau had been flattered by the great consideration implied in such an embassy. From every side the news was satisfactory. Berthier's work of organiza-

tion was thorough and complete: the raw recruits were drilled to efficiency. The generals were resplendent in health, spirits, and fine uniforms. The First Consul, clad in the blue frock of his civil office, wearing at times his rather shabby gray overcoat, with a slim sword at his side and a soft cocked hat on his head, was a very inconspicuous figure indeed. He was with the army, but not apparently in formal command.

Bonaparte's earlier plan for using the reserve army was that it should take up the division of Lecourbe, cross from Zurich by the Splügen into Italy, where, absorbing Masséna's force, it would finally number over a hundred thousand, and be sufficiently strong to conquer Melas. But the latter's immense superiority of numbers throughout April had enabled him in the mean while to cut off all communication with Masséna, and the worst was feared. It was determined, therefore, to cross the Alps much farther to the westward; and Berthier was ordered to study first the St. Gotthard and the Simplon, then both the Great and Little St. Bernard passes, the former of which was still erroneously held to be Hannibal's route. This easy adaptation to changing conditions was another sign of the First Consul's military greatness. The idea of a march to Milan was likewise quickly abandoned in order to relieve Masséna the sooner by way of Tortona. By May ninth all was in order. By "general's reckoning, not that of the office," as Berthier's words were, there were forty-two thousand men on or near the Lake of Geneva. When Bonaparte arrived at Lausanne on the tenth, Lannes was at the foot of the Great St. Bernard, with eight thousand infantry; four other divisions, comprising twenty-five thousand men, stood between Lausanne and the head of the lake; another, of five thousand men, under Chabran, was in Savoy at the foot

of the Little St. Bernard. Besides these, Turreau, with five thousand men who had originally formed part of Masséna's left wing, was at the southern end of the Mont Cenis pass; and the fifteen thousand men detached from Moreau were already marching under Moncey toward the northern entrance of the St. Gotthard.

The situation of the Austrians and the French in Italy had not materially changed on May thirteenth, and was of course still to the advantage of the former. Masséna was in Genoa with twelve thousand available troops and sixteen thousand sick or wounded. Ott was conducting the siege with twenty-four thousand men. Melas, with his twenty-eight thousand men, was still on the Var, firmly convinced that the French reserve army would unite with Suchet's ten thousand in Provence and attack from the front. Five days later he was informed of the truth, and leaving a corps of seventeen thousand to guard the Riviera, hurried with the rest back to Turin, which he reached on the twenty-fifth. Ten thousand Austrians were watching the St. Gotthard at Bellinzona, three thousand were in the valley of the Dora Baltea to observe the southern exit from the St. Bernard range, while five thousand were on the Dora Riparia and one thousand on the Stura for similar purposes regarding the Mont Cenis. Six thousand were marching from Tuscany to reinforce Melas, and three thousand remained there; while in the Romagna, in Istria, and in various garrisons of upper Italy, were sixteen thousand more.

On May fourteenth began what has been justly considered one of Bonaparte's most daring and brilliant moves. Even at the present day and after extensive improvement of grade, the road over the Great St. Bernard is for a long stretch barely passable for wheeled vehicles; it was then a wretched mule-track, more like

the bed of a mountain torrent than a highway, and at that season of the year storms of snow and sleet often rage about the hospice and on the higher reaches of the path. The First Consul had carefully considered the great outlines of his strategy; the detail had wisely been left to able lieutenants. One by one the successive divisions, with that of Lannes at the front, climbed the steep, crossed the yoke, and passed down on the other side to Aosta. There was, of course, some snow, and there was in any case no track for the gun-carriages; the cannon were therefore dismounted, laid in sledges of hollowed logs, and dragged by sheer human force along the rough highway.

The passage into the upper vale of Aosta was commonplace enough, and on the sixteenth the head of Chabran's column also arrived there safely by way of the Little St. Bernard. But every enterprise has its crisis. Lower down, on an abrupt and perpendicular rock, was Fort Bard, which entirely controlled the valley. It proved to be impregnable. Lannes hesitated for a day. Berthier wrote him that the fate of Italy, perhaps of the republic, hung upon its capture. This proved to be a pardonable exaggeration. The French van took a rude mountain-path which lay to the northward over Monte Albaredo, and, leaving their artillery behind, advanced, or rather climbed across, toward Ivrea. Bonaparte himself came up two days later, and, hearing that Melas had now left the Var, ordered the path to be improved. Lannes, in the interval, attacked Ivrea, but failed for want of cannon. Marmont, the chief of artillery, could not wait for the engineers to complete the new road, but, wrapping all his wheels in hay, and strewing the streets of the hamlet at the foot of Fort Bard with dung, carried all the guns safely past under cover of night. The Austrians could

not fire in a plumb-line downward, and, though aware of the movement, they were helpless. The garrison held out for a time, but surrendered on June first. Ivrea fell at once; the three thousand Austrians in the valley were scattered; and the Italian plains lay open to the daring adventurers, many of whom, having once outflanked the Alps under the same leader, had now attacked and surmounted them. Their enemy was first incredulous, then surprised and undecided; his forces were so scattered that it seemed as if he could no longer hold Tortona. Should that fortress fall into French hands, Genoa could be promptly relieved.

Bonaparte at once became perfectly aware not only of the Austrian position, but also of the favorable opportunity it opened for him. His ideas began immediately to expand and change. Why not take advantage of the time which must intervene before the Austrians could concentrate for a decisive action, leave Masséna to hold Genoa a few days longer, himself march to Milan and secure Lombardy, then cross the Po, and, after having cut off all Melas's connections, offer him battle? That a single battle might decide the fate of Italy was the conception of a strategist. The inverse order of defeating Melas, relieving Genoa, taking Milan, and driving the enemy behind the Adda, would have meant a long campaign. This was the first appearance of this keen conception, which recurs twice more in Napoleon's life — in 1809 and in 1813.

Before the end of the month every portion of the army had done its work. Turreau was over Mont Cenis, and had driven in the Austrian guards. Moncey had passed the St. Gotthard in safety, and was ready at Bellinzona. A side column under Bethencourt had crossed the Simplon and was near Domo d'Ossola. On June second the united French force had crossed

the Ticino in safety, and the vanguard entered Milan as the Austrian garrison withdrew first to Lodi and then to Crema. Murat was despatched with his cavalry to drive the retreating columns so far that they could not interfere with the next serious operation, the crossing of the Po. Bonaparte celebrated his return not only by the reestablishment of the Cisalpine Republic and by great civic festivals, but by a religious solemnity at which he declared his respect for the Holy Father and his attachment to the faith. The great cathedral was his special charge. Among the statues of saints which adorn its myriad pinnacles, one of the best is his own portrait.

CHAPTER XVI¹

MARENGO

Surrender of Genoa — Bonaparte's Strategy — Politics at Milan — His Over-confidence — The Chosen Battle-field — Victor at Marengo — The French Overpowered — Defeat Retrieved — Desaix and Kléber — A Pattern Campaign — Plots in Paris — France Conquered in Italy — Significance of Marengo — Bonaparte Returns to Paris — His Bid for Peace — Austria Disavows the Negotiations — Conferences at Lunéville — Hostilities Renewed

THE news of all these movements reached Melas at Turin, where, with the ordinary perspicacity of a good army general, he had expected the battle. With Suchet to the westward on the Var, and Bonaparte in front, his situation was critical. His first intention was to advance by Vercelli, and fall on Bonaparte's rear; but learning how great the force was which had crossed the St. Gotthard, he chose as a rallying-point for his army the town of Alessandria, the situation of which amid lowlands and sluggish streams resembles that of Mantua, and made it in those days of short range and weak projectiles a powerful fortress. It was his daring intention to break through the French center.

¹ References as before. The memoirs of Bourrienne are a publisher's enterprise, valuable in many places when controlled by other authorities: but for this period they are untrustworthy, as are those of Marbot. The memoirs of Antommarchi have little value except as he corroborates more authentic statements by others. Roederer's works are specially val-

uable for this period. Further, see Huffer. Quellen zu 1799-1800, Sargent: Campaign of Marengo, Relation de Neipperg, Vivenot. Thugut, Clerfayt und Wurmser, Fournier Skizzen, Du Casse Négociations de Lunéville; Bowman. Preliminary Stages of Peace of Amiens; Pajol. Kléber, sa vie, sa correspondance

Meantime Masséna, having conducted the defense of Genoa with heroism and persistency until the last, had been forced to open negotiations for surrender. He was embittered, charging that he was both deserted and sacrificed: a glance at the map will show how utterly impossible it would have been for the French forces from the north to have crossed and recrossed the Apennines for his relief, and moreover the strategic moves did not and could not foresee the ill-advised Austrian tenacity in the siege of Genoa, at a time when Melas's necessity required every man within reach to rally at Alessandria as swiftly as possible. Could the French general have held out for three days longer, Ott would have been compelled to raise the siege in order to release his own troops for the greater struggle soon to take place. As it was, the terms offered were the best possible, and on June fourth the French marched out with eight thousand men under no conditions, leaving the scene by water, however, instead of joining Suchet to strengthen the army at once: a move which Bonaparte savagely condemned in his latter days. On the sixth Ott left with his army for the Austrian rendezvous. Had he renounced the capture of Genoa, he might have joined the force of Melas with his army unharmed. The sequel showed that some one had made a serious mistake; and that some one was not the French commander-in-chief.

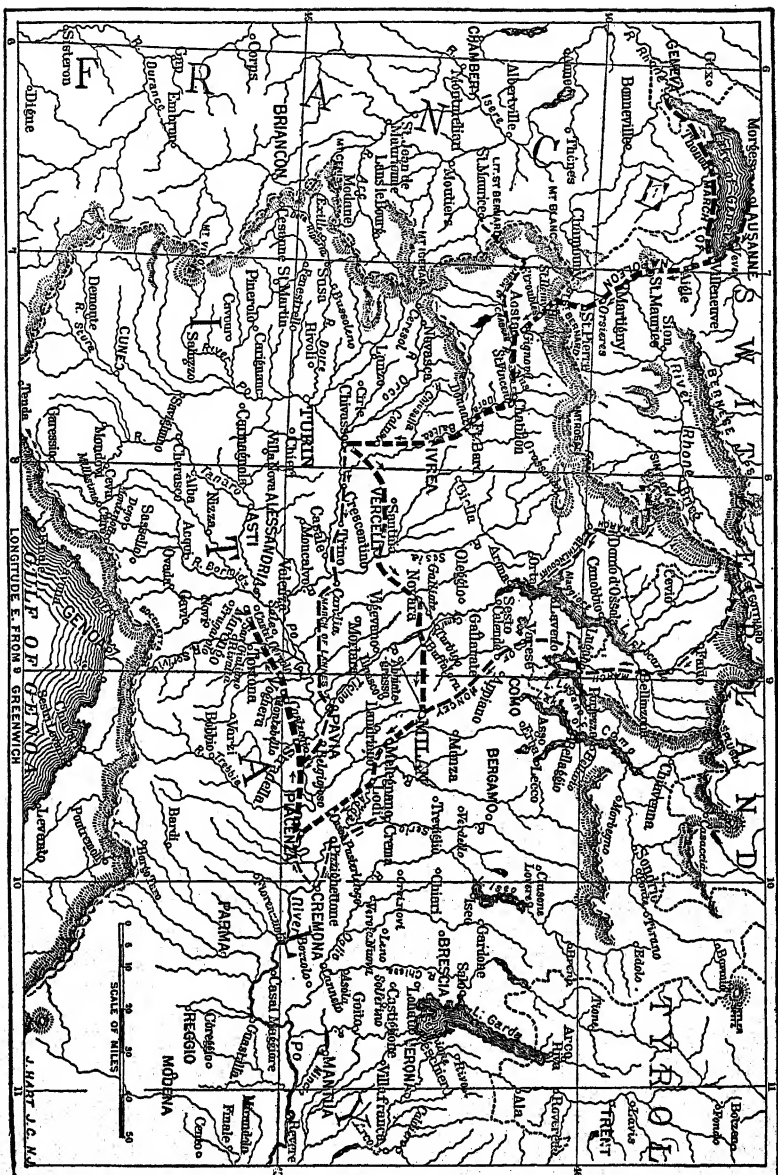
Simultaneously Bonaparte was directing from Milan the slow passage of the great river at three points between Piacenza and Pavia, and bringing in from all around the scattered companies which had been clearing the country in various skirmishes. He left a fortified camp at Stradella and five available bridges over the Po, in case he should be beaten and compelled to retreat. On the eighth one of Melas's couriers to Vienna was captured, and his despatches, which told of the disaster at Genoa,

also put the First Consul in full possession of his antagonist's movements and plans. The French and Austrians began their advance about the same time; the former, however, in closer formation and less widely separated from one another. Ott and Lannes met at Casteggio, near Montebello. Bonaparte's orders were to destroy, if possible, the first Austrian column which appeared, "as it must of necessity be weak." In the first struggle the French, who were much inferior in numbers, were worsted, but reinforcements coming up quickly under Victor, their rout was speedily turned into victory, and the enemy was driven back upon the Scrivia, with the loss of four thousand men.

The short week in Milan, from June second onward, was a fine exhibition of Bonaparte's concentrated energy. There were a triumphal entry, most impressive, a series of eloquent bulletins, soul-stirring and illuminating, and a political reorganization of the Cisalpine Republic, object-lesson to France of what she had to expect. The horrors of Austrian rule were exhibited and execrated. What else could be expected from the kings of Europe? As to religion, the people want their worship, let the priests perform the desired rites. From Genoa, when it fell into French hands, as it did within a few days, the proclamation went forth announcing the policy of the Consulate. In the exercise of its power the government would completely restore the Roman Catholic cult, first because religion is essential to and in man, second because that of Rome is the best form, and lends itself best to democratic republican institutions. What had already happened in France was sufficient evidence that the First Consul would arrange matters with the new Pope, and recognize him, irregular as his election had been.

Melas was still west of Alessandria, at a distance of

MAP OF THE MARENGO CAMPAIGN



two days' march. Bonaparte, after leaving Milan for headquarters, remained in the rear, gathering and ordering the advancing army, but giving no sign, by a personal appearance on the front, until all was in readiness, of where the decision would be taken. It was a maxim ever on his lips to prepare for a decisive action by bringing in every available man; no one could tell when the result might turn on the presence of a few men more or less. In this instance he was apparently untrue to his own principle; for no less than twenty-three thousand men had been sent so far out of reach — some to cut off all chance of Austrian escape to the north, east, and south, and some for various other purposes — that he now had only thirty-four thousand men available. His over-confidence was in a sense justified by the enemy's mistakes, but it came near to costing dearly. It went so far that Loison, with six thousand soldiers more, was left behind at Piacenza. By the twelfth Melas had joined Ott at Alessandria, which, in view of Bonaparte's grand strategy, was inevitable. Desaix, in obedience to the urgent summons he had received from the First Consul, had finally reached the French headquarters at Stradella on the eleventh, and was immediately put in command of one of the three corps, his colleagues being Victor and Lannes.

The flat land about Tortona and Alessandria is watered by two small rivers, the Scrivia and the Bormida, which flow parallel to each other northward toward the Po. Irrigating canals and minor tributary streams, all bordered by pollard willows and other low trees, separate the fields, which are themselves planted with orchards, or yield rich crops of cereals. It was customary for Bonaparte to select an open plain for his battles, if possible. He could then, without fear of being ham-

pered, use his favorite arm, the artillery, which he frequently massed with terrible effect on the wings, while his effective cavalry were sent in repeated onsets to break his enemy's center, and deliver the opposing ranks in broken masses to the musket-fire and bayonet charge of his infantry. Such fields were, of course, numerous between Tortona on the Scrivia and Alessandria on the Tanaro just west of its confluence with the Bormida. The best was near the great highway which, coming from the east, connects these two towns, and goes on, due westward, by Asti to Turin. Two roads of importance lead southerly, one from each town, to Novi, where they unite, and then proceed to Genoa. On the northern side of the triangle thus formed, and only three miles eastward from Alessandria, lies the hamlet of Marengo, where Victor was posted on June thirteenth, awaiting the attack of Melas when he should sally from the fortress. Lannes was about three miles behind at San Giuliano. Desaix had been sent southward toward Novi, lest Melas should swerve in that direction to try a flank movement. Bonaparte, with the consular guard, — a picked corps of twelve hundred trusted veterans which he had developed from that formed for personal protection in his first Italian campaign, — stood at Tortona. He could hardly trust himself to believe that the Austrians would be bold enough to make a direct attack, and had therefore disposed his troops in this scattered way.

But Melas, though slow and old-fashioned, was intrepid, and the Austrians were daring fighters. On the morning of the fourteenth he began to cross the Bormida, and as his van drove the French outposts to Marengo, he was able to deploy east of the stream. Victor received orders to hold the village at any cost, in order to gain time for concentrating the scattered

French columns to the right and left of his position, which was to be the center. On a level battle-field the solid brick or stone walls of a village, of a church-yard, or of great farm-courts like those of Lombardy, afford the most desirable shelter, and oftentimes, as at Marengo, Aspern, and even Waterloo, the loss or gain of such a position turns the tide of battle; for an army equipped with flint-lock muskets and small unrifled field-pieces, though victorious in the open, dares not leave a considerable portion of their enemy thus ensconced in the rear. Hence the ever-recurring and enormous importance of farmsteads and hamlets in the Napoleonic battle-fields. Lannes was to deploy on the right, and Murat was sent with his cavalry in part to support the forming line, and in part to prevent a flank movement along the slow, willow-bordered current of the Bormida. If Desaix could come up in time, he would form the left, in the mean time the younger Kellermann was stationed with his dragoons to guard Victor's open flank.

The first attacks of the Austrians were repulsed, but with loss and difficulty. At ten in the morning Ott came up, and attacked Lannes's flank. The fighting grew ever hotter and more desperate, and the news from Desaix was that it would be four in the afternoon before he could arrive. Bonaparte called in his small reserve, under Monnier, to strengthen Lannes; but it was of no avail. By midday the French were driven out of Marengo, their front was broken, and their columns were in full retreat to the eastward toward San Giuliano. The First Consul was in despair, and as a last resource sent in eight hundred of the consular guard. For the first hour of the afternoon the retreat was stayed. But the French were soon outflanked on their left by Austrian cavalry, and again began to with-

draw. Bonaparte sat by the roadside, and, swishing his riding-whip, called to the flying men to stand and wait for the reserve, a body of troops which did not exist. Seven thousand soldiers — a fifth of his entire available force — had, it is estimated, already fallen. Desaix was not yet within reach. Melas believed he had won the day. Perhaps if the weight of seventy years, and a slight wound, had left the Austrian commander personally less exhausted, he would, in spite of having long endured the heat, fatigue, and dust, have carried his victorious columns onward until he had utterly scattered his enemy. As it was, he deputed the final discomfiture of the disorganized yet slowly, stubbornly retreating Frenchmen to Zach, his chief of staff, and returned to Alessandria. His command, ordered in single main column, followed directly on, while Ott, with a minor one, deviated toward the left to seek a parallel line of pursuit.

At this juncture, about five in the afternoon, Desaix appeared at the head of his hurrying line. In an instant Bonaparte had despatched riders in every direction, who were instructed to declare that "the French line is forming again." The discouraged men who were still in the ranks took fresh courage, many stragglers were gathered in, and the line was really formed once more. Marmont even collected a battery of eighteen guns, and Kellermann, with the brigade of dragoons which had so long covered Victor's left flank, suddenly reappeared in good condition on Desaix's right. In a moment all was changed. Desaix and Kellermann threw themselves with fury on the head and left of the main Austrian column. The first half was soon in confusion; six thousand men laid down their arms. The second half was demoralized, and took to flight. Their officers rallied the flying lines with difficulty, but sufficiently to hold a

bridge over the Bormida until Ott had joined the retreat and safely passed. Before dark a portion of Melas's army, about twenty thousand of the thirty he had collected at Alessandria, were all behind the stream, and the French were again in full possession of Marengo. But the gallant Desaix had perished in the moment of victory. "Of all the generals of the Revolution," said Napoleon to Gourgaud, "I only know Hoche and Desaix who could have gone further." Of the latter he said, during the voyage to St Helena, that he was the best general he had ever known.

There were, however, two others he might have recalled. It is true that among all the purely French generals of the republic and the Directory, the name of Hoche, so prematurely cut off by death, stands highest. But there was another of similar renown: second only to his is that of Kléber. The latter, recognizing the desperate situation of the French colony in Egypt, early in the year 1800 concluded with Sir Sidney Smith, at El Arish, a treaty for honorable withdrawal. But there was delay in accepting it at London, and no preparations to fulfil the terms were made. In the interval Kléber, alarmed by the gathering force of Turkish troops, turned on the Turkish pasha—who now stood at Heliopolis with seventy thousand men—with the sadly diminished army of twelve thousand French, and on March twentieth, 1800, in the most amazing fight ever seen by an Egyptian sun, swept the horde out of existence. It was his admirable administration during the ensuing months which, together with the achievements of its scholars, gave all the luster to the ill-starred expedition which was ever shed upon it. On the very day on which, at Marengo, Desaix received in his heart the fatal ball, Kléber fell a victim to the dagger of a Mohammedan fanatic. The French humili-

ation in Egypt was completed a year later by the surrender of his successor, Menou. Moreau, therefore, was now the solitary able survivor of Revolutionary traditions in warfare.

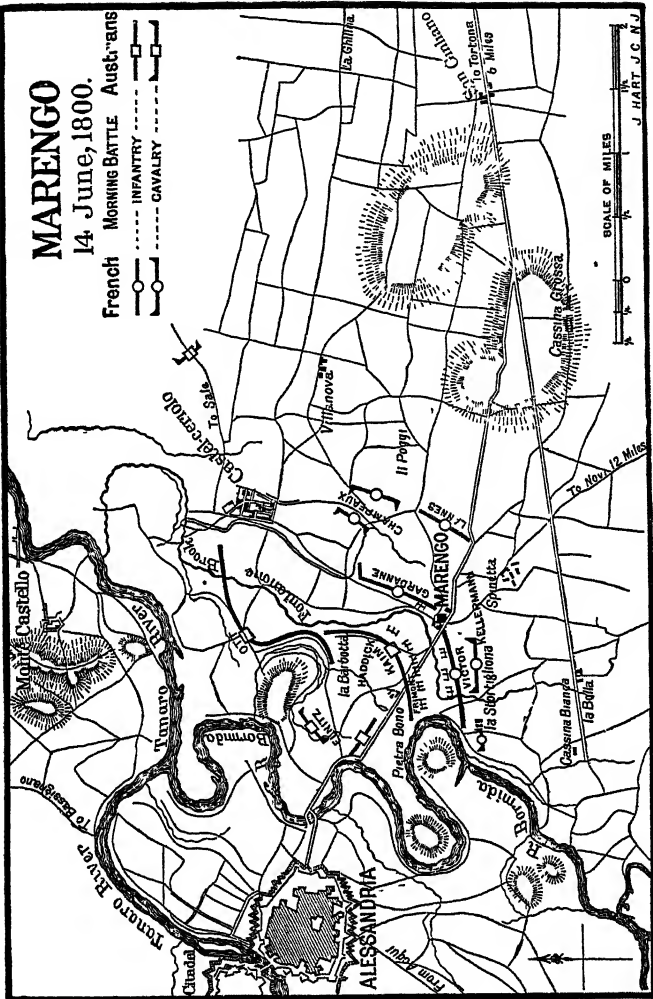
Exactly a month after the passage of the St. Bernard had begun, the Austrians opened negotiations, and their general agreed to evacuate all northern Italy, with its strong places, as far as the river Mincio. The only Italian lands to be left in Austrian occupation were Tuscany and Ancona. The strategical lesson which Bonaparte drew from the victory at Marengo is often repeated by writers on military science; namely, that the art of war is the art of combinations. His detractors claim the honors of the day for Desaix and Kellermann. The judgment of posterity must be that of his contemporary critics. To plan is already to manœuvre; but in war, as elsewhere, to will is one thing, to do is another. A successful battle disorganizes an opposing army, but successful strategy entirely destroys its power. When will and deed accompany each other the result is conclusive. The victory at Marengo was such a decision. Bonaparte the army commander lost it; Bonaparte the general-in-chief won it, exactly as it was. But even if Desaix had not appeared, success would have been gained elsewhere. The road to Stradella was open, the French connections were unbroken. Although such later explanations have little value, Napoleon was probably right when he said to Gourgaud: The French army was in an abnormal position with its rear toward Mantua and Austria. Its only line of retreat was by the left bank of the Po, and to leave that line of communication without defense was not permissible. In an ordinary position all the detachments should be drawn in for battle. Here this was impossible without losing all the advantage of the

MARENGO

14. June, 1800.

French Morning BATTLE Austrians

French ——— INFANTRY ——— CAVALRY

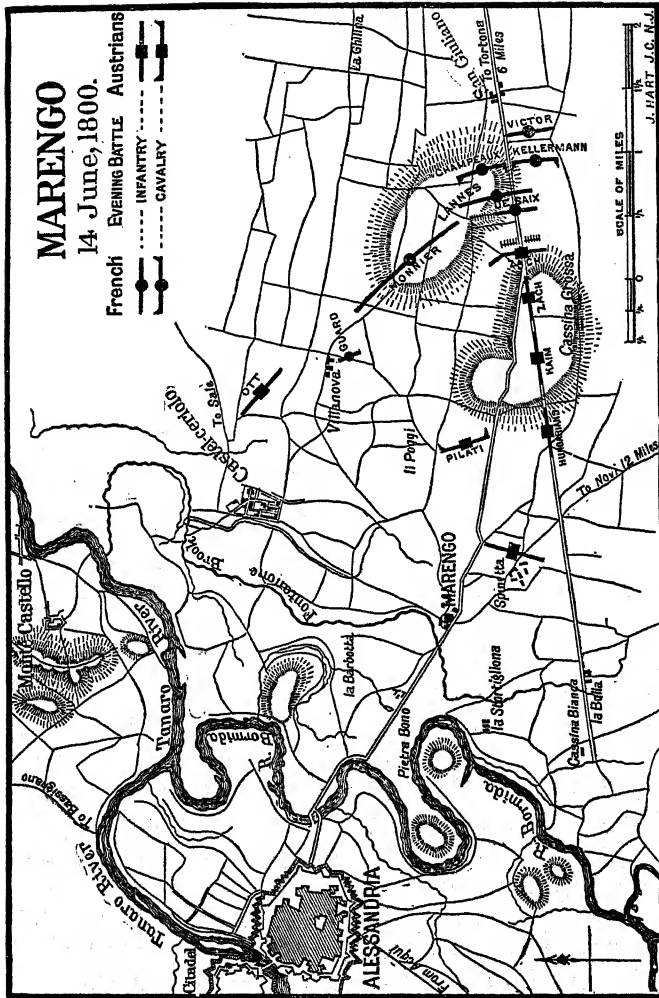


MARENGO

14 June, 1800.

French EVENING BATTLE Austrians

--- INFANTRY --- CAVALRY



A distance of about three and a half miles separates the field of the morning battle at Marengo from the field of the evening battle near San Giuliano; the Austrians repulsed across the Bormida to Alessandria; the French bivouacked near Marengo.

shorter than the oblique. The great art of battle is during the action to change the line of operations: my own idea, entirely new. That made me the victor at Marengo: the enemy moved against my line of operations to cut it; I had changed it and he then found himself cut off.

Throughout his absence from Paris, Bonaparte's mind was almost as much absorbed in home as in foreign affairs. His correspondence, packed as it is with details, gives only a faint idea of the multiplicity of his cares in regard to his family, the army, and the nation. The capital was full of conspiracies, machinations, complots, and intrigues: it could not be otherwise, and he felt it. There were the British and the Chouans combining to rekindle the flames of civil war, and rid the earth of the man who would not restore the Bourbons. The Institute was embroiled over the restoration of the Fructidorians it had expelled. There was Fouché to be cajoled and bribed with promises, if only the police would repress the cabals forming everywhere like mushrooms. There were Bernadotte and all the touchy generals, aspirants to power, who must be flattered and soothed. There were the newspapers to be inspired and fed by a carefully organized news bureau. There was Josephine clamoring for money, and his brothers to be appeased. There were the consuls to be guided and the wheels of government to be kept oiled. All these matters received his attention.

But in spite of such comprehensive care, things went wrong. On June nineteenth Cadoudal wrote to Grenville that everything was arranged, insurrection would break out in the west and south: the royalists were certain of success if only the sixty men selected should remove the "personage" from the scene. Fouché warned his chief that the baser radicals, a group composed of red

Jacobins and disgruntled half-pay soldiery, had despatched an agent to dog his footsteps. The purpose may be imagined. Royalists and anarchists considered the First Consul vermin. Talleyrand was carrying water on both shoulders. the insiders of the administration styled him and Sieyès with their adherents the Orleanist party, scheming to put some member of that line on an ineffectual throne as a creature of the other monarchies. Lucien and the Bonaparte family began to discuss heredity and talk of a succession in the Consulate as in a kingdom. They gathered many adherents: Orleanists and Bonapartists alike counted on the possibility of the First Consul's death, either by assassination or in battle, on the still higher probability of his defeat. Death and defeat they considered were for him synonymous, all the plotters of every sort and condition forming plans to share in the contingent legacy of his overthrow. Victory alone could save the First Consul and his personal rule: to conquer in Italy was to reign supreme in France. The plain folk seem never to have doubted for a moment, and their instinct was true.

Heretofore we have seen in Bonaparte the general and the politician commingled, with the former preponderating, now we have carefully to distinguish not one but almost two men in the First Consul, as afterward in the Emperor — the statesman and the general. The former is henceforward always prominent, always in evidence; the latter often hides himself, and does his great work, in the service of the former. The conflict at Marengo was the first of the statesman's four decisive battles, and he knew it. It gave him the undisputed mastery of France. There never was a fight more carefully explained to a nation, both at the time and subsequently, than this one. There was real danger that the temporary check might obscure in the common mind

the true greatness of the main conception and its execution. To prevent such a mishap was essential. In the form of bulletins, of inspired articles in the obsequious press, in conversations, by hints, innuendos, and every other known channel, such reports were put in circulation as insured the full value of a great success to the chief magistrate of France. Combined with the victories of Moreau, it restored the finances of the country; for that general, who had in the interval occupied Munich, levied forty millions of francs in a lump on South Germany, while Piedmont and the reorganized Ligurian and Cisalpine republics were now each to pay monthly tribute amounting annually to a similar sum.

Leaving Masséna to command the Army of Italy, the First Consul hastened to Milan, where he tarried only long enough to despatch a peace commissioner to Vienna. He then hurried on to Paris. The public had not at first understood that the chief magistrate would so daringly violate the constitution. When his intention to assume military command became clear, there was no audible discontent; the only effect was to create a coterie about Talleyrand which discussed the consequences if the daring adventurer were to be killed. While deliberating whether Carnot or Lafayette should be the coming man, their session was indefinitely adjourned by receipt of the news and by the speedy return of Bonaparte. His journey through the provinces was a continuous ovation; every town had its triumphal arch. By his command the reception which Paris gave to the man whom victory was fast making her idol was ostentatiously kept within moderate limits, but on the evening of his return — July third, 1800 — the entire city burst into one great illumination. Every one was talking of Hannibal and the Alps, of the army climbing like chamois and toiling like oxen, of the hospice of

St. Bernard with its devoted brothers and their sagacious dogs, of precipices and avalanches, and of the climax to all these toils in the plains of Italy, not forgetting the touching loss of the gallant and handsome Desaix.

The hour for display was past, the time for solid achievement had arrived. First, if possible, the peace so ardently desired must be secured. In a letter from Milan to the Emperor Francis, explaining why it was Austria's interest to abandon England, and become the friend of France, on the old terms of Campo Formio, Bonaparte wrote: "Let us give peace and quiet to the present generation. If future generations are foolish enough to fight, very well; they will learn after a few years of warfare how to grow wise and live in peace." But Austria, having just bargained for a new subsidy from the apparently inexhaustible coffers of England, could not consider a separate peace, and the cabinet sent an agent with very limited powers to see whether France might not be brought to make some concessions which would be useful toward a general pacification. The personage chosen was one of those who seem by accident to enter now and then the solemn councils of history in order to enliven their gravity by blunders and mock heroism. The Count of St. Julien, an Austrian diplomatist attached after the fall of Genoa to the army, had been chosen by Bonaparte to carry his proposition for a general armistice to Vienna. It was he who was sent back to Milan with an Austrian counter-proposition, accepting the armistice, but suggesting clearer definition of the terms on which peace was to be negotiated than could be found in the treaty of Campo Formio, a document which intervening circumstances and new engagements had rendered impossible of execution.

The luckless diplomat, finding in Milan that Bona-

parte was already in Paris, transcended his instructions, and followed. Arrived on the banks of the Seine, he was welcomed with ostentatious heartiness, and intrusted to the wiles of Talleyrand, who intended so to use his victim as to convince the French people that peace was within easy reach since they had a living plenipotentiary among them. Accepting the French minister's large interpretation of his powers, the flattered ignoramus made his first misstep, and began negotiations. Within a week he had actually signed preliminaries the execution of which would have definitely sundered Austria and England. When St. Julien reached Vienna, in August, Thugut was infuriated, and passed sleepless nights at the mere thought of a formal negotiation having taken place without the knowledge of Great Britain, his master's ally and indispensable support. In order to undo the mischief as far as possible, an account of the facts was promptly sent to England, Talleyrand's preliminaries were utterly rejected, and St. Julien himself was disavowed and imprisoned.

The Austrian strength was nearly worn out, but new troops were raised. The Archduke John, still a mere boy, but with talents vaunted as superior to those of the Archduke Charles, was put in Kray's place. Melas was removed to make way for Bellegarde, a younger but less able man. The former had eighty thousand men and a reserve under Klenau; General Iller, with thirty thousand, was in the Tyrol; and Bellegarde was on the Mincio, with ninety thousand. The tried and skilful Cobenzl was sent to reopen negotiations. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed French plenipotentiary to meet him. Their conferences were held chiefly at Lunéville, a frontier town southeast of Nancy. The prolongation of the armistice necessary for these arrangements was bought by the cession of three fortresses to

Moreau, and was the more easily secured because Bonaparte, though furious at his failure to secure peace in consequence of Marengo, still felt that peace was imperative. Soon afterward court intrigue at Vienna overthrew Thugut, and Cobenzl was forced to betray the inherent weakness of his position. In order to conceal Austria's exhaustion, he had been instructed to make a bold demand for an English associate, and to plead urgency for a general peace, but he secretly gave Talleyrand to understand that sufficient concession in Italy would secure a separate peace with Austria. Bonaparte had no intention either of suing for peace with England, or of granting more than he had originally offered to Austria. Finally, in November, he determined to renew hostilities, declaring that the state of the nation and Austria's procrastination justified the prosecution of the war. Joseph Bonaparte and the Austrian plenipotentiary continued their parleyings at Lunéville, but the armistice was ended.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PEACE OF LUNÉVILLE ¹

Hostilities in Germany — Moreau's Position — Battle of Hohenlinden — Moreau's Renown — The Peace of Lunéville — The Czar Withdraws from the Coalition — The Temper of France — Bonaparte and the Plain People — His Capacity for Work — His Social Defects — His Strength and Independence — The Emigrant Nobility — Their Return — Their Treatment.

ON the opening of hostilities in Germany, the Austrians held a position of great strength behind the Inn. Moreau's line was near Munich, skirting the forests on the Isar. To strengthen his force, troops enough were sent to raise his numbers to about a hundred thousand men, and twenty-five thousand were stationed under Augereau on the Main. Masséna, whose ever more pronounced republicanism had not passed unnoticed at Paris, was found guilty of bad administration in Italy, and was replaced by Brune. This eclipse was, as it was intended to be, only temporary. Murat was stationed in central Italy to watch Naples; Macdonald stood in the Grisons with fifteen thousand troops, ready to turn north or south at a moment's notice, as exigency should demand. The time had come for the conclusive blow where alone it could be delivered, in Bavaria.

¹ For the four years of the Consulate see the memoirs of Lavalette, Barante, Mme. de Chastenay, Chateaubriand, Duport de Cheverny, Mme. de Genlis, Miot de Melito, Ouvrard, Savary, Thibaudau, Thiébault, and Mme. Vigée-

Lebrun; Lady Morgan's *Memoirs and Autobiography*, Mme de Stael *Dix années d'exil*; the travels of Sir John Carr, translated into French with notes by Albert Babeau, Arnault Souvenirs de Lacretelle, *Histoire du*

The defensive position of the Archduke John was very strong. Moreau had carefully studied the advantages for battle of the high plain on which he himself stood, and in the raw, damp days of early winter reluctantly began to prepare for an advance. His enemy, with the over-confidence of youth, made ready simultaneously to abandon all the strength of his position, and likewise moved forward. The French could hardly believe their senses when, on December first, their left was checked in its advance and driven back by what was evidently the main army of their enemy. Moreau made ready to receive the Austrians on familiar ground. The evening of the next day found his army arrayed near Hohenlinden, eighteen miles east of Munich, so that every avenue of approach by the neighboring forests was in their hands, and every road to Munich closed.

The famous battle began on the morning of December fourth. It opened at half-past seven, the main attack being on the center. Moreau, supported by Grenier, Ney, and Grouchy, easily sustained the onset, while right and left the wings began to infold the Austrians, who were now blundering through the unknown woodland paths. When all was ready, Ney and Grouchy were suddenly detached to break through and join their forces to those of Richepanse, which had reached the Austrian rear. The manœuvre was successfully accomplished, and by three in the afternoon the day was won for the French, with a loss that was slight in comparison with that of the Austrians, which was upward of twenty

Consulat, Stenger. *La Société Française pendant le Consulat*; Du Casse *Histoire des négociations relatives aux traités de Lunéville et d'Amiens*; Bailleu. *Preussen und Frankreich von 1795 bis 1807*; Beer. *Zehn Jahre Oes-*

terreichischer Politik; Daudet: *Les Bourbons et la Russie*, Beauchamp: *Vie de Moreau*, Lemaire: *Vie de Moreau*, Forneron: *Histoire de l'Émigration*, Daudet: *L'Émigration*.

thousand killed and wounded, besides much artillery and immense stores. The flight was a rout, and even the Archduke narrowly escaped capture. Moreau's pursuit was sharp, and a fortnight later he was within easy reach of Vienna, where confusion and terror would have reigned supreme had not the Archduke Charles been persuaded to resume the chief command in the extremity. Fortunately also for Francis, this rapidity had left Augereau's corps in danger from the possible advance of Klenau, and, much as Moreau would have liked to eclipse his rival in Paris, he dared go no further, and was compelled to rest content with having won a victory greater than any Bonaparte had gained. The campaign was of course ended, and to release Augereau from all menace an armistice was signed at Steyer on Christmas day. In Italy, Brune had with difficulty advanced to Trent on the Adige. He was there to join Macdonald, whose feat of leading fifteen thousand men across the Splügen in the heart of winter had scarcely attracted the attention it deserved.

The sober judgment of posterity in the light of the fullest information is that well-nigh every movement of both the Austrian and French armies at Hohenlinden was haphazard and bungling, the former ignorant, the latter lucky. But what with an open road to Vienna on the north and the prompt successes of the French forces south of the Alps, the consequences were decisive. Moreau enjoyed a renown in France that was, though fictitious, of enormous political value. The First Consul must be the first in generous recognition so as not to alienate an important group of republican supporters; he was quick to see it and to use the fruits of victory.

Hohenlinden brought matters at Lunéville to a speedy conclusion. A separate peace for Austria was signed on February ninth, 1801, which virtually shattered the

time-honored Hapsburg policy of territorial expansion. Her line in northern Italy was fixed at the Adige; the Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his land, and, like him of Modena, received no other compensation except a grant from the Breisgau in Germany, the Rhine, from source to mouth, was to be the French boundary; and the temporal princes so maimed were to be indemnified by the secularization of the ecclesiastical lands on the right bank. Austria was thus not only left insignificant in Italy, she was deprived of her independent station as a great power in Europe; she was even threatened in her Germanic ascendancy, for the spiritual princes of the empire were her main support in the Diet, and the diminution of their numbers meant the supremacy of Prussia in Germany. The treaty was negotiated for France by Joseph Bonaparte, it was signed by Austria, not only for herself, but for the Germanic body, in which, according to its terms, the First Consul might, if necessary, intervene in order to secure the execution of the stipulations made in the document.

Such provisions could only mean either the permanent humiliation of Austria, or the resumption of hostilities whenever recruited strength would permit. It is doubtful whether they would have been accepted even then had not the First Consul finally succeeded in winning the Czar to his cause. It will be remembered that in the previous year the cession of Malta to Russia had been suggested by the French envoy at St Petersburg. This was, of course, another step in the process of widening the dissension already created in the coalition. The proposition had been received by the Czar with great delight; and when, on September fifth, 1800, the English compelled the French garrison of that fortress to capitulate, and, careless of the Grand Master's rights, entered on full possession of the island, Paul, openly

accusing England and Austria of treachery, entered an "armed neutrality" with Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia to check English aggression at sea. The real motive of Frederick William III in joining this movement was to repress Austria's aspirations for the annexation of Bavarian lands. He persisted in his neutrality, and would make no alliance with Bonaparte; but he was glad to see his rival weakened. The Czar believed that by diminishing Austria's power in Italy that state would be impotent to restrain Russia's ambition in the Orient. One authority declares that the Czar had been assured by the First Consul that he was about to restore the Bourbons, and would himself be content with an Italian principality, but this is doubtful. So ardent was the Russian autocrat, however, that he urged forward the preparation of plans for the projected Franco-Russian expedition, which was to march by way of Khiva and Herat, and strike at the heart of England's power by the conquest of India. This was the first of those sportive tricks which for years to come Bonaparte was so triumphantly to play with the old dynasties of Europe. The success of this combination temporarily secured the peace of the Continent on terms most advantageous to himself.

The people of France were tired of the awful earnestness which had characterized the philosophical and political upheavals of the eighteenth century, and were ever more and more eager for glory and for pleasure. This was true of all political schools, excepting only a very few men of serious minds. The masses had come to loathe royalty. They were living under what was called a republic, and when an expression was needed for the national life as a whole they and their writers employed the common classical term "empire." The word "citizen," used in both genders as a form of

address, recalled the days of rude leveling. It had lasted through the Directory; with the Consulate it disappeared, first from official documents, and then, in spite of resistance by a few radicals, it soon gave place everywhere to the old "monsieur" and "madame." In like manner the former habits of polite society quietly reasserted themselves with the return to prominence of those who had been trained in them. Liberty could no longer be endangered by admirable usages whose connection with monarchy was forgotten. Such incidents were significant of the movement which, with the assured stability of the Consulate, brought immediately to its service those persons who represented, not exactly the greatness, but the capacity of France. Excepting that which was resident in a few royalists and in a few radicals, the power of the nation rallied to the support of the new order. When Daunou, Cabanis, Grégoire, Carnot, and Lafayette were identified with the Consulate, the Jacobinism which had turned the early nobility of the Revolution into baseness might well hide its head. For a time, at least, the majority believed that the highest aims of the Revolution were to be attained under the new government.

The Bonapartes resided in the Luxembourg from November, 1799, to February, 1800. In that short time a little coterie of visitors, with many royalists in its number, had been regular in attendance; but the republican side was studiously kept prominent, and thence the First Consul had married his sister Caroline to Murat, the son of an innkeeper at Cahors. During that period the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI was stricken from the list of public festivals, but those of July fourteenth, the storming of the Bastille, and of September twenty-second, the founding of the republic, were kept. After the installation of the family at the

Tuileries, in February, 1800, there was little change, except that a clever beginning was made in ceremonial and etiquette, which augured further changes, and the bearers of noble names became more and more prominent. "It is not exactly a court," said the Princess Dolgoruki of the receptions, "but it is no longer a camp." Toward those who aspired to the familiar address of equality the First Consul grew more forbidding; to the plain people in civil and military life he was always accessible, and with them he was simple, even confidential, in his manner and tone. "I have your letter, my gallant comrade," he wrote to a sergeant. "I know your services: . . . you are one of the brave grenadiers of the army. You are included in the list for one of a hundred presentation swords which I have ordered distributed. Every soldier in your corps thought you deserved it most. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war is sending you an order to come to Paris." After the battle of Montebello, the affair fought by Lannes five days before Marengo, when Coignet, a common soldier who could neither read nor write, but who had performed several daring deeds in that, his first engagement, was by Berthier's orders presented at ten in the evening to the Consul, the latter playfully caught his visitor by the ear, and held him thus during a short catechism. At the close, the delighted peasant, entranced by such familiarity, saw his services noted in a mysterious book, and was dismissed with the remark that no doubt, eventually, he would merit service in the guard, the members of which must be veterans of four campaigns. The effect of such incidents was to turn the popular admiration into a passion.

No one ever declared that Napoleon Bonaparte was a gentleman animated by trained self-respect and con-

sideration for others. Many thought his accesses of feverish sensitiveness, which now began to be noted, were due to a hysterical temperament. In society he often sat in forbidding silence; sometimes he wept tears which the world would consider unmanly, and appeared to be temporarily disordered in his mind. But he had much rude good nature and considerable wholesome sensibility. He worked regularly from twelve to fifteen hours a day, evolving schemes which paralyzed his secretaries by their magnitude. The hours which such a man of affairs spent in the companionship of women were not marked by that quick appreciation and attention which gratify the great lady. No one has suffered more at the hands of women than Bonaparte. Mme. Junot and Mme de Rémusat forgot nothing which would place his rude passions in glaring contrast with their own chastity, or even with the polished laxity of that notoriously immoral society which scorned old-fashioned restraints. The long struggle for recognition and attention which that "femme incomprise," Mme de Stael, waged with Bonaparte ended in her defeat, and she then turned against her antagonist the weapon of her clever pen.

It is certain that with all his genius the great statesman and the great general failed to understand the power of woman. His youth gave him no due share in the society of those mothers, sweethearts, and female friends who, in the routine of daily life, by instinct, training, and ability, mold every generation as it rises to its place. The years of nonage were absorbed in political intrigue, and those of early manhood in tasks not laid upon most men until middle life. Amid the storms of the Revolution was formed a general without experience in those social forces of peace which finally overpower all others. His married life began in passion

and ambition; the relation was checked in its normal development by ensuing hurricanes of alternating jealousy and physical attraction. The social power of his wife was great, but superficial; and while she powerfully supported her husband's ambitions, and often captivated his senses, she failed in creating any companionship with him in noble enterprise. The innate coarseness of a giant was, therefore, never diminished, and the society of those who turned pleasing and pleasure into a fine art, who regarded entertainment as the chief concern of life, was generally irksome to a man who looked upon many over-ready women as instruments for gratifying physical passion; to a general who saw in all women the possible mothers of soldiers; to a "scientific" politician who looked on the family and on children as inert factors in a mathematical problem; to a wilful dictator ignorant of the unalterable supremacy of woman in her own sphere. But even Mme. de Rémusat admits that there were times and places when serious women with earnest notions of duty received at his hands the most gracious and considerate treatment. In the main, Napoleon's nature was so dominated by his gigantic schemes that he was impervious to the feminine fascinations by which men are so often ruled. He would tolerate neither Egerias nor Hypatias, neither Cleopatras nor Messalinas, although the times might easily have furnished him with examples of each type.

The Consulate is the period of Bonaparte's greatest and most enduring renown. In what he did the new France was heartily sympathetic; the old France, with all its vices, spite, and bitterness, though existent, was in abeyance, and remained so for some years to come. The multitudinous memoirs concerning the time were for the most part written in the days of the

Restoration, when the revulsion of feeling created a passion for the basest defamation, and unduly magnified the small defects of etiquette, behavior, and dress in the preceding régime. The scraps of evidence which these writings afford ought to be carefully examined, and viewed from the standpoint of the circumstances which produced them. Such a task being well-nigh hopeless, the deeds of the First Consul must speak for him rather than the statements about them and him which he himself and others have made. He was not in touch with the polite society of Paris; he certainly did most arbitrarily banish from its precincts Mme. de Stael, the brilliant woman whose writings many praise but few now read, and whose home was the focus for the discontented ability of the time; he never appreciated the spirit of true liberty, and he often misapprehended the gentler spirits who in its name sought his powerful protection and patronage; he was not sensitive to the finer sentiments of the mind, often mocking at the "ideologues"; and while he enjoyed the society of Josephine and her friends, he repelled their interference with his plans, and apparently never forgot that her jealous devotion had grown with his power and reputation. All this must be admitted in characterizing Bonaparte at the height of his greatness; but the vile innuendos, insinuations, and imputations of sordid traits, which so abound in the diaries of the time, must be considered in relation to the murky natures of those who recorded them, and, with allowances for the time and the training of the man, may be consigned to the limbo of malice from which they came.

Exile had broken the spirit but had neither softened the hearts nor enlightened the minds of the long-banished aristocracy and their friends. The new society looked on the thousands and thousands of returned

emigrants with some pity and much indifference as they wandered about Paris and the other cities in faded, worn, old-fashioned garb. Their abodes were in garrets and cellars, their ancient titles were carefully concealed; the few who were recognized and betrayed by some vindictive spy were persecuted by legal tricks even to death, and the rest were cowed. Their cowardly precipitate flight had saved their lives, but it had destroyed their king, their honor, and their self-respect. Artois at Turin, Condé at Worms, the petty nobles at Coblenz, the great ones at Brussels, the clergy in England with their adherents, grandees and gentlemen; each of these groups had suffered in a different way from the rest, but all had finally found themselves objects of suspicion to their hosts, and had long since been reduced to an ignoble poverty. The employment in foreign armies for which they had hoped was so guardedly measured to them that their services were inappreciably small. They had been driven for support to teaching and other such noble employments as they could secure, then by a sure descent many became artisans, craftsmen, and even menials, but, failing that, they were frequently reduced to base mendicity, holding their hands for the alms which their sad appearance and murmured pleas drew from the passers-by. This was particularly the case at Hamburg, where twenty-five thousand took refuge, and at Erlangen in Bavaria. But they had scattered everywhere and had been a byword in all Europe.

Nevertheless, throughout Convention, Terror, and Directory they had cherished high hopes, preserved some forms of courtliness and organization, had kept their anniversaries, their military style, and even a formal system, social and military; had dreamed of a restoration in full form and a return to one-time wealth, dignity, and social power; political power they had not

had within the memories of men, ecclesiastical power they enjoyed not as Frenchmen but as Romanists. Their old-time merry arrogance had given place to an acrid humor born of hunger and want, but they kept their temper and ambition in spite of the mistakes they committed and heaped one upon another, cradling their own hopes in the disasters of the Directory, which so outdid their own as to insure, they were convinced, the reestablishment of monarchy. Brumaire and its consequences opened their eyes and confounded their plans; every step in the consolidation of Bonaparte's power was a new blow to their pretensions, and the amnesty which he tendered of his mercy was gall and bitterness. But facts are stronger than feelings, they returned in throngs, a hundred and twenty-five thousand at the lowest estimate, slowly and painfully securing the erasure of their names from the list of proscription, reveling in their mother tongue and familiar scenes, winning a poor livelihood by their accustomed arts while scheming, fawning even to secure the crumbs which fell from the tables of those in power. The great ladies who had never fled gave them some poor comfort, the Jacobins scoffed and jeered, but the versatile Talleyrand, and above all the plotting Fouché, were open to suggestions.

Within some months their plight began to awaken considerable sympathy, and that sympathy gradually found expression in the theaters and newspapers. The next development was a movement to secure restoration, at least in part, of patrimony and station. Then a mild but symptomatic storm burst on their heads. The sequestered estates, ecclesiastical and secular, were now in new hands, and as order followed anarchy their values to the republicans who had acquired them were steadily increasing. Any attempt to dislodge the

possessors would have meant the overthrow of Bonaparte's still insecure power. So he treated the suppliants with contemptuous disdain. What he had done was done. They were home once more and might remain, if subservient: otherwise their existence was their own affair. In the perspective of St. Helena he thought he had erred, that he might have assembled all the considerable estates still in state ownership and have distributed them in bits to former proprietors. Possibly and yet improbably he might have conciliated a large constituency of the social and ecclesiastical hierarchy for use in the empire. In this thought the history of France has measurably justified his regrets. But in fact he put the old stock of the nobility in a place far below the middle and upper burghers who rallied to his support. It was a choice of enemies, and he chose radicals and royalists. They accepted the challenge and met the fate of conspirators.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PACIFICATION OF EUROPE ¹

Russia, Italy, and Spain — The Kingdom of Etruria — The Consulate and Royalty — The Church in France — The Concordat — Affairs in England — France and Russia — The Battle of Copenhagen — Preliminaries of Peace — Terms of the Agreement — France and the United States

THE genius of Bonaparte was all-embracing, because it made one forward step follow close upon another, and that with no appearance of compulsion; for this reason he went so far. The treaty of Lunéville was the first move toward a general pacification. What was to be done with the rest of Italy, with Spain and with Portugal, in order to secure his preponderance in western Europe? To the blandishments of the Consulate, the Czar gave a hearty response. He suggested some sort of demonstration against Great Britain, not alone in the Orient but on her very shores; he advised Prussia to seize Hanover, turned the pretender, Louis XVIII, and his court away from Mittau in midwinter, and dismissed the Bourbon emissary from St. Petersburg. To checkmate Austria he espoused the cause of Piedmont and the Two Sicilies, suggested the Rhine as the French frontier and the restitution of Egypt to Turkey.

¹ Daudet: *Les Bourbons et la Russie*, the letters of Rostopchin in Woronzoff's Archives, Vol. VIII; articles by Tatistcheff in the *Révue d'histoire diplomatique*, 1889; by Buchholz in *Preussische Jahr-*

bucher, 1896; Rambaud: *Histoire de Russie*; Czartoryski. *Mémoires*; De Maistre (Joseph). *Mémoires et correspondance*; Téché: *Les origines du Concordat*; Sloane: *The French Revolution and Religious*

His Oriental plan was corollary to the armed neutrality he organized to checkmate England. To give respectful heed and retain the good will of Russia, which thus interceded for a monarchical Naples, nothing was said about restoring the Parthenopean Republic. Instead, Ferdinand IV, though compelled to evacuate the Papal States, and to restore the pictures and other booty which in the manner of the time he had removed to his capital, was left in full possession of his crown. English ships were to be forbidden his ports, and the expenses of a French army corps, which should lie, under Soult, at Tarentum, were to be borne by his treasury.

The affairs of Spain had reached a crisis in the low intrigues of her court. Marengo destroyed the influence of the anti-French party at Madrid. Godoy, styled "Prince of the Peace" from his having negotiated the treaty of Basel, had been made prime minister through the influence of Queen Louisa, whom he had infatuated. Though successful in being both the Queen's lover and the King's intimate friend, he was nevertheless an incapable statesman. In 1796 he made Spain still more subservient to France by the first treaty of San Ildefonso; and such was the public resentment that he had to resign. Through Bonaparte's influence he was restored to power, and in a second treaty of San Ildefonso Spain became the servile ally of the Consulate. By the terms of this compact, as already partly expressed in the treaty of Lunéville, not only were Parma and Elba left in the hands of France, but Louisiana was ceded to her, the French colonies in South America were enlarged,

Reform, Boulay de la Meurthe. Négociation du Concordat, Thier: *Histoire des deux Concordats*; Mahan. *Life of Nelson*; Schiemann: *Die Ermordung Pauls*, Langeron. *Memoirs*; likewise those

of Norvins, Barante, and Monolles; Bruckner. *Kaiser Pauls Ende* (von R. R.); Bowman. *Preliminary Stages of the Peace of Amiens*; Fauchille. *Du blocus maritime*.

and a combined force of French and Spanish troops was organized, which compelled Portugal to abandon the English alliance and accept Bonaparte's terms. The little but important realm was also to shut her harbors to English ships, and pay twenty-five million francs to France. In return, Tuscany was to be erected into a kingdom, with the name of Etruria, for Louis, the heir of Ferdinand of Parma. The latter was a son of Don Philip of Spain, and as his son, the young King, had married the daughter of the ruling sovereigns of Spain, the new royal family was virtually Spanish, their infant boy having only one remote strain of Austrian blood.

When, shortly after, an actor in Paris recited from the stage, in Bonaparte's presence, the line, "*J'ai fait des rois, madame, et n'ai pas voulu l'être,*" the house rocked with applause. The young King was also brought to Paris and paraded as an attendant in the First Consul's antechamber. A few felt the unworthiness of such a game, but the national vanity was tickled. Attendant republics already revolved about the great central French republic; were kingdoms, too, beginning to join the round? It will be seen that, in comparison with the radical anti-royalist policy of the Directory three years before, these arrangements must be considered moderate. To abandon the Roman and Parthenopean republics, and to constitute a new kingdom for a Bourbon, were actions of great significance to the courts of Europe.

But a still more pregnant step was the relation established between the Consulate and the papacy. Among all the institutions erected by Bonaparte, none proved more valuable than that which restored the French Church to Rome. The "civil constitution" of the Jacobin republic virtually created a voluntary Gallican Church, because all the conforming priesthood, of whom it will be remembered that Madame Mère's half-brother

Fesch was one, became dependent on the state in support and allegiance. By the laws of 1790 the old diocesan boundaries were wiped out, bishops and priests were chosen by the people, and the celibacy of the clergy was abolished. In consequence, there had at first been bitter resistance and stern repression. But during the last years of the Directory both liberty of conscience and freedom of religion reigned in theory throughout France. There was, however, continuous social disturbance, bickering between sectaries both Christian and infidel, license of speech and conduct; in short, a condition pregnant with possibilities of disaster. Napoleon passed through a stage of rampant unbelief in his youth, and wrote a thesis in which he compared the Saviour unfavorably with Apollonius of Tyana. But with advancing years the dimensions of the papacy impressed his imagination, while ripening political wisdom convinced him of its power. As his ambitions became dominant he defied the Directory, and in 1797 left standing the framework of the papal edifice, because he already saw that the French people had returned to papal allegiance. In spite of the course imposed upon him by the events of Fructidor, he understood that no reunion of all elements in the population was possible except under the favor of Rome.

Shortly after Bonaparte's inauguration as First Consul there began to be circulated a moving tale of how the great man was frequently and visibly affected as he listened to the village chimes from his windows at Malmaison, evidently recalling the hallowed influences of his mother's faith. The act of the Consulate in ordering the performance of funeral obsequies for Pius VI was a recognition of the popular movement. After an interregnum of eight months a new pope, Pius VII, was elected at Venice on March thirteenth,

1800. This was done under the auspices of Austria and after long, fierce contention by the fugitive members of an incomplete conclave, yet soon afterward Bonaparte informed the Pontiff that, excepting the legations which Austria still occupied, the territories of his predecessors were under certain conditions at his disposal. The papal secretary, Cardinal Consalvi, set out for Paris, after what was considered a becoming delay; and before the middle of July, 1801, the treaty known as the Concordat was concluded. The First Consul conceded that the laws of 1790 should be abolished, and that the Pope should be officially recognized by the State as head of the Church. The appointments of archbishops and bishops made by the government were not to be valid until confirmed at Rome. In return the Pope was to end the conflict of State and Church in France, rally all good Catholics to the support of the republic, accept the loss of the confiscated ecclesiastical estates in return for a subsidy of fifty million francs, and recognize the clergy as civil officials in the pay of the State. Thus, at a single stroke, the measure of religious liberty which revolutionary atheism had unwittingly established was destroyed and the French nation relegated to a modified control by Rome; but on the other hand, the strongest support of the Bourbons was struck down, the existing order recognized, and Bonaparte felt assured, as he declared at St. Helena, that in view of France's overwhelming influence in Italy, the Pope, as a petty Italian prince, would become entirely subservient to himself. As is the case in all instances of that judicious compromise which is the foundation of statesmanship, no party or clique in either France or Rome was entirely satisfied. The Pope and his councilors chafed under a series of "organic articles" which, though integral to the treaty, emanated from the secular authority alone

and interpreted the treaty in a sense favorable to the secular power. The free-thinkers of France sneered, the philosophers smiled sarcastically, the military authorities were shocked, the returned emigrants outraged. But the great French nation was consolidated in a twinkling, and the Concordat stood for more than a century. The Pope felt that the church in France had been saved as by fire, and forced the treaty upon his unwilling associates, while Bonaparte was even more peremptory and high-handed with his recalcitrant officials. Both knew that it was this or religious anarchy.

But a spectacle even stranger was soon to be offered to the world. Whatever form the struggle between France and England for ascendancy had taken throughout the long centuries it had lasted, it was ever and always bitter and envenomed. The French Revolution had offered the English Tories an opportunity, as they believed, finally and literally to crush France, even to the extent which Lord Chatham had always declared necessary for enduring peace. The younger Pitt inherited his father's idea, and the conquering policy of the republic had enforced his position, so that since the beginning of the present struggle between the two countries the British nation had reposed unbounded confidence in him. Unfortunately, he used this popular feeling to retain power after his convictions had changed. But successful as the war had been, it seemed to many as if there were no limits to its duration, and to timid minds the payment of lavish subsidies to the successive coalitions, combined with the expensive mismanagement of the naval establishment, augured bankruptcy. Pitt fell from power on the question of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, a matter in which he disagreed with George III, the unnerved, feeble King; the Addington ministry which succeeded was

popular because it was understood to be above all else a peace ministry.

When, in 1799, Russia, furious at the perfidy of Austria and weary of the tyranny exercised by England over the seas, had instigated a renewal of the armed neutrality, and banished the French pretender, the delicate attentions and substantial offers of Bonaparte, already enumerated, completely won the heart of the Czar. Early in 1800 a confidential Russian agent appeared in Paris, and urged the First Consul to declare himself King. He also proposed to arrange terms for an alliance of the two rulers in order to destroy English power in India, according to plans already outlined by the Czar. An agreement was quickly reached, which early in 1801 resulted in a proposition by Paul for two expeditions: one Russian, by way of the Don and across the carry to the Volga, thence through the Ural Mountains to the Indus, and from the Indus to the Ganges; the other Franco-Russian, to proceed by the Danube, the Black Sea, the Don, and the Volga to Astrakhan and Persia, where it was to combine with the former. The plan for the latter was worked out in the minutest detail, and every item was carefully commented by Bonaparte.

England's reply to the armed neutrality of the Northern powers was the despatch to the Baltic of a powerful fleet, which reached Copenhagen late in March, 1801. Negotiations were opened by Sir Hyde Parker, who, because of his diplomatic abilities, had been made first in command, and lasted for some days, but failed. On April second, Nelson, who was next in command, opened fire on the lines of defense erected before the city. His success was only partial. During the intervals of a parley opened by him, ostensibly in the interest of humanity, he withdrew his crippled ships

out of danger and accepted an inconclusive armistice. England's object, however, was reached in another way. During the night of March twenty-third, 1801, Paul was assassinated in his bed, not without suspicion of connivance on the part of his son Alexander, who succeeded him. The murder was done by a band of drunken brutes, officers of important regiments who had been wrought to a pitch of frenzy. A clique of conspirator nobles had persuaded themselves and the assassins that Paul was crazy and was leading the country to ruin. Like the rest of Europe, the empire was divided into French and English parties, the latter comprising all who lived at ease on government places or inherited fortunes. The mass of the nation and the troops worshiped their Czar for his defiance of Great Britain, his French sympathy, and the reversal of Catherine's policy. It was a palace clique which, as again and again in Russian history, did to death a monarch thwarting the plans of aristocrats and placemen. The new Czar, whatever his share in the compact which set him on the throne, behaved at least like an agent of the conspirators, for he did not continue his father's policy. On the contrary, he immediately liberated the English ships in his harbors, and, further, waived all claim to Malta. The league of Northern neutrals fell by its own weight. For all this, however, Great Britain was still left without a supporting Continental coalition in the face of Marengo and Lunéville.

The death of Paul likewise affected the position of France, which again became insecure. This disposed the First Consul more than ever to yield to the universal clamor for peace. Addington's overtures had at first been coldly received, for Bonaparte wanted the restoration of all the colonial conquests England had made during the long war. But the death of the Czar and

the attitude of his successor changed the situation. Still further came news that since Kléber's death one disaster after another had overtaken Menou in Egypt. He had been compelled to surrender Cairo in June, and the fall of Alexandria was only a question of time. Negotiations with England were thereupon seriously resumed. Both sides being equally eager for peace, arrangements were completed within a reasonable time, and on October first, 1801, the resulting preliminaries were ratified. The news was received in London with joyous acclamations

England bound herself by the preliminaries of London to restore all her colonial conquests except Trinidad and Ceylon, and to withdraw from Malta and the other Mediterranean ports which she had seized. France was to restore Egypt to the Porte, to withdraw her troops from Naples, and to guarantee the integrity of Portugal, which the First Consul had intended to incorporate with Spain for his further purposes. A week later a secret treaty between France and Russia was signed: the two powers were to settle the affairs of Germany and Italy in concert. The idea of perpetual intervention in the German empire by France originated with Richelieu; no Russian monarch since the time of Peter the Great could feel his dignity secure without the same privilege. Such an agreement was, therefore, a final seal to France's new alliance. With Turkey likewise the old relations of amity were reëstablished by a new treaty. Bavaria was appeased by promises.

There would have been one other war-cloud on the distant horizon had it not wisely been dispelled in time. The United States had suffered much from the pretensions of the Directory to control its commerce in the French interest, on the plea of gratitude. The declaration of neutrality made by Washington in 1793 was ill

received in Paris, the treaty of commerce concluded with England in the following year was regarded by the French government as a breach of neutrality, and the Directory suspended diplomatic relations. Their insolent agents in the United States had so embroiled the question of the relations of that nation with the two countries respectively that a rupture with France was threatened, especially when Talleyrand's unblushing effrontery in demanding enormous bribes from the American envoys was made public. Great as their obligations were, the United States had no intention of becoming tributary to France. The recognition by England of their neutrality had given them the whole colonial trade of France, Holland, and Spain. Their principle was virtually that of the armed neutrality of 1780: that neutral ships made neutral goods, "free ships, free goods" For this they were ready to fight. The First Consul had recognized the value for his own schemes of a great neutral maritime state, and on September thirty, 1800, had concluded a convention regulating commerce which for the time removed all sources of friction between his government and that at Washington. It was reciprocally agreed that the flag protects the goods, and that merchantmen under convoy may not be searched.

CHAPTER XIX

THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE ¹

The Uses of Peace — General Zeal for Reform — The First Consul's Diligence — State Control of the Church — Bonaparte and the Pope — The Organic Articles — Establishment of the Prefectures — The Bank of France — Its Successes — Funding of the Public Debt.

WITH this general pacification there was widespread contentment. Addington thought the peace would be no ordinary one, but a true reconciliation of the first two nations of the world. The continental dynasties believed that at last the expansion of liberal France had been curbed. The French themselves could not restrain their joy at the prospect of a new social and political structure sufficiently commodious for the exercise of their awakened energies, sufficiently strong to command respect from enemies at home and abroad. The builders were already at work before the ground was fairly cleared; the regeneration of French institutions which has indissolubly linked the name of Napoleon with the life of modern Europe was under way before the peace negotiations were concluded.

The master workman found at his disposal two most important conditions: a clean tablet so far as the mo-

¹ The Memoirs of Mollien, Miot de Melito, Chaptal, Lucien Bonaparte, Pasquier, and Consalvi; the works of Thibaudeau and Roederer; Sagnac: *Legislation Civile de la Révolution Française*;

Life of Sir Samuel Romilly; Haussonville: *L'Eglise romaine et le premier Empire*; Léouzon-le-Duc: *Correspondance diplomatique du baron de Staël-Holstein et de son successeur le baron Brinkman*.

narchical and revolutionary systems were concerned, and a great body of able and educated men anxious to cooperate with him. Their aim, like his, was to make the nation strong and illustrious. But for them the Revolution, confined in their minds to France, was over; while for him, viewing it as a European movement, it was in full operation. Whether they were royalists like Dufresne, or Girondists like Defermon, or radicals like Fourcroy, or moderates like Regnault and Roederer, or pardoned anti-Fructidorians like Portalis and Barbé-Marbois, they were all alike animated with zeal for a strong national life. But Bonaparte and a few of his intimates looked on renovated French nationality as only the means to a further end. In a pamphlet review of the situation, written in 1801, Hauterive declared that the rotten European structure resting on the balance of power had been overthrown by the wars of France, which was now, by her military and financial strength, and by the principles of her government, ready and able to make the beginning in a peaceful and prosperous federation of nations. This was the revolutionary program in another form: under the new conditions of French organization it eventually developed into a scheme of European empire, in which a modernized and glorified reproduction of Charles the Great, a French Charlemagne, was the central figure.

Careful students of the life and labors of Bonaparte can scarcely believe that human power could accomplish what he had already done. His activity as strategist and general, as statesman and administrator, had hitherto been fabulous: in the first years of the Consulate it was simply doubled. To the minutest detail, every department of the rising state received his attention, more or less complete as occasion required. During the year 1801 the ablest observers in the country, having

been assigned one to each of the military divisions into which the land was divided, were occupied in compiling comprehensive reports to serve as a basis for legislation. These papers took into consideration finance, the army, the administration, public instruction, the alms-houses, the roads and canals, commerce and industry, the public temper — in short, everything which concerned the well-being of the people. They were the material of Bonaparte's studies, and for the most part he mastered them. In this work he utterly discarded the theory and ideals of the revolutionists; the romance was ended, history must begin, he said. To govern France as it is, to forget France as it had just been; to discard the type unit of humanity, to deal with the real man in every station; to scorn generalities, to assemble details, to abandon possibilities, to secure actualities, — this was the trend of his mind; the practical, the useful, the working machine were his goal. At this task he often toiled fourteen hours a day, never less than ten, and in his secretary Maret he had a minister as indefatigable as himself, able to catch every thought and suggestion, to amplify and execute every order, to coordinate the activity of his chief with all the subordinate branches of the government. As a consequence, there is not one of the great structures which combine in the logical unity of French life as it exists to-day that did not receive the impress of the First Consul's colossal mind.

For example, the Roman Church, which he had brought again to life, comprised in equal numbers prelates who had accepted and those who had refused the "civil constitution" of the republic. To impress the imagination of the people, a service in honor of the Concordat was celebrated at Notre Dame. Augereau and a number of his friends asked to be excused from attendance, but were compelled to be present. The

First Consul went, with all the style — coaches, harness, lackeys, and the like — which had been used by the Bourbon kings. But, after all, it was a Napoleon Bonaparte and not a Louis Capet who was the personage, and the remark attributed to an old general, whether correctly or not, is utterly inapt — that everything had been restored except the two million Frenchmen who had died for liberty. The difference was great. For instance, a priest who had refused the rites of burial to a dancer was removed from office for three months, in order that he might reflect how Jesus Christ “prayed even for his enemies.” Could anything have been more antipodal to the state of things as it had been in 1762 and 1766, when the cases of Calas, Sirven, and Labarre, innocent men, done to cruel, unmerited death by the connivance of church and state, enabled Voltaire to launch his first thunderbolt on the devoted system of the ancient monarchy so abhorrent to all intelligence and so opposed to righteousness?

The Pope, moreover, was compelled to prohibit those who offended the First Consul from residing at Rome, and when he suggested that compensation should be made for the loss of Avignon, and that the legations Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna should be restored, — not, of course, in return for the Concordat, which would savor of simony, but as the proof of a heart magnanimous, wise, and just, — the First Consul gravely forwarded to Rome the mortal remains of Pius VI, which had so far rested in the common cemetery at Valence. Bonaparte is credibly reported to have said ironically that the Concordat was the vaccine of religion: in fifty years there would be no more in France. The army openly expressed its contempt for the arrangement, the council of state tittered when announcement was made that the Pope’s ban was withdrawn from Talleyrand, and for

a long time the public ministrations of a clergy which was called "a consecrated constabulary" were not taken seriously by the multitude. A century has failed to restore in France the consideration which even scoffers felt for the hierarchy antecedent to the Concordat; nay, more, the First Consul's augury has been largely fulfilled; but on the other hand, the former bitterness has never since been equaled.

Bonaparte's innermost thoughts were not at the time revealed, if indeed he had a clear and definite idea of his policy. Later explanations are, however, probable interpretations. Protestantism is at once sectarian and individualistic in its tendencies, Romanism makes for central unified control, secular as well as religious. The restorer of Romanism in France found consideration throughout Roman Europe for his later plans of imperial expansion. The clerical or white police of France was a model for the like institution elsewhere, as the military or black police of France became the basis of armed force everywhere. But the degree of spiritual mission yielded to the Pope was measured with a hand as sparing as that which doled scanty stipends to archbishops and bishops, now a prelacy of public functionaries which had once been princely in its incomes. Furthermore, the organic articles, which were nothing more nor less than consular decrees, were unsparing in their use of the police power for the control of public worship. No bull nor ecumenical ordinance was valid in France, no council nor synod could assemble within its borders unless authorized by government, nor could a prelate leave his diocese without its assent, even though summoned to Rome by the Pope. The temporalities of the church were in the hands of the state. Galled by such pitiless restrictions, the hierarchy winced and cried out, but France has remained inexorable. Later the cults

of both the Protestants and the Jews were similarly organized.

On February seventh, 1800, were promulgated the measures which still control departmental administration in France, the law which virtually revived the Bourbon system of intendants, imposing on the country that rigorous hierarchical-political centralization which no succeeding government — royalist, imperial, or republican — has been willing to dispense with. Working in coöperation with the wonderful social system of private life, it minimizes the consequences of political revolutions, and preserves the identity of France. Each local administration was a consulate in miniature. Every department had its prefect, every arrondissement its subprefect, every commune its mayor. These officials were all appointed by the executive, and were subordinate to the minister of the interior. Each had an advising associate appointed from the electoral lists; and the various councils, some likewise appointed, some, however, elected, were in ordinary times only the registers of the decrees sent down from above. Before these measures were put into operation, neither country roads nor city streets were safe, and brigandage was rife to the very gates of Paris. The courts of law were disorganized, the police undisciplined, and local government for the most part was a farce. Within two years the whole machine was working smoothly throughout the length and breadth of the land. Public order was restored, life and property were safe, industry was guaranteed in its rewards, and the productive energy of the people was unhampered by the fear of injustice or by the uncertainty of possession. This transformation made the institution tolerable to the Frenchmen of Napoleon's time, but thoughtful men understand to-day that it annihilated liberty under the Consulate and

Empire, and that it still has undiminished possibilities as an instrument of oppression.

It is significant that the great measure which went hand in hand with this one was a true reform of the most vital nature. On January eighteenth, 1800, was founded the Bank of France. The monarchy in its straits had issued bills with no security; the Convention and the Directory also flooded the country with worthless paper, although they assumed to find an adequate collateral in the domains of the crown and of the emigrants, which were seized and held as national property. But war and internal strife destroyed the value of these lands, and in 1795 a gold livre was worth seventy-five in paper, while a year later the price had risen to three hundred and forty. The Directory had recourse to forced loans and the statutory regulation of values, but to no avail: at the close of their career the public lands, except a small part estimated to be worth four hundred million francs, had all passed into private hands at a price about one hundredth of their estimated value. The greediest usury, the most disgraceful speculation, had been universal, and of all those who had owned property in any shape in 1785 there was scarcely one who was not reduced to beggary, while, with numerous exceptions of course, adventurous men of doubtful character were now the landed proprietors and controlling capitalists. The public creditors had seen their obligations legally scaled to a nominal value of one third the face, payable in paper, and these bonds were almost worthless. Under such conditions it was not remarkable that the collection of taxes even by the use of force had become well-nigh impossible. The amount of arrears on the eighteenth of Brumaire was eleven hundred million francs. The Directory and, for a time, the Consulate subsisted on contributions levied on conquered states.

The avowed object of the Bank of France was the support of trade and industry. To its capital of thirty million francs the government subscribed five millions, which it took from the guarantee bonds given by its employees on their assuming positions of trust. The operations of brokers and money-lenders were then subjected to the strictest control, and the enterprises of agriculture and manufactures were regulated and encouraged by the reestablishment of chambers of commerce and by public rewards for excellence. In the first year of his financial administration Gaudin inaugurated the success which continued for the rest of his term. In every department a new and equitable system of tax-collecting was instituted, and the assessments were so fixed for a definite period at moderate rates as to awaken public confidence. In a single year the returns from the public forests were doubled, and the reorganization of the customs produced similar results.

For the control of expenditures, Barbé-Marbois was appointed state treasurer; Mollien was made director of a special office for the gradual payment of the public debt. To this office was assigned the management of about a quarter of the remaining public lands for the purchase of state securities; and when their price rose, as it soon did, to fifty per cent of their par value, new obligations were issued, and quickly subscribed at the same rate. The floating debt was soon wiped out. Of the remaining public funds a hundred and twenty million francs were assigned for the maintenance of public instruction, and forty million for the pension list. The victorious army remained quartered abroad. The effect of all these wisely calculated measures was electrical. Taxes were promptly and willingly paid, the public credit was revived, and the moneyed classes became the stanchest supporters of the Consulate.

CHAPTER XX

THE CODE AND THE UNIVERSITY ¹

The Preparation of the Code — The Men who Made it — Its Defects — The Changes it Wrought — The Benefits it Conferred — French Education under Royalty — Schemes of the Revolution — Bonaparte's Aims in Education — His Preliminary Measures — The University of France.

THE climax of these beneficent changes was a corresponding reform and simplification of the laws. The name of Napoleon has been erased from many of his institutions, but it still endures on that splendid system of jurisprudence known as the Code Napoléon, and in the annals of law-making it vies in luster with that of Justinian. The monarchy, before its fall, had become aware of the inconvenience attaching to the diversity of legal practice in the various French provinces. At one extreme was the old customary law of the northern inhabitants, at the other was the nearly pure Roman law of the south, and between them every variety of peculiar and complicated local practice. One of the meanings of the Revolutionary watchword "Equality"

¹ Blanc: *Napoleon I^{er}, ses institutions civiles et administratives*; Sabatier: *Le Code Civil*; Aucoc: *Le conseil d'état*; Duvergier de Hauranne: *Histoire du gouvernement parlementaire en France*; Bignon: *Histoire de France*; Ernouf: *Maret, duc de Bassano*; Hélie: *Les constitutions de la France*; Duruy: *L'Instruction et la Révolution*; Hahn: *Unterrichts-*

wesen in Frankreich; Cambacérès: *Éclaircissements inédits* — quoted at length in Vandal: *L'Avènement de Bonaparte*, tome II; Nougaret de Fayet: *Notice sur la vie et les travaux de M. le comte Bigot de Préameneu*; Locré de Roissy: *Procès-verbaux du conseil d'état, contenant la discussion du projet de Code Civil*.

was the reform of this inequality, but the turmoil prevalent during the years of the Assembly, the Convention, and the Directory had made it impossible to complete the work. Nevertheless, those years had been full of discussion, and Cambacérès had a project in readiness. So convinced was Bonaparte of the urgency of reform that on the very night in which he assumed the reins of government the two commissions were charged with the performance of the repeated promises which every republican government had made. A statute was formulated, and passed on August twelfth, 1800. In accordance with its provisions, a committee of three great jurists — Tronchet, Bigot de Préameneu, and Portalis, with Malleville as secretary — was appointed to make a draft. This was completed in four months, submitted to the courts of appeal for suggestions, and then in the council of state, the sessions of which Bonaparte regularly attended, was speedily revised into its final form. In the following year the code was promulgated.

The famous body of laws owes its solid value to its historical foundation; for it is a compound of the ancient customs, the Roman law, and the experiences of the Revolution, the third element dominating the other two. Cambacérès's project is its basis, the deliberations of the commissions molded its form, its paragraphs were polished in the council of state according to the opinions of Boulay de la Meurthe, Berlier, Treilhard, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, and Bonaparte himself was the author of many radical regulations concerning marriage, divorce, and property. Simplicity, directness, comprehensibility, and appropriateness are the marks of the entire structure, as they are confessedly characteristic of the First Consul's mind. His good sense and his diligence are stamped on every page. On the other hand, in many

places it bears also the marks of his unscientific and untrained intellect; and Savigny, the Prussian jurist, went so far as to characterize it as a "political malady."

This remark is true, but only in the sense that, as in the Roman empire, so in Napoleonic France, civil liberty developed in an inverse ratio to political liberty. Austin thought the code was compiled in haste and ignorance, and that its lack of definitions to the terms employed, together with the absence of expositions either of principles or of distinctions, gave it a "fallacious brevity." Nevertheless, this very simplicity and brevity have been its strength, and to this day — with, of course, many substantive modifications, but still in an undisturbed identity — it successfully dominates France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and many important parts of Germany. Believing it to be the most enduring portion of his labors, Bonaparte to the latest day of his life claimed the exclusive credit of its creation, to the unjust disparagement of the other great minds which coöperated in its formation.

A few of the more easily comprehensible changes which it wrought will illustrate its character. There are four divisions — one introductory, the other three treating respectively of the law of persons, the law of things, and the law of property and inheritance. The subject of the civil law, the ego, the object of the civil law, the objective or natural world, the relation between the two, or property — such is, in a word, the method; the equality of all men before the law is its principle; the respect for property and the directness of litigation are its aims. Hereditary nobility and primogeniture were definitely abolished — every child, of either sex, having equal rights of inheritance before the law. The right of testamentary disposition was extended so as to give greater liberty while not interfering with the

principle of family solidarity. To Jews were given the complete rights of all other citizens, under a series of far-seeing and wise provisions, set forth in special statutes, which destroyed many of their antiquated customs, and all the shifts by which they had hitherto avoided many civil obligations and still evaded the performance of duties which weighed heavily on others. Every religious confession was recognized, and all were alike supported by the state, but the members of all were obliged to submit to official registration, and to consent to the rite of civil marriage. While, on the one hand, the necessity of divorce under certain conditions was recognized and provisions were made for it; on the other, a series of stringent and even barbarous regulations knitted the family more closely together than ever before, or elsewhere in the world, and made it a social rock against which political storms beat in vain to shake the established order. Napoleon's iron will alone realized the notions of regenerating feudal society which philosophers had formed and agitators had sought in vain to establish.

The evils of both absolute royalty and feudalism were thus removed from a vast population in western Europe which had groaned under their burdens long after they had ceased to have any meaning or historical vitality; and besides, the process of assimilation in life and thought was measurably assisted by the adoption of identical laws among millions of men differing in blood and language. The good work was further promoted by a series of complementary codes of criminal procedure and of commerce which are as potent and beneficent to-day as when they were enacted. It is useless in this connection to compare the respective merits of corresponding institutions among the Latin and Teutonic state systems of Europe, or to enter on

the long and bitter controversy waged between French and English publicists. The essential thing is a comparison between what Napoleon found and what he left among the same peoples, and this proclaims him one of the great social reformers of the world

In no respect was the work of the Revolution more complete than in regard to education. Royal France had a pompous list of academies, scientific and special schools, universities, colleges, and common schools. Their arrangements were haphazard, their origin and management for the most part were ecclesiastical, and their patronage was strictly ordered by social rank. Primary education, being dependent altogether on the parishes, was in the main contemptible. There were many great scholars and teachers, and a few choice institutions; but the dependence of all on either the royal favor or on the Roman hierarchy, or on both, rendered the measure of their efficiency proportionate to the interest taken in them by crown and church. There was consequently no general system efficacious either in all its parts or even in all branches of one division.

The passion for national unity manifested itself, among other things, in a demand for a system of national education. The great men of the Assembly and of the Convention bent their shoulders to the task. For the first time in the history of the nation it was recognized that after the leveling of classes, the only guarantee for social order in the future was to be found in the education of the masses. Accordingly, they outlined a grand scheme of graded instruction. The foundation was popular education by the primary school; then came a system of middle or secondary schools; and then instruction by professional faculties, including a magnificent normal school for the training of teachers, and a polytechnic institution of the first order. The whole

was to be crowned by a museum, the College of France, and the Institute. Education was to be gratuitous and obligatory. The essential feature of the entire plan was the character of the primary school, which was not to teach merely the necessary rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering, but the introductory elements of the complete encyclopedia of instruction. The whole structure was purely secular, and no account was taken of the education of females after the age of eight. It was declared that young girls should be trained by their parents, and entirely at home. Condorcet alone believed in the intellectual equality of the sexes. Lakanal secured a decree for mixed schools, under certain conditions, in which the daughters of the republic should have the same instruction as its sons "as far as their sex would permit"; but they were to be chiefly occupied with spinning, dressmaking, and the domestic arts then considered the chief ones proper to their sex. Some parts of the enormous design were put into operation, but it was found to transcend the abilities of an unsettled people. Talleyrand pared down its dimensions, but at the fall of the Directory nothing had been accomplished except the foundation of the polytechnic school.

It is well known that Bonaparte prepared himself for the rôle of lawgiver by devouring the books lent him by Cambacérès, and by studying the memorials already prepared by the Convention. Even then, however, he was in the main guided by his instinct, combined with his profound knowledge of men. The latter was his sole guide in elaborating his scheme of public instruction. Talleyrand's plan was before him, but the conclusion was his own. He was not at all concerned to make scholars or to increase knowledge. He was stubbornly determined to make citizens, as he understood the word. In a time of utter chaos he professed himself



NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL

Profile in sepia by Lemoine
Belonging to M. Petit

indifferent to ideals, and was animated by a purely practical spirit, doing nothing but what appeared immediately essential. For this reason, in carrying out his plan, he selected as an agent no expert with wide experience and settled convictions, but an excellent chemist who had been a member of the notorious Committee of Public Safety, and within a narrow horizon had good capacities. To Fourcroy alone was intrusted the formulation of a measure which, as Roederer said in its support, was a political institution intended to unite the present generation with the rising one, to bind the fathers to the government by their children and the children by their fathers — in short, to establish a sort of public paternity.

The religious societies which still retained their hold on such instruction as there was had no connection with the state, and very little with the new society. The new system was ingeniously devised to bind up the youth of the nation with both the political and social life of the new France. There was to be in every commune a primary school with teachers appointed by the mayor, under supervision of the subprefect. Next in order were secondary schools in the chief town of every department, under supervision of the prefect; and coördinate with these were such private schools as would submit to government regulations. The next stage was composed of a limited number of lyceums or colleges with both a classical and a modern side. These were open only to such students as had gained distinction in the grade below, and from them in turn a fifth were promoted to the professional schools. Of these there were nine categories: law; medicine; natural science; mechanical and chemical technology; higher mathematics; geography, history, and political economy; the arts of design; astronomy; music and the theory of com-

position. The First Consul would listen to no more comprehensive or enlightened plan until this should first be put into successful execution, as it soon was under his impulse and Fourcroy's guidance.

Thereupon his ultimate object was unveiled. A few years later came into existence the so-called University of France, whereby all instruction was as perfectly centralized as administration had been. There were three articulated degrees, primary, secondary, and superior, controlled by a complete and rigid system of central inspection. All institutions of each degree were divided by vertical lines of territorial division into academies, each of which had its own rector. These were in turn controlled by a superior council and a grand master. The normal school was revived, military uniform and discipline were introduced into the lyceums, and the instruction was carefully directed toward imbuing the mind with notions suited to the new conditions of French life, as Bonaparte meant to mold them. The corporate university, as a whole, was not a portion of the ministry, but while subordinate was distinct. This provision has probably been the cause of a permanence which no political revolution has been able to destroy. It is only since the Church secured permission for the erection of faculties supported and controlled by itself that there have been signs of any change of organization or any return to academic liberty in the state institutions.

CHAPTER XXI

STEPS TOWARD MONARCHY¹

The New Era — Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte — The Seizure of Piedmont — Genoa — Etruria — The Valais — Holland and Switzerland — Censorship of the Press — Manifestations of Discontent — The San Domingo Expedition — Toussaint Louverture.

WITH the return of forty thousand emigrant families under an amnesty which restored to most of the former owners everything not sold excepting woods and forests, and which in some few cases permitted the redemption under easy conditions of entire estates; with the reorganization of the judiciary, of administration, of legislation, of public instruction, and of the finances under a new constitution worked by the strong hand which had made it, every observer saw that a new epoch had indeed begun. At the same time the trend of affairs toward some form of government in which the power of a single man should be dominant was likewise noticeable. This produced but little effect in the mass of the nation, but there were manifestations of discontent in two small classes of men at opposite poles of conviction. The royalists believed that their "pear was ripe," and again opened negotiations with Bona-

¹ References as before. Further, Vulliemin: *Histoire de la Confédération Suisse*; Senfft: *Mémoires, Organisation de la politique Suisse*; Botta: *Storia d'Italia*; Cantù: *Corrispondenze di diplomatici*, etc. (Archives); Melzi: *Memorie*,

documenti e lettere inedite di Napoleone I e Beauharnais; Theiner: *Histoire des deux Concordats*; Schoelcher: *Vie de Toussaint Louverture*; Reichardt: *Vertraute Briefe*; Roloff: *Die Kolonial Politik Napoleons I.*

parte The republicans who had repented the eighteenth of Brumaire even on the morrow of their participation were now thoroughly alarmed, and manifested their discontent where alone they had any means of expression — by their voices in the tribunate, and by their silent votes in the legislative assembly.

Toward the close of the year VIII, that is, early in 1800, appeared a pamphlet, evidently inspired, which was entitled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte." It was ostensibly intended to allay the distrust of the latter's ambitions expressed in many quarters, and was gratuitously distributed everywhere throughout France. It declared that, Bonaparte being a man superior to either Cromwell or Monk and comparable only to Cæsar, the office of First Consul should be made hereditary in his family. This was the real purport of the manifesto, that France should already hail a Bonaparte dynasty, if fate destroyed Napoleon, a brother ought to succeed him. The tract was written by Fontanes, its revision and theatrical publication were the work of Lucien. Fouché as the republican standard-bearer had already avowed himself against the principle and practice of heredity. Mme. Bonaparte's sterility was the safeguard of an elective chief-magistracy. To prevent divorce and remarriage for the sake of direct heirs he had allied himself with Talleyrand, Clement de Ris, and the Beauharnais influence. It was his cynical delight that Lucien had been so hasty. This fact the First Consul first suspected, and then by Fouché's help he assured himself of it. He was angry, for, though agreed as to the principle, his preference was Louis, who he thought had all the qualities and none of the faults pertaining to the clan; and, moreover, the publication was so unreasonable and hasty as to be an act of sheer folly, endangering all his plans. So Lucien was

forced to resign his portfolio of the interior and withdraw from the scene. With bitterness in his heart he became ambassador to Spain, and the elegant luxury of his post scarcely softened the blow, under which he winced as he saw the dynastic idea relegated to temporary obscurity by his brother, and himself forever sundered from any share in it. It was only after Louis had proved a broken reed that the question of divorce and remarriage to secure an heir became acute. For the time being a hush fell over the schemers of every sort: Napoleon's health was good and the temple of Janus was closed. Worst of all, the people made no sign, and the wily chief magistrate took no significant step until the preliminaries of peace had been signed in London. Then he made a cautious advance. In January, 1802, Italian delegates were summoned to Lyons in order to outline a constitution for the newly reorganized Cisalpine Republic. As a matter of course, it was determined to reproduce the essentials of that which had been made for the consular republic of France. One exception was important: for a consulate of three members was substituted a single chief magistrate under the title of "president."

At once the question arose, Who should this high official be? Here for the first time it is well to consider the difficulties encountered by the First Consul in connection with his family, inasmuch as with his primitive Corsican devotion to those of his blood, he earnestly desired on the one hand that his brothers and sisters should share in his advancement. He would gladly see them rich, influential, and clothed with a high degree of political power. On the other hand, what he himself had wrought he was grimly determined he would control. To the great ship of state there was to be but one helm and one pilot. Joseph was the eldest, could

he be considered as a possible president in Italy? To this his reply was flat. If called to surrender his modest life, his consideration as a temperate and simple private man, he must have in return the substance and reality of rule. For instance, to the Italian republic must be added, if Joseph were to be president, all of Piedmont; Murat and the French army of occupation must be withdrawn, and all the fortresses of the frontier toward France must be rebuilt! Joseph could not be a political marionette. But it was exactly a political puppet that Napoleon professed to desire, and Talleyrand had found one. So Joseph was left to ruminate on the charms of a simple life. For him as well as for Lucien these consisted of intrigues and plots: both succeeded in collecting a substantial following, for their brother was childless, and he was a soldier, and there might be almost anything in the womb of the future.

Accordingly, after much apparent intriguing among the delegates at Lyons, their choice fell unanimously upon Melzi, a Milanese nobleman. The First Consul's agents promptly explained that the safety of the "Italian Republic" — the significant name by which it was henceforth to be called, Alfieri's "*Italia virtuosa, magnanima, libera, et una*" — depended on its being ruled by him. The Italians at once drew up a formal invitation to that effect, Bonaparte accepted, and the servile newspapers of Paris declared that there was no menace to the peace of France in the act; their First Consul could not have refused such a call without a lack of courtesy, even of prudence. Melzi accepted the vice-presidency, the proconsulate. To make a bridge between his two domains, the Consul-President prepared to incorporate Piedmont, not with his Italian republic, but with France. The Czar who had taken up arms in behalf of the house of Savoy was dead. General Jour-

dan informed the Piedmontese that their land was a French military division, comprising six prefectures. Bonaparte said that thereby was accomplished a natural reunion of French territory. This idea was a reminiscence of Charles the Great's empire. As soon as the treaty of Amiens was signed a decree of the senate informed the world that Piedmont was a French department.

Valais could not well be given to Piedmont, on account of Swiss jealousy. It was equally impossible to restore it to the Helvetian Republic; for through it lay the splendid military road of the Simplon, which France had been building across the Alps. Accordingly the little land was declared an independent commonwealth. As to Genoa, her still existing directorial constitution would now be as impracticable to work as those of Cisalpina and Batavia. Salicetti therefore offered to her government a new one prepared in Paris on the consular model, and it was gratefully adopted. When the young King of Etruria died on May twenty-seventh, 1803, Murat and Clarke were appointed guardians of his widow, who was made regent for her infant son.

With skilful allowances for national pride, a stroke similar to these was also made in Holland. By the treaty of Amiens, the Batavian Republic was to get back not only a nominal independence, but the major portion of her colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope and her chief East Indian possessions. In return for this a new constitution was imposed upon her, which again was merely that of France under another mask. The chief magistrate was called the "Grand Pensionary," and the place was filled by Schimmelpenninck, the devoted admirer of Bonaparte. A French army continued to occupy the country at the public charge. In Switzerland, also, changes were effected,

but of a different nature; for the First Consul thoroughly understood the different character of her people. They had been unhappy under the last constitution, and two embittered parties, the unitary and the federalist, were struggling for mastery. Upon the withdrawal of the French troops in compliance with the treaty of Amiens, it soon became clear that there was danger of serious strife. Ney was sent to occupy the country with thirty thousand men, and the chief Swiss statesmen were summoned to Paris. In February, 1803, they adopted what was called an Act of Mediation prepared by Bonaparte and to be guaranteed by him. Its provisions were most wise, but it made the new state, then called for the first time Switzerland, dependent for its very existence upon him. In token of the new relation the confederation was to furnish a subsidiary army of sixteen thousand men, and the chief magistrate of France formally adopted the title of Grand Mediator of the Helvetian Republic. Although many chafed under the relationship, yet the ten years of Swiss neutrality which Bonaparte guaranteed were probably the most prosperous in the country's history; consequently the influence of Switzerland, so far as it was exerted, was all on the side of Bonaparte.

The rigid censorship of the press established by the First Consul at the beginning of his supremacy worked well for him. Out of a total of seventy-three corrupt and quarrelsome journals published under the Directory, only thirteen political newspapers had been left in existence. These quickly became the most subservient mouthpieces of the executive, iterating the sentiments which the public was to learn, giving such news as they were allowed to give, and edited most skilfully both to entertain and instruct their readers in all matters foreign to politics. The nation rejoiced in the calm

produced by contemplating indifferent things. "Why did not Tacitus explain how the Roman people put up with the wicked emperors who ruled them?" This was a stock question of Napoleon's, his implication being that there must have been a correspondence between the social state of Rome and the character of her rulers which the historian dared not openly explain. The parallel in the case of the French was manifest. They had reveled in Jacobinism until suddenly the thing and the name alike became intolerable; they had then swung to the opposite vicious extreme of an indifference which courted a paternal hand in the government. No act, however arbitrary or violent, could disturb a people so accustomed to revolutionary shifts. When, three years later, the shameful edict was issued which forbade the printing or sale of books or plays that had not been authorized by a committee of revision, there was scarcely a protest anywhere to be heard.

But from the beginning there were, nevertheless, emphatic protests of more or less importance against the changes which were transforming the vestiges of the republic into shadowy indications of a coming monarchy. There was a single voice, that of Barnabé, lifted up at the very first from the bench to declare that Brumaire was illegal; and many foolish persons indulged to such an extent in loud seditious talk that a charge of conspiracy was with some show of reason brought against Ceracchi and Arena, two Corsicans, who were particularly violent in denouncing their compatriot. The superserviceable police pretended early in the year to discover details, but the alleged complot was a pure figment. The army, in particular that portion which had fought under Moreau, still cherished much of the republican tradition. The soldiers of the Rhine had shown an angry contempt for the Concordat, and their

friends sympathized with them in the instinctive feeling that a courtly religious hierarchy, when legally restored, would lean toward a restoration of monarchy.

The First Consul, understanding that reactions must be checked in their initial stages, determined to find occupation abroad for the republican soldiers, as he had previously done for republican politicians. Among other measures for the revival of commerce made possible by the peace of Amiens, which secured the long-desired "liberty of the seas," the government had determined to revive the slave-trade, so as to populate the Antilles more densely, and create a larger market. Admiral Bruix recalled that among the ancients slavery had been consistent with the love of liberty, and argued that as negroes, when left to themselves, preferred manioc to wheat, and sweetened water to wine, they must be enslaved in order to give them civilized tastes and make them consume the surplus of the French harvests and vintage! Being natives of a burning clime, there was no cruelty in carrying them to the West Indies! In pursuance of this barbarous policy, Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, was commissioned to conquer San Domingo, which, taking advantage of the disorders incident to the Revolution, had asserted its independence. Bonaparte may not altogether have understood the dangers of such an expedition. If he did, he must have been willing to sacrifice his sister; for he compelled Mme. Leclerc to accompany her husband. The troops selected were mainly taken from the Army of the Rhine. Thirty-four first-rate vessels, twenty frigates, and numerous transports, with more than twenty thousand soldiers on board, sailed on December fourteenth, 1801, and arrived safely about the end of January, 1802.

But Bonaparte's plans were doomed to encounter an

obstacle in the most remarkable man of negro blood known to modern history. Toussaint Louverture was the descendant, as he claimed, of an African chieftain. Highly endowed by nature, he had obtained an excellent education, and had gradually, though born a slave, cultivated his innate power of leadership until all the blacks in San Domingo regarded him with affection and awe. Asserting their liberties as men, he and his fellow-slaves then rose against their masters, and a servile war ensued. It was temporarily checked by British interference, but the unacclimatized white soldiers died in such numbers that the English were compelled to leave the fertile colony in full control of the negroes. Louverture, in imitation of Bonaparte, thereupon organized a consular government, and with consummate wisdom inaugurated a civilized rule. When summoned by Leclerc to surrender, he refused. For a time his resistance was successful, but in the end he was compelled by superior force to withdraw to the mountains. Thence he was enticed by guile, captured, and sent to France. Kept a close prisoner in the castle of Joux in Franche-Comté, the rigors of the climate speedily destroyed his health, and he died on April twenty-seventh, 1803. But the heat and mephitic vapors of his native isle revenged him. As the French soldiers sickened and died of yellow fever, the natives inaugurated a struggle for liberation, which was marked on both sides by horrible barbarity. In less than two years the task of subjugation became hopeless, and on December first, 1803, Rochambeau, having succeeded Leclerc, who had retired the year previous to die in the Tortugas, surrendered eight thousand men, the remnants of the expedition, to an English fleet. The island has since been left to its unhappy fate, and under native rule has relapsed into semi-barbarism. The magnificent

French plan of American colonization, having lost the supports of both San Domingo and Louisiana, collapsed, leaving no trace. Its mere existence, however, was the strongest proof of Bonaparte's confidence in a lasting peace. Whatever his disappointment, he was at least rid of a republican general and a republican army. It was not much in comparison with his hopes, but it was something.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LIFE CONSULATE ¹

Conspiracies against Bonaparte — The Plot of Nivôse — Bonaparte's Ingenuity — Blunders of the Moderate Republicans — The Tribune and Legislature Purged — Power of the Senate — Bonaparte's Reticence — The Life Consulate Proposed — Complacency of the Chambers — The Legion of Honor — Lafayette's Withdrawal — Amendments to the Constitution — The Nation Content — Change in the Character of the Army.

THE Consulate was scarcely inaugurated before a dastardly attempt was made to assassinate its head. Early in the year 1800 a remnant of Jacobins, terrorists, and anarchists had formed a conspiracy for this purpose. Their doings, however, were betrayed to Fouché, who watched them in such a way that their organization, though not broken up, was reduced to impotence. Many persons have since believed that the wily minister was holding the pack in hand for his own purposes, and that this notorious Arena-Ceracchi conspiracy, as it was called, had been his own creation for use in case the First Consul should be killed in Italy. It is certain that during the long career of Fouché as minister he never failed to have in readiness some kind of a complot for the eve of each decisive battle in which Napoleon Bonaparte must expose his person and risk

¹ The references for this chapter are those already cited; Fiévée, Fouché, Roederer, Musnier-Desclozeaux, Pingaud, Bourrienne. Also, de Martel: *Étude sur l'af-*

faire du 3 nivôse an IX; Fescourt: Histoire de la double conspiration de 1800; Madelin: Fouché (publishes many documentary extracts).

his life. This, therefore, might well have been the first of them. The royalists had persistently negotiated with Bonaparte while he was yet a rising soldier. He seemed now to have reached the summit of power, and alone could open or bar the way to the restoration of Louis XVIII. Having toyed with their offers, it is claimed that he gave the pretender to understand that his own highest ambition was an Italian principality. Hopes, thus awakened, had strengthened the royalist party, but as its ranks grew in number dissension kept equal pace, until, while one faction, the strongest, standing on the strictest legitimacy, remained true to the so-called King, who was now living in Mittau, another, under the leadership of Artois, was scheming in England for that prince, and a third, weary of the petulant and quarrelsome feebleness of the other two, favored the young Duc d'Enghien, and grew daily stronger in Paris by desertions from both. The members of the Enghien faction were indefatigable, and at last from among their Vendean supporters was formed a secret junta which, on the evening of December twenty-fourth, 1800, placed an infernal machine in front of the First Consul's carriage as he drove to the opera through the narrow street of St. Nicaise. His coachman, catching sight of the strange obstacle in time, swerved, and drove swiftly past, barely saving his passengers from the effects of a terrific explosion which occurred the moment after, killing outright several innocent persons, wounding sixty, and destroying about forty houses. The First Consul and his wife drove on, and, pale with excitement, appeared for a few moments in their box before the expectant audience, which had already heard the news. They then quietly withdrew. The effect on the public was electrical, and the measures subsequently taken by the government were heartily applauded.

From this circumstance Bonaparte reaped a rich harvest, his perfidy being comparable to that of the plotters themselves. The shameful deed was first charged on the radicals, and by decree of the senate a hundred and thirty of them were deported to the slow torture of places like the Seychelles, tropical islands in the Indian Ocean. Fouché, suspected of lingering Jacobinism, was on a trifling pretext temporarily deprived of his portfolio, and was not ostensibly restored to favor until 1804. Appointed senator, however, and enjoying high consideration, his treatment did not please the brothers of the First Consul. Their irritation was further increased by their knowledge of confidential relations between Napoleon and the senator. During the latter's retirement from his ministry he seems to have been quite as influential secretly as he was openly and manifestly when he resumed office. In the interim Ceracchi, Arena, and their fiery-tongued companions were falsely condemned and executed. It was soon known that the true culprits were the Vendéans, but Bonaparte declared that the banished radicals would not be allowed to return because their absence was a guarantee of the public safety. Only two of the real criminals were eventually captured and executed. But the most disgraceful consequences of this conspiracy, known in French history as the Plot of Nivôse, were the fall of Moreau and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the remoter causes of which lie as far back as the First Consul's determination, formed at this time, that he would diminish the chance of such murderous attacks by striking terror to the hearts of all his enemies.

In the rearrangement of powers consequent to the eighteenth of Brumaire and the adoption of the constitution of the year VIII, the able men of the republic had been provided for, partly in lucrative offices con-

nected with administration, partly in the tribunate and the legislature. The greatest were in the former, and their acknowledged leader was Benjamin Constant, the friend of Mme de Staël. They represented in a measure the courage and the idealism of the Revolution, but they were in a false position, and showed neither wisdom nor prudence. Accordingly, they made a serious tactical blunder, and fixed upon certain doubtful paragraphs introductory to the civil code in order to manifest their discontent with Bonaparte's self-assertion. They resisted not only the reintroduction of such antiquated barbarisms as the confiscation by the state of property belonging to those who for any reason were deprived of their civil rights, and of the goods of unnaturalized strangers who died within its limits, but attacked likewise provisions of the judicial and financial statutes which were wisely conceived, and were of great utility to the country, some of them being in part their own work. As they talked, their friends in the legislature voted.

By a provision of the constitution both these assemblies were to be continuous, one fifth of the old members retiring every year; but a method of designating the class to be retired first, and of choosing their successors, was not presented. When the appointed time for this change arrived, the First Consul was so determined to be rid of the troublesome republicans in the tribunate that he even contemplated expelling them by force, or abolishing the body as a whole. "There are twelve or fifteen metaphysicians there," he had said on one occasion, "fit only to be drowned. It is a kind of vermin which I have in my clothes, but I shall not allow myself to be attacked like Louis XVI. No, I shall not endure it." However, a less violent method was found by Cambacérès, and adopted. The senate had been

so constituted as to represent the political indifference which made possible Bonaparte's political career, and from the beginning it was a subservient tool. On several occasions — as, for instance, when about to admit Daunou to their number — the members had been made to feel the terrors of its creator's wrath. The constitution and its interpretation being their special charge, they were now ordered as a constitutional measure to select not merely the names of both the tribunes and legislators who should leave, but also those of their successors. Needless to say that all the ardent and outspoken men like Daunou, Constant, and Chénier went out. The only man of importance among those chosen to the tribunate was Carnot. Fifteen generals or superior officers and twenty-five officials took seats in the legislature.

It requires no astuteness to see that with the establishment of an obedient senate as the guardian of the constitution, and superior to its provisions, nothing was thereafter impossible under the cloak of regular procedure. Any measure which was "conservative of the constitution" could be legalized. The time seemed ripe to introduce the hereditary element into the Consulate, a step which had lately been desired by Bonaparte with an eagerness but poorly concealed from his friends.

When the treaty of Amiens was to be formally ratified the opportunity was at last found. This act marked the pacification of the world, a consummation long and ardently desired in France. The popularity of him who was the author of the peace could reach no higher limits. To show the gratitude of the state, and to guarantee the perpetuity of so great a work, his power must be prolonged. As to the extent, no one could learn Bonaparte's wishes: whatever recompense the great

powers of the state chose to bestow he would accept. In vain were all attempts to sound the depths of his desires; the crowning honor must be forced upon him. But his friends failed to apprehend what would be considered worthy, and the program laid down was consequently of petty dimensions. When the treaty was laid before the tribunes their president proposed that some striking mark of national gratitude should be bestowed on General Bonaparte, First Consul, and a resolution to that effect was adopted. There had already been considerable discussion about presenting to him St. Cloud, the royal residence nearest to Paris; but he had privately declared that he would accept nothing from the people during his term of office, and the proposition had been dropped. With something of this kind in view, a committee of conference at once signified the action of the tribunate to the senate in order that "the first assembly of the nation should interpret a general sentiment" which the tribunes could only express.

With a dexterity acquired by habit, the complaisant senate made ready to formulate a decree. Both the prolongation for life of the Consulate and making the office hereditary were proposed as fitting testimonials. Pretending to believe that the First Consul's public virtue would repulse anything so radical, the majority rejected these suggestions, and prolonged the term of his office for ten years. When he saw himself thus overreached the reticent chief magistrate displayed a dangerous passion. But he soon mastered himself, and replied to the senators with formal thanks, declaring that his respect for the sovereignty of the people would not permit him to accept the prolongation of his magistracy without the authorization of the nation; that he was ready, if called upon, to make a new sacrifice. A meeting between the family and many confidential friends was

at once held, in which either Lucien or the "wise Cambacérès" suggested an appeal to the nation. The council of state then took up the matter and proposed to ask for a plebiscite on the question, Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life? Roederer wished to add, "and have the right to name his successor," but the First Consul declared that that would be an encroachment on popular rights, and struck out the words. On May eleventh, 1802, it was publicly announced that the voting would begin immediately. Three months elapsed before the returns were complete. In the interval both tribunate and senate hastened to vote in favor of the measure. Congratulations as to the foregone conclusion soon began to reach the Tuileries from all quarters.

It was in this interval, moreover, that the two servile bodies finally stamped with their approval the measures which reestablished the slave-trade, even though nothing decisive had as yet occurred at San Domingo. It is not difficult, considering the circumstances, to understand the popularity of a measure, passed at about the same time, for establishing the now well-known Legion of Honor. The passion for pins, badges, ribbons, and personal decorations of every sort is well-nigh universal. They gratify the sense of achievement among men who are able, and flatter the vanity of those who are not. To this passion, in itself not necessarily ignoble, the First Consul determined to appeal for further support.

Every new institution of importance so far created by Bonaparte might, with no great ingenuity, be turned into a prop of autocratic government. The Legion of Honor was a measure easily manageable in the interest of any government which might control it. Priests and emigrants were now his natural allies, the constitution had been virtually superseded, the troublesome senators, tribunes, and legislators had been either dismissed or

else called to order, and the surrounding nations, one of them a kingdom, were, in relation to France, like the sheaves bowing to Joseph's sheaf. Roederer declared that the great deeds of the nation made it essential to revive the sentiment of honor. Though the Convention abolished all titles it nevertheless provided that "arms of honor" might be granted to soldiers who had won distinction. An article of the new constitution guaranteed, in the name of the French people, a recompense to its armies. This simple phrase was the sanction chosen for the erection of a corporation which, like the orders of absolutism, might intermediate between the people and their magistrate in order to lend him the same mystery which ever surrounds any monarch who is the "fountain of honor." In well-considered and weighty words the First Consul declared that truly great generals must possess a high degree of civil virtue. That men in civil life were concerned in the main, not with force as were mere soldiers, however brave, but with reason and truth, with the general welfare and the discussion of principles: this was the conclusive evidence to him of their right to drink at this fountain, a right more imperative than that of military men. They could not therefore be excluded. The republicans saw the trap, and resisted sturdily, but to no purpose. The law having passed on May nineteenth, 1802, the ranks were at once constituted, and the decorative badges determined. Every member swore devotion to the service of the republic and resistance to any effort toward the restoration of feudalism in all its attributes: consciences were thus quieted. Right and left the men of science, of art, and of literature appeared with their ribbons and rosettes; the nation applauded, and Bonaparte's opinion was justified. "You call these toys! Well, you manage men with toys," he had declared. The event justified him.

In August the result of the plebiscite was announced: among three and a half millions of votes only a few thousand were in the negative. One of them was Lafayette's. His gratitude to Bonaparte for release from his Austrian prison had so far expressed itself in abstaining from open opposition to his liberator's will, although in reality he was the strongest exponent of what little enlightened liberalism was left in France. Determined not to approve even negatively of what was passing, but to withdraw from public life, he wrote to the First Consul remonstrating against the latter's course. "Surely," he said, "you, who are the first in that order of men who lay tribute on all the ages in order to find a compeer and a place, would wish that such a revolution, such conquest and bloodshed, such sufferings and marvelous deeds, should have for you some other end than arbitrary power." The protest was of course unheeded.

Thus, then, to use Bonaparte's language, "liberty and equality were put beyond the caprice of chance and the uncertainty of the future." A few finishing touches were given to the work after the announcement of the vote. The lists of notables were abolished, and small cantonal assemblies designated the candidates for lower offices. Electoral colleges of manageable size sent up from the districts the names of candidates for the tribunate; similar colleges sent up from the departments the names of candidates for the legislature and the senate; while all the electors of these primary assemblies were appointed for life. The functions of the tribunate were limited, and it deliberated thenceforward behind closed doors. The council of state was stripped of its supremacy by the creation of a small privy council which did most of its work. The powers of the senate were so enlarged as to make it nearly sovereign. It

could suspend or interpret the constitution, reverse the decisions of the courts, and dissolve the tribunate and legislature, always provided the proposition came from the government. And the government retained only three prerogatives — the pardoning power, the right to designate a successor in the office of chief magistrate, and the right to nominate forty senators. In reality, the clever manipulation of these provisions made the First Consul supreme for life, and his office hereditary, without recourse to a further plebiscite.

A few wise men understood how the nation had been fettered, and one of them proposed in a pamphlet that Bonaparte should be made king if only he would restore constitutional government. It was easy to dismiss with scornful disdain a proposition so subversive of "liberty." The nation was content. The Revolution had at last culminated through the fulfilment of its ideals in the person of a warrior strong to realize them at home and defend them abroad. The boundaries of France were enlarged, order prevailed within her borders, peace had been made with honor, the "empire" of liberal ideas was established in the "empire" of France, a favorite phrase of the Convention, and in it the existence of beneficent institutions permeated by a liberal spirit was guaranteed by the assured control of one who could turn experiments into national habits.

Behind the Consul for life stood a now purged and unified army, recruited by a system which insured its perpetuity and efficiency. The child of the Revolution, the army, was a national institution; but the influence of Bonaparte, combined with the conscription laws of the Directory and the Consulate, had gradually and completely changed its character and its spirit. Fathers no longer gave their sons for a principle, families no longer saw conscripts march forth with the sense that they

were making a sacrifice to patriotism. Long experience had made this a matter of course; young men went out to fight for glory and, alas! too often for booty. Since the first Italian campaign under him who was now chief magistrate for life, the latter motive was always present and often avowed. The leader who could be relied on to gratify the French passion for distinction, and at the same time put money in the purse of his soldiers, might be confident of their devotion.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE THRESHOLD OF MONARCHY ¹

Bonaparte at Maturity — Ability and Opportunity — Personal Appearance — Mind and Manners — Personal Habits — The Man of France — The Consular Court — The First Consul's Cynicism — The Feud between Bonapartes and Beauharnais — Disuse of the Republican Calendar — The "Genius of Christianity."

BONAPARTE was now thirty-four. Thus far he had been not alone the tool of fate nor yet entirely the architect of his own fortunes; he had been both. In Corsica his immature powers had been thwarted by conditions beyond his control. During the Revolution he had caught at every straw which would spare his life and give him a living. Until his marriage he was a soldier of fortune, and fortune made it difficult, either by professional excellence or political scheming, to grasp any of her favors. Accordingly he went without them, suffering, erring, dreaming, philosophizing, observing, and gathering the experience which made him mature at the age when most men are still boys. The observer

¹ Personal details are abundant in Antommarchi, Montholon, Las Cases and Gourgau, likewise in the memoirs of the brothers Joseph and Lucien, of the ladies Junot, de Rémusat, de Genlis, and Avrillon, of Barante, Barras, Bourrienne, Chaptal, Chateaubriand, Constant, de Gerardin, Mallet du Pan, Méneval, Thiébault, and Rapp; in Lord Hol-

land's recollections and in the following books: Aubenas: *Vie de Josephine*, Ducrest: *Mémoires sur Josephine*; Bouilly: *Mes récapitulations*; Lamartine: *Histoire de la Restauration*; Lacretelle: *Histoire du Consulat*, Bégin: *Histoire de Napoléon*, and Stenger: *La Société Française pendant le Consulat*.

can descry no revolution in his character when opportunities began to open. There are the same unscrupulous enterprise, the same determination to seize the chances of the hour, the same ability to make the most of circumstances; but the grist is now wheat and the resultant output is flour.

Every success is made introductory to another effort, and his scheming shows the same overweening self-confidence as that of his boyhood. Only now his plans unfold, not in the chill blasts of habitual failure, but in the mild breezes of prospering influences. Many historians proclaim the existence of a great life-scheme, declaring that with satanic powers the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof. All that is clear is the continued use, by a great mind tempered in the fires of experience, of ever greater opportunities as they arose. Like all men of commanding ability, Bonaparte belonged, not to one age, but to all ages. His elemental nature made the time and place and conditions in which he actually lived a means to his end, exactly as another century and another environment would have been. Whatever he might have been elsewhere or in another age, he was the personification of France as she was in his time, when he arrived by her desire and connivance at the height of his power.

"Calm on a fiery steed"; thus he desired that the great painter of the time, David, should portray him for posterity. Thus he firmly decided both to appear and to be. But the trustworthy portraits of the time, varying strangely, according to the artist and the mood of the sitter, leave in the composite a quite different impression, expressed by Lamartine as that of a "restless flame." His massive brow jutting over piercing blue eyes, his fine-cut nose, his thin curved lips, his

strong short chin, all crowned by scant lank chestnut hair and firmly set on a sturdy neck, gave an impression of manly strength; so, too, did his long bust. But his rather muddy complexion, his short stature, his fine and exquisitely modeled hands and feet, the former dazzling in their clear white skin, the easy comfort of supple hat, loose garments, and wrinkled footwear, were evidence of a nervous temperament, impatient of physical discipline. His voice was ordinarily soft and caressing, but his address was cold and haughty, especially to strangers; when roused, however, his speech was brief, sharp, incisive. His gestures were inelegant and his carriage uneasy; his French was incorrect, and the expression of his face had little or no connection with his language. His smiles were forced, but his laughter was hearty. "Smite brass with a glove," he said, "and it is mute, but strike it with a hammer and you get its ring." So he was almost rude in addressing persons of importance, but he was neither affected nor arrogant. It is the universal testimony of those who saw him that his presence was grave and noble, even majestic. De Stael declared that "more and less than human, comparison was impossible."

His imagination was considered by his poet contemporaries to be prodigious; his word memory was poor, but he recalled figures with accuracy, in numbers and details that were bewildering; and he mastered the reports of finance and statistics in such perfection as to stun his agents and ministers. He had an intimate acquaintance with the persons, lives, and family archives of his officers, and as he paced with his hands behind his back, his head on one side, his lips mechanically working from side to side, he could open any pigeonhole of his memory and dictate facts, figures, orders, suggestions for hours. Enemies like Rémusat and Talleyrand

thought him ill-bred, but they admitted that his judgment was infallible, and his capacity for work beyond compare, that, at least, of four men in one. He was an indefatigable reader, especially in the fields of law, philosophy, administration, and war; and in conversation with great specialists he could draw from their stores by apt question the exact explication of difficult points in such a skilful way as to infatuate and fascinate the great men whose society he sought.

Time was his most precious commodity, and for every stage and state of life he had a routine from which he deviated most unwillingly. In these years his days were spent in the careful husbanding of every hour. He rose at seven, summoned his secretaries, and saw both letters and papers opened before his eyes. He read all the former, and heard full reports of the latter, the periodicals, and journals, English and German, as well as French. Meantime he was thoroughly rubbed from head to foot with a silk brush, sprayed with perfumed alcohol, and dried with a sponge. This was varied by frequent baths, for cleanliness, not for invigoration. He then shaved himself before a glass held in position by his body-servant, the Mameluke Rustan. He then slipped quickly into his clothes, all made of the finest, softest materials procurable; his ordinary uniform being the green coat of his chasseurs with a colonel's epaulettes, white nankin breeches, and varnished boots with spurs. Having taken his handkerchief and snuff-box from an attendant, he passed through the door into his office and worked until ten, when a plain breakfast, some simple dish with a single glass of wine, was set before him on a little mahogany table. Having eaten, he took an easy posture on the sofa, spending a short time in reflection, often in light sleep; then rousing himself swiftly, he resumed his dictation, pacing the floor with

knitted brow. The late afternoon was devoted to outdoors and the reception of visitors, his dinner hour was seven, the evening was given to relaxation, and at ten he was asleep. When affairs were urgent, as they very often were, he rose again at midnight, took some light refreshment, chocolate or ices, and wrapped in a gown resumed his work with secretaries at hand for the purpose. His labors terminated, he retired once more and fell at once into a sound sleep. When overwhelmed with anxiety he withdrew from the Tuileries to the quiet of Malmaison.

Visionaries might say in vain and beautiful phrase, as they did then and do now, that, having harvested his laurels and exhausted the glories of conquest, he should turn to ameliorate the race, to guide a great nation with the easy reins of popular law in the brilliant paths illuminated by the light of the century. The ideal nation referred to did not exist. It was because the despotism of monarchy and the madness of revolution had shown the utter absence of self-control in the nation — because the French as a whole were avid not of virtue but of pleasure, not of self-denial but of luxury, not of stern morality but of glory — because Bonaparte was a man after their own heart, that he had some justification in his reply to a demand for liberty of the press: "In a moment," said he, "I should have thirty royalist journals and as many Jacobin ones, and I should have to govern with a minority." Many an earnest, liberty-loving French statesman of to-day has had cause in the bitterness of his heart to recall the language. As the ministries in France topple, and a dozen legislative factions, having each its journal, combine for no other purpose than the sport of overturning the government, it is, alas! too often a minority which neither governs nor rules, but guides the public career by a

kind of sufferance. This occurs because control of the government, even for a short time, means the autocratic control of power, patronage, and honor, as it was arranged by Bonaparte for his own purposes.

There is no doubt that the First Consul realized what he had done and whither he was going. The conspiracies had seriously affected his nerves; more and more he withdrew from the society of all but a few confidants, and surrounded himself with a more rigid etiquette. Mme. Bonaparte gathered to the Tuileries ever larger numbers of the fortune-hunting nobility, who hoped that Bonaparte's elevation would yet prove a stepping-stone to restore the Bourbons. These elegant persons laughed in their sleeves at what they heard and saw. The dress and state of the monarchy were restored, but neither the chief magistrate himself, nor the late republicans who had made good their position at court, had the manners or the morals of those for whom the social institutions of royalty had been developed. The returning nobles thought it very funny that the great man liked seclusion, and found what amusement he took in ghost-stories, in the sighing of the wind, in brusque sallies of coarse wit, or in the rude familiarities of bluff intimacy with plain people, they considered it very absurd that his vices were commonplace and perhaps even worse; they thought it laughable that the newcomers slipped on the polished floors, and it seemed most entertaining that the gentlewomen of the old régime who, like Mme. de Rémusat, had accepted permanent positions as ladies of the palace, were often subjected to treatment and put into positions not foreseen in the training they had received from courtly tutors.

But, for all this, it was not merry at the Tuileries. The chief grew timid and dark before his own achieve

ments, as he sought to master difficulties which ambition does not foresee, but with which it must reckon. No one liked less than Bonaparte to ride abroad surrounded by guards, or to muse in green alleys where, as at Malmaison, every tree was at times the post of a patrol. Yet even he could not alter the necessity, and the system of espionage was extended about him like a cage for his protection. As to friends, they grew fewer and fewer; for one of the First Consul's maxims was the cynical aphorism of Machiavelli, that friends must always be treated as if one day they might be enemies. Even the notion of duty, not to speak of its practice, was foreign to him; generosity, honesty, and sincerity were utopian conceptions of which his world and his experience had never known. The attractive visions and ideals of virtue which mingled with the speculations of Rousseau or Voltaire had become, like the mirage of the desert, empty illusions that heighten the barrenness of self-interest and ambition beneath them. Human greed, passion, vanity — such, Bonaparte declared, are the motive forces by which kings rule; the justice of governors was for him the safeguarding of comfort, of material prosperity, and of the superstitions which under the name of religion create a moral power necessary to the public order.

In the circle immediately surrounding Bonaparte there was much quarreling and jealousy. Josephine having been barren since her second marriage, would the succession go to her children or to her husband's relatives? This was becoming a serious question. Joseph Bonaparte had kept the new order in touch with the republican idea by his skilful diplomacy both in society and in foreign negotiation. He was disposed to yield to his arbitrary brother in any extremity, and his beautiful wife was a tower of strength to the family

interest The vigorous and able Lucien had risen to the height of his chances, and, having acquired a handsome fortune while occupying the post of French minister to Madrid, began to assert his old democratic independence. He was now a widower, and refusing to marry the queen regent of Etruria, espoused a wife from among the people, and this step eventually cost him the penalty of exile. Josephine was successful in making a match between her daughter Hortense and her husband's third brother, Louis; but although at a later time the Emperor contemplated bequeathing his power to their son, for the present their quarrels, instead of appeasing, intensified the Bonaparte-Beauharnais feud. It was sometimes said in loud whispers that the only solution of the impending difficulties was the divorce of the First Consul from his wife; but the question was not yet seriously discussed. The consular pair had never been married by ecclesiastical form, and many have since suggested that it was a discontented husband who had spoken in the manifest partiality for easy divorce which Bonaparte displayed in discussing the civil code. Jerome had been among the officers blockaded in the West Indies by the English fleet. Having escaped to the United States, he became desperately enamored of Elizabeth Patterson, a beautiful woman of Baltimore, and in December, 1803, married her. The pre-nuptial contract is couched in language which proves that her father understood the risks he was taking. As might have been and was expected, the First Consul was furious, refusing to recognize the marriage or the child born of it, and forbidding his sister-in-law to live in France. In a short time the unworthy object of his wrath deserted his family, and returned with few qualms apparently, to his elder brother's fold and a share in the splendors of the Empire.

The Bonaparte women were clever intriguers. Madame Mère lived quietly in her own home, where, to her son's exasperation, she continued to speak the Corsican dialect and to save money, it is said that she always distrusted the permanency of her son's elevation. Elisa, now Mme. Bacciocchi, was a shrewd woman of the world, and with Lucien's aid formed a literary coterie of which Chateaubriand was the illumination. Pauline returned from San Domingo to marry Prince Borghese, and became notorious for her conjugal infidelities. Caroline, the wife of Murat, chafed under her husband's intellectual inferiority, but used her position with skill in behalf of her family. Of all his connections none was more useful to the head of the State than Fesch, who was easily persuaded to reënter the Church, and not long after the Concordat became Archbishop of Lyons and cardinal. The republican calendar still nominally survived, but after the reconciliation of State and Church the celebration of the ten-day festival of Décadi, instituted under the republic, fell into disuse, the Church resumed the observance of Sunday, and among the diligent attendants at mass on that day was the First Consul. His near relationship with an ecclesiastical dignitary did not tend to weaken the bonds which tied his government to the religious sentiment of the common people.

In the great world outside the Tuileries there was for a moment peace. Nothing was left of Jacobinism or revolutionary ferment. Old names were restored to streets and places, just as every one now wore the garments of the ancient régime, except the impoverished aristocrats, who in mild protest continued to wear the trousers of the sansculottes. Even they, however, had got back a small portion of their properties, and the newly rich saw in the confirmation of personal govern-

ment by a consul through a so-called republic the guarantee that restitution of the rest to its former owners would never be required of them. Both alike were therefore satisfied with what was sure. Thus in the same way monarchists and republicans were equally gratified, the latter with a semblance of democratic government, the former with a reality which might end in royalty, the full fruition of their yearnings. In short, public confidence was restored, and showed itself in a respectable, temperate decency of living which had been foreign to Paris under the Directory. Everything appeared as if society were performing its normal functions in commerce, trade, industry, and religion. Even art and literature revived as if upon a solid substructure of permanent organic life. Mme. de Stael had fought gallantly for notoriety and for the attention of the great, so dear to her woman's heart in spite of all its philosophy; but Bonaparte never forgave her persistent self-seeking, nor the insight into his character which she and her friends displayed, and he discovered that the air of Paris disagreed with her. Chateaubriand, a noble of high imaginative power and brilliant literary gifts, after several unsuccessful ventures as a romantic youth, had finally published in 1797 an "Essay on Revolutions," which was intended to be a peacemaker in the struggle of ideas, to mediate between the monarchy and the republic. It was imbued with atheism and the philosophy of Rousseau. Very soon after its appearance the author was the subject of a remarkable conversion, and at once began the composition of his treatise on the "Genius of Christianity," that exquisitely literary and pious work which established his fame. Although he had been hitherto unknown to Bonaparte, his book was so opportune in its far-reaching influence that men could not rid themselves of the feeling that

the writer was sponsor for the Concordat Eloquent and poetic in style, the dissertation is nevertheless arid in opinion and scanty in argument. Its life was therefore ephemeral, but its influence while it lasted was supreme; as a reward for its composition, Chateaubriand was made the French representative first in Rome, afterward in the republic of Valais.

CHAPTER XXIV

EXPANSION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM ¹

The Interpretation of a Treaty — The Document Signed at Amiens — Addington's Policy — English Influence in Germany — Reconstruction of the German State System — Its Consequences — Lord Whitworth at Paris — Bonaparte's Attitude — Influence of the Army — English Disenchantment — Recriminations between England and France — The Trial of Peltier — Diplomatic Hostilities — Sebastiani's Report

THE First Consul might well feel that the constitution of the year VIII had approved itself. The madness of Jacobinism was not merely checked, it was utterly crushed out; political liberty had apparently not been diminished, civil liberty had been formulated and assured as never before, finally, the renown of France had never been more brilliant, and the Consulate had used her glory to make the peace with honor so earnestly desired. Nothing was left but to secure permanency for the well-ordered life thus begun. Opinions varied widely as to how far this was possible. The diplomatists of Europe were not hopeful, knowing as they did what self-control had been exercised on both sides in negotiating the treaty of Amiens, what knotty

¹ Aside from the documentary authorities, printed and otherwise, which have been already enumerated, the most valuable memoirs for this period are those of Chaptal, Czartoryski, Lucien Bonaparte, Joseph de Maistre, Méneval, Metternich, Miot de Melito, Morolles, Norvins, and Pasolini Fur-

ther. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Cornwallis's Correspondence, Castlereagh's Letters and Despatches, the Paget Papers, Malmesbury's Journal, and Carr's Stranger in France. See likewise Lecestre's New Letters of Napoleon (*Lettres inédites*, etc.)

questions had been passed over, and how easily the stipulations might be rendered of no effect by opposite interpretations of their spirit, on the other hand, Bonaparte, though aware of the strain which at such an epoch must exist in the relations between monarchies and republics, and of the warlike temper of the dynasties, believed that the pressure of public opinion would insure the observance of the treaty. For him its essential feature was the restoration of Malta to its former owners, the Knights of St. John, that is, to the sphere of French influence, or, in other words, England's surrender of absolute control in the Mediterranean. He does not appear to have recalled that others might think a corresponding diminution of French influence on the Continent equally essential to its correct interpretation.

For the treaty of Amiens contained other stipulations. England's warfare was not to be in vain. Trinidad and Ceylon were splendid acquisitions to her colonial empire, and she retained her right to use the harbors of the Cape of Good Hope. Except the two islands just mentioned, Spain and the Batavian Republic got all their colonies back, and the House of Orange was to be indemnified for its loss of power in Holland. As to the Oriental question, England's pride was not humbled, Turkey being left as before the war in respect to her territorial boundaries, and being recognized again as the suzerain both of the Ionian Isles and of Egypt. In return Great Britain was to evacuate the latter country, and by the surrender of Malta abandon her control of the Mediterranean highway. France was to evacuate Rome, Naples, and Elba. Such was the paper to which on March twenty-seventh, 1802, Joseph Bonaparte, Cornwallis, Azara, and Schimmelpenninck set their hands for their respective countries — France,

Great Britain, Spain, and the Batavian Republic. No mention was made of Piedmont, or of the Helvetic Republic, or of the reconstruction of Germany in accordance with the peace of Lunéville, a matter which was to be settled by agreement between France and Russia according to a treaty which had been signed on October eighth, 1801. Alexander, the new Czar, on his accession in the previous March, had promptly abandoned the armed neutrality and the doctrine of "neutral flag, neutral goods." Ostensibly he remained friendly to Bonaparte, but he declared in his instructions to Markoff, his ambassador at Paris, that the First Consul, "in flattering the deceased Czar, had been mainly desirous to use him as a weapon against England." To Paul, who had been ready to fight for the "liberty of the seas," and to check Great Britain in India, Bonaparte might have yielded control in Italy; but to Alexander, who, it was clear, was about to desert France, he would naturally not yield one shred of continental control beyond what was absolutely essential for peace.

The success of the negotiations at Amiens was largely due to the personal characters of two men — Lord Cornwallis and Joseph Bonaparte. The latter was conciliatory; the former, as Napoleon told Lord Ebrington, in 1814, was from his integrity and goodness an honor to his country. No sooner was the treaty signed than the opposition leaders of the English Parliament began to declare that it gave to France the mastery of the Continent. Addington stoutly denied the allegation. Addison had always held the view that Great Britain had been made an island in order that she might be the arbiter of the Continent. This well-worn doctrine Addington vigorously maintained, and, stung by the taunts of his opponents, he began the reign of peace with a stronger emphasis than ever upon the time-honored

policy of meddling in continental affairs. In the Batavian, Helvetian, Cisalpine, and Ligurian republics the English diplomatic agents renewed their efforts to discredit the French influence, giving comfort and support to those who would gladly have overturned all that Bonaparte had done. The malcontents were, however, comparatively few, because the people, having so long been the plaything of the old European dynasties, had been but slightly invigorated by the revolutionary epoch, and were content if only they might enjoy a period of uninterrupted repose.

In Germany, however, the English envoys had a better field, for in that disrupted land the case of the population, though resembling that of those who dwelt in the countries just enumerated, was not identical. Ever since France had asserted the doctrine that her natural frontier was the Rhine, the simplest answer to the question of how the temporal princes of the Germanic body were to be indemnified for the territories she was seizing had evidently been found in recurring to Richelieu's policy at the close of the Thirty Years' War, namely, the secularization of bishoprics, and their incorporation with dynastic states. In the Congress of Rastadt, Austria had grudgingly admitted this as a guiding principle, disastrous as it was to her supremacy in the empire — a supremacy based on the support of the ecclesiastical rulers, who, being bound to no dynasty, naturally rallied about the great Roman Catholic power, in opposition to Prussia, her Protestant rival. So far, therefore, Roman Catholicism in Germany had been in the main conservative, and English diplomatists found ample room for the display of their ingenuity in offsetting religious factions, as well as political cliques and dynastic interests, one against the other.

But after the Concordat Bonaparte's position was so

utterly changed that all the liberal Roman Catholics in Germany, and a large proportion of the rest, had little to choose between France and Austria. He was therefore able to carry out in Germany the excellent policy of entire reconstruction which he had pursued in Italy — a policy which had had the sanction of French royalism and of French republicanism. As a protector of the Church he could go only so far in the wholesome process as he was able to make the world believe to be necessary. Insisting, with this in view, that both the great German powers should be separated from the Rhine by a line of little states, he began to carve lands and transfer communities without the slightest regard to their will. Nothing proves more conclusively how entirely the balance of power had been destroyed, or how the old conceptions of international relations were crushed, than the position of the Germanic body and the disposition Bonaparte made of it. The petty states fell suppliant at Talleyrand's feet, and the venal minister spared those which paid the most, the others disappeared from the map without any protest except from their own deposed princes. Scores of the corrupt little courts which had disgraced the German name died without any to mourn their demise, and proud imperial cities were forced to bow before the semi-feudal dynasties. The process wrought havoc in the local jealousies which had prevented in Germany that wholesome national development already advanced among other European peoples.

In a succession of treaties the work went steadily on. The Czar was pacified by liberal grants to his relatives of the reigning house of Wurtemberg. Prussia got an exchange for Cleves and the price of her neutrality in such fine domains as Hildesheim, Paderborn, Quedlinburg, and many others; Austria suffered for her defeats in accepting the Italian arrangements, and a smaller

share than seemed her right in Germany; but the Grand Duke of Tuscany got Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, Brixen, Trent, and part of Eichstadt. Bavaria received Passau in fulfilment of Bonaparte's promises. Baden and Darmstadt were, as border states, made slightly stronger than they had been. The substance of the arrangement between France and Russia was the humiliation of Austria, the strengthening of Prussia, the dismemberment of the Holy Roman Empire, and the dislocation of the hitherto existing scheme of European politics. The ruling houses of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt were all related to the Czar. It seemed a gain for him that their strength was increased; on the other hand, they discerned in Bonaparte the power which rewarded them for their fidelity to France, and became his firm supporters. It is needless to say that English statesmen looked on aghast at this reconstruction of Europe, and began to ask if their country's traditional enemy could thus work its will without hindrance, and to the hurt, not only of England's glory, but of England's prosperity, perhaps to the menace even of her independence.

These changes were in steady progress throughout the autumn of 1802 and the first month of 1803, being completed in February of this year. They were not announced as the "enactment of the imperial delegates," so called by courtesy, until then, and whatever might have been suspected, they were not definitely known before then. But as early as September, 1802, Addington took a step which proves that at that early date his government was determined to put its own interpretation on the treaty of Amiens, or rather to consider any interpretation of the treaty of Lunéville not in England's favor as a breach of the treaty of Amiens. This step was the appointment as British ambassador at Paris

of Lord Whitworth, a stately, unbending, self-restrained aristocrat. He would have been an admirable representative of Great Britain at a Bourbon court; his presence at the quasi-republican consular levees of Bonaparte was in itself a standing rebuke to the new order. The character of his instructions was in consonance with his appointment. They expressed suspicion that France was secretly planning to harm English interests, and required him to pay special attention to the lands "under the dominion of the republic." The annexation of Piedmont was cited as a grievance, as was also the attitude of France to the three new republics. He was to refuse any satisfaction concerning Malta, and not to commit "his Majesty as to what may be eventually his intentions with respect to the island." In particular, he was to watch the French policy in regard to the Indies, both East and West. Such a man with such instructions could in no wise be considered or felt to be a minister of peace. He began in December to assert that the French nation despised its government, and that Bonaparte's finances were in serious disorder. Thenceforward carping and faultfinding were intermingled in his correspondence with statements outwardly calm but suppressedly indignant about the course of France. He said, moreover, that every year of peace was better for Great Britain than a year of war, because it would give strength and courage to those of the French whose interest lay in overthrowing the Consulate, which, on the other hand, would be weakened by inactivity.

The First Consul was equally astute. It is said that during the winter a member of the council of state expressed his satisfaction with the peace. "Do the signatures of the great powers make them any less our foes?" was the rejoinder of Bonaparte. The response

was of course in the negative. "Well, then," he continued, "draw the necessary conclusion. If these states are always keeping war *in petto* in order to renew it, the sooner it comes the better, for with every day fades the memory of their defeats, while the prestige of our victories is forgotten in equal measure. Every advantage, then, is on their side. Remember that a first consul is in no respect like these kings by the grace of God, who look on their kingdoms as heirlooms. This is for them an advantage, for us a hindrance. Hated by its neighbors, compelled to hold in restraint various classes of internal malcontents and at the same time to inspire respect in so many external foes, the French state needs glory, and therefore war. It must either surpass all others or fall. I shall put up with peace as long as my neighbors are able to keep it, but I shall think it an advantage if they compel me to take up my arms before they are rusty. . . . From our point of view I regard the peace as a short armistice, and consider myself doomed to fight almost without intermission throughout my term of office." This language, though credibly reported, was set down at a much later time, as also was a statement of Lucien's in his memoirs that it was ambition, not patriotism, which after the peace of Amiens made war a necessity to his brother. The notices of the time which have come to us from those not in the thick of plot and intrigue — men like Rapp and others of his kind — create a different impression. that Bonaparte was heartily sick of war, and really desired peace, not of course a peace of recession, but one of further penetration for French prestige and influence, an invading peace as it has been aptly styled.

Yet it is impossible to feel sure of the First Consul's innermost desire, in view of the great army at his back eager for war and still posted at the most advantageous

strategic points of Europe. Where such an army exists there must be a powerful military party, and such a party must influence a great general. As late as 1875 the great military leaders of the German Empire nearly thwarted the statecraft of Bismarck, and almost succeeded in renewing the Franco-Prussian war for the purpose of reducing France to vassalage. Similar influences may have weighed at times with Bonaparte; but the charge that already in 1802 France was the destined victim of Bonaparte's ambition, and all Europe but its tool, remains unproved. He was not yet convinced that war was essential for the extension of his influence, and there is no proof until two years later that his dreams of Western empire had taken definite form. Then, when France was fighting for her life with an England governed by a narrow-minded and unwholesome king, and when dynastic Europe was all allied against him, he appears to have become convinced that the time had finally arrived when, to defeat England and destroy dynastic rule in Europe, he must by all means at his command unite the Western world under his sway.

Both the preliminaries of London and the peace of Amiens had been hailed with joy by the industrial and mercantile classes of England. It is true the Christian sentiment of the country was shocked by the official restoration of the slave-trade on the part of France; but that feeling was momentarily stilled in view of the untold benefits to commerce which might justly be expected as the result of peace. In this expectation, however, the merchants were disappointed, for the Consulate immediately put in force certain arbitrary and annoying shipping regulations intended to limit any encroachments on its rigid protective policy. The pious philanthropy of England has ever seen missionary zeal go hand

in hand with British commerce as the best means of simultaneously fulfilling England's destiny and ameliorating the world. Accordingly, public opinion again took up the cry against the slave-trade, and soon was so changed that the cheers of the multitude were turned into renewed execrations of Bonaparte. Thenceforward the influences which combined to create a warlike temper in England were cumulative. It was found by private citizens that the clause of the treaty which removed all sequestrations from their property in France was not easily enforced. Statesmen began to say that by a further extension of the system of federated states under French hegemony their maritime empire would insure nothing but the insignificant carrying-trade with the colonies, while the European commerce, which was far more important, would be delivered into other hands. The King feared lest, with the guarantee of territorial sanctity, which was its mainstay, absolutism itself would go.

The bitter discontent of the British was expressed in the public press almost before the ink was dry on the treaty of Amiens. Bonaparte, demanding the right to establish consuls in the chief ports of England and Ireland, designated the officials and sent them to their posts. Under the pretext that these men were spies, charged to make and forward to Paris plans of the harbors, they were seized, and forbidden to enter on their duties. Moreover, one Peltier, an emigrant, began without hindrance from the authorities to publish in London a French royalist journal, "*L'Ambigu*," which lampooned and abused the First Consul in a shameful but brilliant way. Two months after the date of the treaty Bonaparte began to remonstrate against such license. The English administration pleaded the freedom of the press under constitutional guarantees, and

asserted the truth of the allegations brought against the consuls. Soon the tide of recrimination was in full flood, and the columns of the "Moniteur" were filled with matter similar to the offensive contents of the English press. The journals of Paris began to declare that "Carthage must be destroyed." It was the irony of fate that while in England the government could deny its responsibility for the utterances of the newspapers, Bonaparte, who had utterly destroyed the freedom of the press in France, could be held to strict account for every word printed.

As early as July, the First Consul made his grievances a subject of diplomatic remonstrance. Receiving a mild reply, he then enumerated as matters of complaint, in addition to the license of the English papers, the residence of emigrants in Great Britain, her harboring conspirators like Georges Cadoudal, and her protection of the Bourbon princes. Although the Alien Act would have made it possible for the government of England to banish political refugees, it was contrary to a wise policy to do so, and this was explained to the French ambassador. In order, however, temporarily to appease the French government, Peltier was prosecuted for libel of the First Consul. By the skill of the defendant's counsel the trial was turned into a jubilation over the liberty of the press; and though the culprit was technically condemned, he was never brought to punishment. Thereafter, by the aid of a subvention from Bonaparte, the Irish radicals began to publish in London a fiery paper, the contents of which were supplied from Paris, and were intended to counteract the influence of the English journals.

Meantime the First Consul gave every evidence that his only warfare was to be a diplomatic one; his chief interest was clearly the improvement of French indus-

tries, the extension of beneficent public works, and the consolidation of his colonial empire. Louisiana had been ceded to France by Spain in exchange for the kingdom of Etruria, and an expedition was being fitted out to go and take possession of it. Efforts were directed also to the eastward, Sebastiani, a skilful diplomat, being despatched in September, under the guise of a commercial agent, carefully to examine Persian affairs and report on the situation in the Levant. As a counter-check to the outcry which Bonaparte believed would be raised over the annexation of Piedmont, he filled Ireland with secret agents whose duty it was to foment and organize the spirit of insurrection, while carefully studying the country. Ostensibly they too were commercial agents, and even when some of their instructions were seized by English officials, nothing to the contrary could be proved. In their case, as in that of Sebastiani, it does not appear that Bonaparte was aiming at anything but to secure an alternative in case of extremity. That he had eventually to take the alternative in Ireland is no proof to the contrary. Similarly there was no overt hostility in the fact, considered from any point of view, that Ney's fine army of thirty thousand men, sent to Switzerland ostensibly in the interest of good order, served likewise to check both Prussia and Austria, should they prove restive under the new reorganization of Europe. When England remonstrated, Bonaparte declared in a note of October twenty-third, 1802, to his ambassador in England, that his resolution was taken. If war was threatened, it must needs be a continental war, the consequence of which could only be to force him to conquer Europe. He was about thirty-three years old. Hitherto he had destroyed only second-class states. "Who knew how long he would take to change the face of Europe again, and resuscitate

the empire of the West?" This paper Otto, the ambassador, virtually suppressed, knowing how far the threat would jeopardize the peace.

During the summer of 1802, Fox journeyed to Paris, where he was presented to Bonaparte early in September. The English statesman was fascinated, and departed with the conviction that his host desired nothing but peace with a liberal policy both domestic and foreign as far as was consistent with safety. But the English press became none the less virulent in consequence of Fox's favorable report, or of a brilliant defense of France, which he made from his place in Parliament. Toward the close of January, 1803, Talleyrand remonstrated with Whitworth, plumply demanding what England intended to do about Malta. Whitworth made an evasive answer, hinting that the King's opinion of the changes which had taken place in Europe since the treaty might be of importance in determining him as to the disposal of the island. This was the first official intimation that England did not intend to keep her promise. A few days later Sebastiani returned from the East, and on January thirtieth, 1803, the "Moniteur" published his thorough and careful report. It was a long document, fully explaining every source of English weakness in the Orient, and setting forth the possibilities of re-establishing French colonies in Egypt and the Levant. There was only one menacing phrase, but it expressed an unpalatable truth, that "six thousand French troops could now conquer Egypt." The publication in England of this paper raised a tremendous popular storm, and it has pleased many historians to regard Bonaparte's course as a virtual declaration of war. In reality it was merely a French Roland for the English Oliver. If England intended to keep Malta, let her beware of her prestige in the East. Had Bonaparte proposed to act

on Sebastiani's report, he certainly would not have published it. Of course, the English populace utterly failed to grasp so nice a point, and the incident so strained the relations of France and England that all Europe saw the impending crisis — one or the other, or both, must consent to a modification of the treaty in respect to Malta, or there would be war.

CHAPTER XXV

TENSION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE ¹

Reciprocal Impressions — Imminence of War — State of England — Bonaparte as a French Burgher — The Democracy of the Tuileries — Private Interview of Bonaparte and Whitworth — The English Militia Mobilized — Hot Words at Bonaparte's Reception — Explanation of the Scene — France Still Pacific — England Immovable — Declaration of War.

A TRUSTWORTHY estimate has fixed the number of strangers who flocked to France during 1802 at twenty thousand, of whom four fifths were Britons — Fox and Lord Holland among the number. The impressions of the sympathetic English were not merely favorable, their senses were stunned. Like Great Britain herself, France seemed rejuvenated by her successive revolutions, the national life getting new vigor from movement and change. It was clear to them that the new France would be a foe vastly more redoubtable than either the recent or the former one. Pleasure-seekers found nothing of what they desired, neither reckless vice

¹ In addition to the authorities given with the last chapter there are Garden. *Traité Leclercq*. Collection des Lois Lefebvre. Cabinets de l'Europe DuCasse. *Négociations relatives au Traité d'Amiens*, *Négociations de Lunéville*; Jurien de la Gravière. *Guerres Maritimes*. Lettres inédites de Talleyrand à Napoléon. Stern Briefe von Gentz in Oesterreichische Geschichtsforschung, Vol. XXI. Bailieu: Correspondence

inédité du roi Frédéric-Guillaume et la reine Louise avec l'empereur Alexandre I. Himly. *Histoire de la formation territoriale des États de l'Europe centrale*. Holtzhausen. *Der erste Consul und seine deutschen Besucher*. Reichardt. *Un Hiver à Paris sous le Consulat*. Brown: England and Napoleon in 1803. Stanhope William Pitt; *Denkwürdigkeiten des Grafen de Bray*.

nor flippant gaiety. Paris was serious, settled, almost reserved. The country was busy and peaceful, agriculture prosperous, the church restored, life and goods safe, the highways improved, social and mercantile relations regular and dignified. The person of Bonaparte impressed them as that of a sagacious statesman; a commingling, they thought and feared, of Cromwell and Washington. Of anything like their own industrial revival they saw nothing; the ruler, they could see, was not a great financier, not even a fair economist. But he was equally great as a warrior and a civilian, so they returned to report to deaf ears that peace must be maintained even at great sacrifice. Liberal and sympathetic Germans made similar observations, and they marked with interest the simple life and plain ways which prevailed in the Tuileries as the example given to the men of power who had risen to replace the theorists of the Revolution. The France that would offer itself in expiation of monarchical crimes, the regenerator of peoples, the expounder of Utopias, was no more. Firm and erect as her ruler, she appeared no longer as an enchantress, but as a Bellona; herself regenerate, she was defiant of the unregenerate dynasties, which retained but a single high quality: they were the only outward expression of continental nationality.

These strained relations between the two great Western powers were the natural consequence of their antipodal interests, and of the fact that neither was yet exhausted by war. Speaking of the treaty of Amiens soon after it was signed, George III said, "I call this an experimental peace; it is nothing else." It was a double experiment. How far would Bonaparte curb his ambition? How far would England surrender her control of European commerce? It soon became clear that a conciliatory temper existed on neither side, and



In the Museum at Liège, Belgium

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL

that the so-called peace was merely a truce. Moreover, Bonaparte, not long after the arrival of Lord Whitworth, came to feel that the truce would be a short one. Accordingly he recalled from London the too pacific Otto, replacing him in December by General Andréossy. His conviction was assured by the language which the English ambassador used to Talleyrand in January. The interval of peace, short as it was, had so confirmed Bonaparte in the good graces of the French that he likewise felt able to dismiss three other public servants who seemed unwilling to accept the new state of absolute control by the First Consul. These were Fouché, Roederer, and Bourrienne: the first a shrewd, unscrupulous, self-seeking Jacobin; the second a wise, devoted, but fearless and sometimes troublesome adviser; the third a venal, light-headed, and often untruthful secretary, who presumed too much on early associations in order to continue an annoying intimacy. Almost at the same time Lannes was restored to favor, and the consular guard was strengthened. At the opening of what bade fair to be a struggle for life, the protagonist seemed determined to cast off every weight, to discard even his true friends when troublesome.

The landed aristocracy of Great Britain saw all its prestige endangered by Bonaparte's successes; its control of Parliament, its influence in the local governments, its hierarchy in church and state, its absurd control of the suffrage, all stood in glaring contrast to the reforms of diametrically opposed tendency established in France, where burghers and peasants had come to their own and flaunted their rights and powers before all Europe. A British revolution was imminent. The great masters of industry were equally savage and determined. There was a sudden union of all important interests. If Piedmont were annexed, Switzerland made a protectorate,

Italy brought to terms, the lands of the valley and mouths of the Rhine intimidated or won to sympathetic subservience, and the treaty of Lunéville made operative, the island kingdom was isolated indeed. Such a continental combination would close the door in the face of British commerce. Yet there was a greater world than the Continent and markets quite as important. So a continental coalition would open the highways of the ocean, not one of the powers, great or small, being able to maintain an efficient army with an efficient fleet. The policy of alliances and subsidies was ever at hand, and to this again the English ministry recurred. Neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia, antiquated as were their systems and policies, unstable as were their governments and finances, uncertain as were their very boundaries and the loyalty of their subjects; patched, darned, and frayed as were their dynastic relations, not one of them was content, nor easy, nor secure. The material was at hand for a new coalition, quite as rotten as others since the dynastic cloth was old on the garment, the growing and novel sense of nationality. To the labor of renovation George and his ministers put their hands; renovation of old stuff, old patterns, old fashions, all of which should have been thrown into the rag-bag.

The war which was imminent would in no proper sense be a war between England and France, but rather an appeal to arms concerning Bonaparte's expansion of the revolutionary system for his own purposes. Well aware that if war was inevitable it should for his own sake come quickly, Bonaparte determined to learn whether it was inevitable, and to do so in such a way as further to endear him to that class of the French people which now appeared to be his strongest support — the great middle class, or bourgeoisie. Whether general, diplomatist, or statesman, he had never since

his entrance on French public life permitted them to forget that he was one of them. Incidentally it may be remarked that his determination to gratify the middle class whenever possible played a considerable rôle in the grandiose scheme of public works conceived and partly achieved by him. The building of great canals, the perfection of highways, the lavish expenditure of public moneys for the administrative buildings which beautified the provincial towns while distributing the appropriations for these works among the inhabitants, the general control of these enterprises from Paris — all this enormously strengthened the hold which the chief magistrate had upon the country at large. He dressed, behaved, and talked, as far as in him lay, like a French burgher, scornfully and ostentatiously using the forms of society and diplomacy as baubles necessary just so long as they were useful, but holding them up to public contempt whenever that course served his purpose.

Much of the same policy was displayed in the official receptions held in the Tuileries. In the first place, the domestic life of the Bonapartes was carefully accented by the presence of the First Consul's wife and of his sisters with their families. No mistresses were ever allowed to flaunt themselves in public under either the Consulate or the Empire. The same standards of conjugal fidelity were to be supposed valid in the first family of the land as in those of the masses. Then, too, there was displayed a genial familiarity, sometimes even brusque and rude, like that prevalent among the middle class — the good-fellowship which they admired above every other quality. On high occasions the great officers of state with the diplomatic corps were arrayed in a circle like that customary in courts from immemorial times; but grand as they were, they had to put up with much the same treatment from the First Consul while

making his rounds as that which his relatives, his civil and military officials, and the plain people of France generally received at his hands. These unceremonious ways afforded Bonaparte exactly the chance he needed to bring England to an explanation. On Sunday, March thirteenth, 1803, there was held a consular levee at the Tuileries. No one apparently thought it likely to be different from any other, and there was the usual attendance, Lord Whitworth being present to introduce some English ladies and gentlemen to Mme. Bonaparte. But the occasion was destined to be of the first importance historically, and what occurred has been the subject of more misrepresentation and turgid rhetoric than any single event in the life of Napoleon.

For some weeks previous, France had continued to fit out armaments in her ports, destined, it was declared, and probably with truth, to confirm her colonial power in the West Indies and America, and to make good her commercial standing in the Levant and farther Orient. These movements, as well as those of her troops, were declared by the English to be preparations solely intended for the renewal of the war. On Friday, February seventeenth, Whitworth, contrary to all diplomatic precedent, had been summoned to the Tuileries, where he was received by Bonaparte with "tolerable cordiality," to use the ambassador's own words, and seated on one side of the First Consul's table in his private cabinet, while the chief of state dropped into a chair on the other, and began without ceremony to state his views concerning the situation. Acknowledging his irritation at the mistrust shown by England in interpreting the treaty of Amiens, he categorically refused to acquiesce in the continued occupation of Malta and Alexandria by her, but disclaimed any intention of either seizing Egypt or going to war. Expatiating on the respective

forces of England and France, he strove to prove that neither could gain anything by going to war. On many occasions antecedent to this Bonaparte had emphatically stated his conviction that the Western world was a unit, face to face with the other unit, the Oriental world. Their reciprocity is the life of the globe. On this occasion he flatly asked why the two Western powers of the first magnitude, one mistress of the seas, the other mistress of the land, should not arrange to cooperate and govern the world. But Whitworth was no philosopher, and, mindful of his instructions, he gave no sign of taking notice. In conclusion, therefore, the First Consul demanded the speedy evacuation of Malta as the event on which must turn peace or war. If he had really desired war, he said, he could have seized Egypt a month earlier without difficulty. Whitworth made the rejoinders which had been used all along, and when about to instance the territories and influence gained by France was interrupted by Bonaparte with apparent temper. "I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland. Those are trifles," — "The expression he made use of," Whitworth interrupts the quotation to say, "was too trivial and vulgar to find a place in a despatch, or anywhere but in the mouth of a hackney-coachman," — "and it must have been foreseen," continued Bonaparte, "while the negotiation was pending *Vous n'avez pas le droit d'en parler à cette heure.*" ["Now you have no right to speak of it."] Napoleon said of his own temper that it never went below his neck; and as to his vulgar expression, any French scholar can supply it and see that Whitworth did right not to report it; for to translate it would have been to distort the proportions of its significance. Moreover, the English diplomat must have felt the truth of Bonaparte's reasoning. for he at once turned to the matter of English

claims on France, and the First Consul excused the delay by disclaiming all wrong intention. Whitworth expressly states that he brought away no other impression than that Bonaparte intended "to frighten and bully."

Under this impression the English ministry determined to meet bluster with bluster. There was, in spite of all Fox's efforts, a substantial unanimity of anti-French sentiment in Parliament. This the government inflamed by a royal message sent to that body on March eighth, which exaggerated the military preparations in the ports of France and Holland out of all proportion by stating them as a reason why additional measures should be taken for the security of England. On March tenth the militia was called out. News of the message reached Paris on March twelfth. Duroc was in Prussia on a special embassy. The paper was forwarded to him at once, with instructions to say to Frederick William that, if war was declared, France would occupy Hanover — a menace intended to make that monarch active in preserving peace. It was beyond peradventure part of this same system of bluster which made Bonaparte prepare the scene of March thirteenth, before the news of England's arming her militia could have reached him.

While the court was assembling the First Consul passed the time in chatting with the ladies of his family and familiarly joking with their attendants, in particular playing with his nephew, the little Napoleon, son of Louis. His air was unaffected, and he was even merry. Being told that the circle was formed, his manner changed, and he advanced to make his round. Whitworth and Markoff were standing side by side. Asking the former if he had news from England, and receiving an affirmative reply, he said, as Whitworth reported, "'So you are determined to go to war.' 'No, First Consul,' I replied; 'we are too sensible of the advan-

tages of peace.' 'We have,' said he, 'been at war already for fifteen years' As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed, 'That is already too long.' 'But,' said he, 'you want war for another fifteen years, and you force me to it.' I told him that was very far from his Majesty's intentions He then proceeded to Count Markoff and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing at a little distance from me, and said to them, 'The English desire war, but if they are the first to draw the sword I shall be the last to sheathe it. They pay no respect to treaties. It will be necessary henceforth to cover them with black crape.' I suppose he meant the treaties. He then went his round, and was thought by all those to whom he addressed himself to betray great signs of irritation. In a few minutes he came back to me, to my great annoyance, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. [The reader will note the words "personally civil."] He then began again. 'Why such armaments? Against whom such measures of precaution? I have not a single vessel of the line in the harbors of France: but if you wish to arm, I shall arm also; if you wish to fight, I shall fight also. You could perhaps destroy France, but never intimidate her.' 'No one would desire,' said I, 'the one or the other. The world would like to live on good terms with her.' 'Then treaties must be respected,' replied he. 'Woe to them who do not respect treaties! They shall be answerable for it to all Europe.' He was too agitated to make it advisable to prolong the conversation. I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment repeating the last phrase . . . I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency on the occasion." Such is Lord

Whitworth's own account. That it is substantially accurate is proved by Bonaparte's despatch to Andréossy, dated the same night, in which the words used by the First Consul are given in almost identical form.

This is the much discussed "insult to the British ambassador," the scene in which Bonaparte has been represented as threatening to strike Whitworth, "the violent harangue," etc., which has been given as the reason why England broke the treaty of Amiens. As a matter of fact, the whole picture speaks for itself. Bonaparte's behavior was not courtly, and his conduct was a piece of bluster; for the rest, the scene was not merely, as Talleyrand explained it, the First Consul's method of calling the attention of all Europe to the political situation: it was both a means of warning England in the interest of peace and of warning France in the interest of war, if war there must be.

Five days later Whitworth himself wrote that his agent had seen nothing at Havre "which can be construed into an armament; and," adds the ambassador, "I verily believe this is the case in every port of France." He also declared that, judging from Talleyrand's note to the French envoy in London, France was not ready to declare war. The United States minister in Paris was of the same opinion. When next Bonaparte received the diplomatic corps, on April fourth, Whitworth reported that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment.

But the despatches of Lord Whitworth were not published in England as they were written and transmitted. They were printed with such omissions and changes as to make them serve the purpose of the ministry, which was to inflame public opinion. Negotiations were kept up for a few weeks, but without sincerity. England, refusing admission within the fortifications of Malta to the Neapolitan garrison which had

been stipulated for, on the ground that it could not be trusted, suggested that she should keep the island until the transfer could safely be made. Bonaparte then suggested either an Austrian or a Russian occupation, for a term of years, but this England rejected. France then proposed a joint French and English occupation, but this was likewise rejected, and Whitworth was instructed to stand on the ultimatum of a ten years' occupancy by England.

On May tenth the diplomatic rupture occurred, and on May sixteenth England formally declared war. Wilberforce asserted in opposition to the act that "the language of Bonaparte in the later stages of the negotiations" afforded reason to believe that he would have acquiesced in the independence of Malta, or even in the English retention of it for ten years. Whitworth's attitude was felt by moderate and liberal Englishmen to have been far from conciliatory.

The first appearance of William Pitt in the House of Commons after a serious illness brought together on the twenty-third a brilliant audience. It was with breathless interest that they heard him gasp forth the eloquent periods in which he denounced the lambent flame of Jacobinism embodied in Bonaparte, and satirized the Whigs who pleaded the cause of a devastator. The triple round of applause, unprecedented at Westminster, with which his speech was cheered at its close was ominous for those who were to follow. Not even Fox, whose polished oratory was heard with respectful attention, could diminish by a jot or tittle the enthusiasm for war. So therefore the struggle of centuries between France and England, orderly conservatism undismayed and turbulent liberalism afire with zeal, was again renewed. The continental powers were the pawns on the board, the players were Pitt and Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XXVI

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN ARMS ¹

A Debatable Question — The Attack on English Commerce — Bonaparte Abandons his Colonial System — The Neighbors of France — The Feint against England — The Army at Boulogne — England Aroused — Enthusiasm in France.

THE much debated question as to whether or not Bonaparte was victor in the diplomatic struggle, desired the rupture as it occurred and wanted war, is, in the light of the fullest information, apparently unanswerable. If he were a profound philosopher and constructive statesman disposed to abandon the struggle for mastery on the high seas and confine the expansion of France to the Continent, he was ready and his wishes were fulfilled; if, on the other hand, he intended to confront England by sea and her allies by land, he was unready, for he had no fighting navy and he had not expected war so soon. There were the beginnings of colonial empire in Australia, Decaen was on his way to Réunion with a squadron to establish a base of action against British India, the Cape of Good Hope was French, there was every prospect of a powerful Mah-ratta-French alliance in India itself. There were high hopes in the Ionian Isles, in Greece, and for Egypt. Malta might be wrested from England, and so forth.

¹ In addition to the authorities already given, see Rose's *Napoleon and Napoleonic studies*; Philippon in the *Revue Historique* for March, 1901; Bourgeois, *Manuel de Poli-*

tique Etrangère; Castlereagh's *Letters and Despatches*; Mahan's *Sea Power and Life of Nelson*; Pellew's *Life of Lord Sidmouth*; and the *Memoirs of the Earl of St. Vincent*.

Ten of his battle-ships were far away, the remaining thirty-three were just available and no more; there were orders out for building twenty-three new ones, and a visit to Normandy convinced him that all sixty-six could be manned by splendid crews from western France. He indulged in much bravado about possibilities. But the hard fact is that in May, 1803, the French naval power was negligible, while the French land power was in the highest state of efficiency. Pitt had his enormous fleets and his possible coalition in hand, Bonaparte his army and his incomparable military genius.

Hostilities began by the seizure of many French merchantmen which were constructively in English harbors, though in many cases really at sea. The reply of the First Consul to this conduct was equally high-handed: every Englishman between the ages of eighteen and sixty within the borders of France was seized and thrown into confinement. For twelve long years these unfortunate persons were held as prisoners of war. The French embargo on hostile ships antedated England's by three days, and simultaneously with its publication Clarke was instructed to drive English ships from the harbors of Tuscany. In the last days of May an army under Mortier occupied Hanover, and, closing both Bremen and Hamburg to British commerce, exacted large contributions of money from them. In June another force under Saint-Cyr entered Naples, which in strict observance of the treaty of Amiens had been evacuated, and laid a similar embargo on the ports of Taranto, Brindisi, and Otranto. In the case of Hanover, France utterly disregarded the fine point in international law which had so far distinguished between George III as King of England and the German Elector whose patrimony was Hanover; in that of Naples she displayed a disregard for treaty obligations not entirely consistent

with Bonaparte's maledictions on those who did not observe them

Finally, in July the famous "Continental System" was instituted by the decree which absolutely forbade the importation of all English wares into France or the sphere of her influence. In order to cut his enemy off from another quarter of the globe, to strengthen a maritime power hostile to England, and to secure new resources, Bonaparte had already extended the hand of friendship to the United States, having sold to them in April the immense territory then known by the name of Louisiana. The event was second in importance to no other in their history; for it gave them immediate control of the entire intercontinental river-system and later that of the Pacific coast, while indirectly it prepared the way for the conflict of 1812, which finally secured their commercial independence. Thenceforward Bonaparte concentrated his energies for the control of Europe. His financial condition was acute, for Barbé-Marbois had failed in his efforts to negotiate a loan of forty million francs from the Dutch bankers. It was possibly a conversation between Bonaparte and Ralph Izard of South Carolina which turned the attention of the First Consul to Louisiana as a quick asset. The United States easily secured the cash where the French had failed, in Amsterdam by the intermediation of Stephen Girard. With sixty million francs in hand as security, Bonaparte raised as much more on credit, and the purchasing power of this hundred and twenty million francs was fully equal to that of four times the sum to-day. With it he refitted his little fleet, and purchased two hundred and fifty thousand muskets, a hundred thousand cavalry pistols, thirty thousand sabers, and a hundred batteries of field artillery, all arms of improved quality and pattern, the arms used

at Austerlitz, and to which, as he told Latour-Maubourg, he owed that signal victory. The West Indies and Louisiana in one hemisphere, in the other the Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, and a portion of India, with St. Helena and Malta as ports of call — of this he had dreamed, but the failure to secure San Domingo, and England's evident intention to keep Malta, combined to topple the whole cloud castle into ruins. The Continent must be his sphere of action.

At once the states bordering on France were made to feel their position. Holland agreed to furnish five ships of the line, a hundred gunboats, eleven thousand men, and subsistence for a French army of eighteen thousand. For this France guaranteed her territorial integrity with the return of all her colonies, not even excepting Ceylon. Switzerland was to furnish half of her little army in any case, and nearly the whole of it if France were attacked. The sale of Louisiana spread consternation throughout Spain, which had always hoped to recover it, and with that end in view had included in her treaty with France a clause retaining the right of redemption for herself. Deriding her exasperation, Bonaparte despatched an army to the frontier, and demanded in place of the twenty-five ships and twenty-eight thousand men agreed upon in the treaty of 1796 a subsidy of no less than six million francs a month. Godoy, the "Prince of the Peace," who had been made chief minister of Spain, first thought of war, but his masterful opponent threatened the weak king, Charles IV, with a public exposure of the scandalous relation between his queen and that minister, and before the end of the year the demand was granted. Portugal purchased neutrality by a contribution of one million francs a month, and Genoa agreed to furnish six thousand sailors for the French fleets. In consequence England began to prey on Spanish commerce.

The second preparation for war was the much discussed equipment of an expedition to invade England. It is a commonplace of history that the British empire has ever been fortified in the separation of the kingdom from the continent of Europe by a narrow but stormy estuary. There had been repeated invasions from the days of the Anglo-Saxons themselves down to the expedition of William of Orange, but growing wealth had furnished ever increasing armaments, and made access to England's shores so much more difficult with every year that, finally, successful invasion had come to be regarded by her enemies as impossible. On the other hand, the English remained skeptical, and fell into periodic panics on the question. Even now a clever fiction like the "Battle of Dorking," or a revival of the project for tunneling below the Channel, can awaken such anxiety as to insure the passage of any grant for strengthening the navy. This distrust was well known to the French. For years the project of a descent on England had been the standard pretext of the Convention and of the Directory to extort money from office-holders and patriots. This inheritance was exploited by the First Consul to its full value. In general his preparation was doubtless a feint, but there were probably times when the scheme commended itself as an alternative. He told Whitworth that there was but one chance in a hundred of its success; he never seriously tried to execute it; and in the undiplomatic but apparently sincere effusion of October twenty-third, to Otto, the whole stress of his argument is laid on the chances of continental conquest.

Nevertheless he made enormous outlays of money. Boulogne was the spot nearest to England which was available for the gathering and drill of a mighty force. Thither were summoned to form an Army of England

the flower of the troops, a hundred and fifty thousand veterans and recruits, commanded by Soult, Ney, Davout, and Victor. For the first time Bonaparte could work his will in the construction of a fighting-machine. The result was the best machine so far constructed. Tactics were improved, the system of organization was reformed, equipment was simplified, discipline was strengthened, and enthusiasm was awakened to the highest pitch. Moreover, the soldiers were trained in the management of great flatboats, from which they were taught to disembark with precision and skill, both in stormy weather and in the face of opposition. Some were also instructed in the duties of the sailor in order that their services might be available if needed aboard men-of-war. In a letter to Decrès, minister of marine, dated September thirteenth, 1805, the First Consul admitted that his success in these respects had not been striking: he found that his great floats were nearly unmanageable in the currents and tides of the Channel, and that a three days' calm would be necessary for crossing. It also became clear that the attempt could not succeed without the cooperation of a fleet. The chief advantage of the camp at Boulogne, as Bonaparte then saw it, was that he could there keep from eighty to a hundred thousand men in a wholesome situation, ready at a moment's notice to be transferred to Germany.

But the effect in England at the inception of the enterprise was electrical. Her standing army was already a hundred and thirty thousand strong, the militia numbered seventy thousand, and the reserve fifty thousand. In addition there was a body of volunteers which eventually reached the number of three hundred and eighty thousand in England and of over eighty thousand in Ireland. A system of signals was arranged between

vessels of observation in the Channel and stations on the shore, beacons were ready on every hilltop, and the whole land was turned into a camp. The navy was not less strengthened: the number of men was raised from eighty to a hundred and twenty thousand, and a hundred vessels of the line, a hundred or more frigates, and several hundreds of smaller vessels, such as cruisers and gun-boats, were gathered to protect the coasts. Pitt undermined the Addington ministry by calling for ever greater means of defense, and appeared daily for a time at the head of three thousand volunteers raised on or near his own estates. Even Fox laid aside his French sympathies for a while. Parliament authorized a loan of twelve millions sterling, which was promptly taken, and raised the taxes so as to double the revenue. The "nation of traders," as the First Consul sneeringly called them, again stood at ease ready to face her hereditary foe, under a burden of expense which the people a year before had believed would crush them. These were the "slight derangements" which, as the exile of St. Helena told Las Cases, had permanently thwarted the invasion, then represented in his bitterness as having been a serious purpose. It is true that during the period of extravagant preparation a medal was struck with Bonaparte's profile on the reverse, and on the obverse Hercules strangling a Triton, and that measures were discussed for administering the conquered island and for stripping it of its art objects. But further evidence that the entire movement was in the main a pretext for assembling and drilling a great land force to be held in readiness against Austria and Russia will be given in another connection, and on the whole it seems to outweigh that which indicates a definite, uninterrupted intention to invade England. In view of the stupendous land and sea forces assembled by Great Britain, it is

altogether conceivable that the First Consul might have formed the notion of an invasion of the inverse sort, of an English army landing on the eastern shores of the Channel, and an offensive movement by English troops against the French armies. If so, he kept it deep in his mind, but for that alternative he was likewise in readiness by reason of the camp at Boulogne.

Although the Revolution had failed in giving the French their political freedom, it culminated under Bonaparte in giving them civil rights. In view of the hatred felt by the dynastic powers for a movement which shook their thrones, it may easily be argued that to protect this immense gain political centralization like that of the Consulate was essential. On whichever side of this question lies the truth, one thing is certain — that the nation as a whole felt as if moderate republicanism had triumphed; and much as they suffered in trade, industry, and agriculture by the renewal of war, they nevertheless were enthusiastic in upholding their leader and his measures. His bitterest enemies have admitted, and still admit, the national character of the support which he had in 1803. The government was popular, so much so that it even ventured to bestow a pension of thirty dollars a month on Mlle. Robespierre. Addresses which promised willing assistance were numerous. The masses, not yet free from the old sense of security created by the leadership of a powerful man or of a family trained in the management of public interests, were comforted by the presence and the work of their chief magistrate. In the tribunate a higher degree of the same spirit found expression in the significant phrase "consular majesty," with which an orator addressed the First Consul. There was no manifestation of discontent with the censorship of the press, which was regarded as a necessary war measure. Books

could not be published until after the censors had possessed a copy for seven days and had given their permission; the newspapers could reprint no news from foreign journals, and were mercilessly controlled in the contents of their columns. When the "Moniteur" and its kindred poured contempt on English perfidy and wrote of Punic faith, when they portrayed Albion as rushing madly on her fate, the readers liked it and applauded.

CHAPTER XXVII

WARNINGS TO ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS ¹

Moreau and the Republicans — Royalist Conspiracies — Moreau's Fall — The Passion for Plotting — Royalist Dissensions — The Duc d'Enghien — His Plans and Conduct — The Activity of the French Police — Appearances against Enghien — The Expedition to Seize Him — His Imprisonment — Arrival at Paris — Bonaparte at Malmaison — The Commission to Try Enghien — Bonaparte's Decision — Pleas for Clemency — The Trial of Enghien — The Execution — The First Consul's Explanations — Disastrous Effects of the Deed — Revulsion of Feeling

BUT there were still a very few sturdy men who felt that one side of the Revolution was falling into atrophy at the expense of that which Bonaparte so ably represented. In spite of his disfavor, they made themselves heard; and Carnot even dared to remonstrate in the tribunate against the adulation of this second young Augustus who was using the forms of a commonwealth to found an empire. In the senate also this little sect had a remnant, some eight members in all. Their power lay not in themselves, nor in their strict republican principles, but in the latent sympathies of many influential officers of the army. During the second campaign in Italy Moreau had smothered his discontent

¹ References. Pasquier: *Mémoires*; Fauriel *Les derniers jours du Consulat*; Desmarest. *Temoignages Historiques*; Méhée de la Touche: *Alliance des Jacobins de France avec le Ministère Anglais*;

Cadoudal. *La conspiration de Georges Cadoudal*, Lecestre *Lettres inédites*, Tratchefski. *Recueil de la Société d'Histoire de Russie*; Pingaud *Les dernières années de Moreau* (*Revue de Paris*, 15 Dec.,

when the Army of the Rhine was weakened at a critical moment by the transfer of twenty-five thousand men into Italy in order to assure the glories of Marengo. An official journal falsely declared that his soldiers had been paid from the public coffers. Such was the state of public morality that the charge was considered injurious, as in fact it was intended to be. Moreau in reply boasted that he had received but eighteen million francs from Paris, that he had levied forty-four millions on Germany, and that of the total there was a surplus of seven millions which had been distributed among the soldiers and officers. This paper was pigeonholed in the ministry of war, and the newspapers were forbidden to print the copies sent to them. The writer's feelings may be imagined. If he and the others who were discontented had shown the craft which Bonaparte did, their opposition would have been dangerous, but they were so carefully watched that their every movement was known beforehand and thwarted. Still further, they were, by the wiles of their enemies, insensibly led to the commission of foolish deeds and the utterance of rash words, which put them within reach of the law. In this particular network of conspiracies, Fouché was not the principal, although he was a valued consultant.

This system was admirably illustrated in the fall of Moreau, who was not a wary man, and had permitted royalist agents to hold communication with him. One of these, the Abbé David, was seized, but no damaging evidence was obtained. Thereupon recourse was had

1899); Huot de Penanster. *Une conspiration en l'an XI et XII*; Caudrillier. *Le complot de l'an XII* (*Revue Historique*, 1901-1902); Rose Napoleon, I, 406 (quotes the original papers in British archives), Paget Papers; Castlereagh: Let-

ters and Despatches; Pellew: *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, Earl of St Vincent, Welschinger. *Le duc d'Enghien*; Boulay de la Meurthe. *Les dernières années du duc d'Enghien*; Sorel. *Lectures Historiques*

to the services of Méhée de la Touche, a base creature who, after participation in the September massacres of 1792, and an underground career of espionage during the Terror, had opposed Bonaparte on the eighteenth of Brumaire. He was at the moment in exile for participation in the plot of Nivôse, and eagerly accepted his new employment. After many adventures, he finally won the confidence not only of the French royalists in England, but of Pelham and other members of the British government. He described to the consular government the dissensions between the Bourbon leaders and the agents of Great Britain, telling how Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan leader, had been landed in France on August twenty-first, 1803, from an English ship commanded by Captain Wright, and unfolding a plan whereby the royalists could be encouraged to bring the conspiracy of which Georges was the agent to a head. His scheme was adopted, and after writing from Altona to Louis XVIII, now in Warsaw, offering his services, he visited Munich, and probably Stuttgart, where he told the story of a Jacobin rising which was soon to occur in France, and obtained from the English resident ministers money and instructions for organizing it. The official denials of the period made by the British government as to its participation in the Cadoudal conspiracy were long accepted as true and incorporated in the standard histories. Since the opening within a few years of the British archives to investigators the proof of the contrary is patent. The connected list of despatches, letters, and reports presents conclusive and damaging evidence that whether or not the ministers were privy to the plot for assassinating the First Consul, the French conspirators were in British pay.

In order to implicate Moreau in the Cadoudal conspiracy of which they had learned, the Paris police

employed another person of the same stripe, Lajolais by name, who had been an officer in the Army of the Rhine, and who, as such, succeeded in meeting Moreau and extorting from him a few words of pity for Pichegru. Thereupon the police, by means still baser, got together two committees, one of royalists and one of old-time Jacobins, and had each select Moreau as its leader. This was possible, because the Bourbon pretender had, in accordance with Méhée's letter, issued a proclamation promising constitutional government and the sale of the public lands in case of his restoration. Lajolais then started for London, where he persuaded Pichegru that France was weary of Bonaparte, that Moreau was ready, and that the time was ripe for overthrowing the Consulate. As a consequence, the dupe and the decoy, with the chief military leaders of the emigrants, landed from Captain Wright's ship on January fourteenth, 1804, at Biville, near Dieppe. Artois and his son were to follow in a few days. By further misrepresentations Moreau and Pichegru were brought together on the sidewalk of a street near the church of the Madeleine, and in Lajolais' presence they exchanged a few non-committal sentences. Within a few days a police agent, approaching Moreau as an ambassador from Pichegru, was told that if the latter would lead a movement, — and in that case the consuls and government must be disposed of, — his friends would be protected by influence which could be secured in the senate. Moreau steadily refused either to meet Georges Cadoudal or be implicated in the plot for seizing Bonaparte, of which the Chouan was the leader.

About the middle of February everything was ready and Moreau was arrested. On examination he weakly protested too much, and, being convicted from his own papers of inconsistency, was imprisoned. A few weeks

later Pichegru was discovered by the aid of an informer, and he too was thrown into prison. Finally on March ninth Georges himself was seized in the streets of Paris after a desperate and bloody resistance. Soon the most popular picture in the shop windows of the city was a colored print representing the fifty "scoundrels" who had been found to be implicated in the conspiracy against the First Consul, and among the faces was an unmistakable likeness of Moreau. After a long trial, Georges and his accomplices were condemned and shot. Pichegru was found dead in his cell: although royalists confined in that adjoining afterward declared that they had heard a scuffle during the fatal night, there is no reasonable doubt that the prisoner committed suicide. The suspicions cast upon Moreau had utterly destroyed his popularity, and numerous addresses were sent in both from the army and by civilians denouncing him. Just before his trial he made the terrible mistake of sending to Bonaparte an exculpatory letter. This he did, instigated by his silly, ambitious wife, who seems in turn to have received the suggestion from Mme. Récamier. Rumor said that the notion originated with Fouché. The fact and nature of the appeal suggested guilt, but the first decision of the court was for acquittal. Popular feeling, however, ran so high that the First Consul compelled a reconsideration of the verdict, and the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. Bonaparte, furious at this leniency, commuted the penalty to banishment. Moreau withdrew to America, where he remained until 1813, when he returned to take up arms against Napoleon before Dresden and was killed.

"I have incurred no real danger," wrote Bonaparte to Melzi on March sixth, 1804, "for the police had their eyes on all these machinations." The verdict of history implicates that ubiquitous agency in fostering by

its spies and agents many of those same machinations, but leaves no doubt of the desperate character of the ringleaders in them. What England really, and the Bourbons ostensibly, wanted was a Jacobin insurrection; many of their infuriated agents would certainly not have hesitated at assassination. The general opinion in France was not wrong in condemning the extreme measures taken by the Bourbons to gain their ends, and for the moment royalists of all three factions were silent, feeling that their cause had received a blow from which it might never recover. As to the moderate republican party, it was temporarily extinguished by the fate of Moreau. Skilful as a general and sincere as a democrat, his career had been short-sighted and contradictory. Friendship had led him to conceal his knowledge of Pichegru's dealings with the royalists of 1797. Ambition led him to assist at Brumaire, but he would not accept the consequences. Indecision led him into a trap, but even then he might have escaped, but for the letter he wrote by the advice of a proud and foolish wife.

The closing scenes of this drama of plot and counter-plot, of assassination and murder, of falsehood, treachery, and execution, formed a fitting dénouement to the piece. That age had seen and condoned acts of revenge which in quieter times would have been considered unpardonable. Nelson had sanctioned the judicial assassination of Caraccioli, the Neapolitan admiral, whose crime was that in the interest of the Parthenopean Republic he had fought the English fleet. Austria's skirts were not clean of the murders perpetrated at Rastadt. A little later the Bourbons, with the assent of the allied sovereigns, ordered the execution of Ney for deserting them to support his former chief at Waterloo. Bonaparte, relying on a conviction that every one

regarded him as a harried and innocent man acting in self-defense, and apparently unconscious of how utterly the royalist agitation had been discredited by Cadoudal, determined so to stun the already prostrate Bourbons as to render them harmless for years to come.

Neither Artois nor his son Berry had entered France; the self-styled Louis XVIII was in distant Warsaw. Both these pretenders were more eloquent than courageous. Even the royalists of Paris were doubtful about the leadership of either one, and the partizans of constitutional monarchy had for some time been disposed to rally about a third Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien, heir apparent to the glories of the house rendered so illustrious by Louis XIV's famous general known as "the Great Condé." The young duke was both fearless and clever. Burning to take arms in honorable warfare for the cause of his house, he had consulted both English and emigrant agents as to how that could best be accomplished; but he was innocent of conspiring for assassination.

For some time he had lived in close proximity to the French frontier at Ettenheim, a manor-house in Baden, some sixteen miles from Strasburg, where Cardinal Rohan had resided with his niece since his resignation of the bishopric of Strasburg after the Concordat. The duke had for some time been secretly married to this lady, the Princess Charlotte of Rohan-Rochefort, and for that reason, though repeatedly warned of his danger, would not take refuge in England. Before the treaty of Amiens he had been the friend of the Swiss reactionaries and the patron of the royalists in Alsace; after the rupture he was active in strengthening their attachment to the Bourbon cause. In response to the manifesto of the self-styled king, his relative at Warsaw, issued in March, 1803, he declared that he was still faithful.

When war began he sought permission to enter the English service and repel the expected invasion by Bonaparte; but England would not permit a Bourbon to draw sword on her soil.

At this crisis the publication of the Warsaw manifesto, and of the duke's response, made his continued residence at Ettenheim a subject of still greater inquietude to his friends; but he remained, and spent much energy in forming plans to invade France through Alsace. As the probabilities of war on the Continent grew stronger, he again applied to the English court for a commission, this time through Stuart, the British envoy to Vienna. He now desired employment on the mainland, either in an allied army or with the first English troops which should disembark on the Continent. Meantime the activity of the English residents at the minor German courts intensified his purpose to raise a regiment of men from the anti-Bonaparte elements of central Europe, to be officered by the scattered veterans who had fought under the second Condé but had been dismissed from the Austrian service after the treaty of Lunéville. The news of Moreau's arrest and of Cadoudal's conspiracy came like a thunderbolt, and the duke, though conscious of no guilt, made ready to withdraw to Freiburg in the Breisgau, but in order to mask his uneasiness he instituted a hunt and other festivities which lasted a whole week.

Bonaparte's first intention had been to seize Charles of Artois on his arrival in France; but a thorough supervision of the shore made it evident that the prince's caution had again got the better of his courage. Disappointed in this quarter, the police agents began to develop an intense activity on the German frontier. They professed to have discovered in Offenburg, with which the Duc d'Enghien was in constant communica-

tion, the existence of a body of emigrants who were not there. They reported that the young prince sometimes came down to Strasburg to attend the theater, they represented two harmless visitors at Ettenheim to be officers of the Prince of Condé arrived from England; still worse, they declared an emigrant friend of the duke who lived near by — the aged Marquis of Thuméry, whose name in German mouths had a remote resemblance to that of Dumouriez — to be that dangerous general himself. This occurred a few days before March ninth, and almost simultaneously Bonaparte received from an agent in Naples an extract from one of Dumouriez's letters to Nelson, urging a concerted plan not merely of defense, but of offense. No one then doubted that Dumouriez himself was on the Rhine, busy with Enghien in perfecting this very plan.

Rumors of every sort became rife. It was known that the old intriguer General Willot was again in the South. Men declared that Berry was coming to Brittany, that Charles of Artois was perhaps already in Paris, that Enghien and Dumouriez were on the eastern frontier. It was a perfect investment of plots. When Georges was captured he asserted that he was the associate of princes, and then relapsed into a profound silence which he did not again break. His servant deposed that he had seen his master in communication with a distinguished-looking youth in the suburb of Chaillot. The police remembered that in January the Duc d'Enghien had solicited from the French ambassador at Vienna a passport to cross France, and, recalling the festivities at Ettenheim, believed they were but a pretext to cover the host's absence in Paris at a time which would coincide with the mysterious interview asserted to have taken place between Georges and the unknown stranger. This was the chain of evidence which convinced Bona-

parte of Enghien's participation in the plot for his assassination. True, he had not been in actual danger, for the police had been alert, but did that alter the enormity of the Bourbon intrigues against his life? It was only too natural that the terror, hate, and fury accumulated in the mind of the First Consul should concentrate on an object within his reach.

Réal, Fouché, and Talleyrand were all consulted. As yet their personal interests were bound up with their ruler's welfare, and alike they urged prompt and ruthless action to end the schemes and complots of the time. The two former needed no credentials of faithfulness. Talleyrand gave his in writing on March eighth; he had so dallied with royalists that his position must be definite now. Later efforts to discredit the note as a forgery have failed. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that all three intended by the seizure and execution of a Bourbon so to "marry," as the phrase ran, the First Consul to the terrorist side of the Revolution that he could never retreat from the position of radicalism to which they felt he had not been sufficiently committed, even yet. On March tenth the council heard and, as a body, approved Bonaparte's plan, although Lebrun was evasive and Cambacérès demurred. That night one column of a double expedition was despatched to the Rhine; it was commanded by Ordener and destined for Ettenheim. The other, under Caulaincourt, set out next day for Offenbourg with a diplomatic note to the court of Baden. The latter commander was utterly ignorant of what his colleague had in hand, being instructed merely to disperse the reported company of emigrants and demand the extradition of a notorious intriguer, the Baronne de Reich. Ordener was to seize the Duc d'Enghien. The two columns proceeded by way of Strasburg without delay. Finding the baronne

already a prisoner, and the police report unfounded, the generals then carried out the minute instructions of their chief as to the other part of their task.

On the twelfth, Enghien had been warned of his danger; but he was not to be intimidated, and on the thirteenth he sent a messenger to observe how immediate the danger was. On the fourteenth a French spy was despatched from Strasburg, he was recognized as such at Ettenheim, and was pursued, but escaped to report everything favorable. Still the rash young duke refused to move. On the morning of the fifteenth he awoke to find the house surrounded by French troops. Every avenue of escape being closed, he surrendered, and all his papers were seized. With his household and friends he was hurried to the citadel of Strasburg, where he was detained for two days. Couriers were promptly despatched to Paris, and the court at Karlsruhe received a formal notification of what had been done, signed by Talleyrand. Bonaparte learned by the despatches received on the seventeenth from both his expeditions that Dumouriez was not on the Rhine, and on the nineteenth he himself examined the duke's papers, which had been inventoried in their owner's presence, and then forwarded to Malmaison.

On the night of the seventeenth there arrived in Strasburg orders, written while Bonaparte still believed the reports concerning Dumouriez to be true, which directed the immediate removal of the prisoners — that is, of Enghien and Dumouriez — to Paris. In pursuance of these the duke was awakened at midnight, placed in a post-chaise, and driven rapidly toward his destination. He arrived at eleven in the morning of the twentieth, and was immediately taken to Vincennes. His seizure had created the deepest sorrow and consternation in Baden, and Massias, the French minister

at Karlsruhe, not only despatched a letter direct to Paris declaring that the duke's conduct had always been "innocent and moderate," but went in person to notify the prefect at Strasburg that there was neither an assembly of emigrants nor a conspiracy at Ettenheim. Talleyrand was afterward charged by Napoleon with having suppressed Massias's despatch; and it is not known whether the prefect sent a report to the same effect or not.

On the twelfth, the First Consul had withdrawn to the seclusion of Malmaison. It was evident that under the surface there were tumultuous feelings, but in his expression there was an icy calm. At times he recited scraps of verse on the theme of clemency, but his chief occupation was consulting with the police agent Réal and with Savary, his aide-de-camp. It was arranged that the castle of Vincennes should be the prison, that the court should be military, composed of colonels from the Paris garrison, and that the main charge against the duke should be that he had borne arms against his country. He was to be asked whether the plot for assassination was known to him, and if, in case it had succeeded, he were not himself to have entered Alsace.

The court-martial was modeled on those pitiless tribunals created by the Revolution. The statute declaring that any Frenchman taking up arms against his country was a traitor and worthy of death had never been repealed. The Consulate restored the activity of these military commissions in order to tame refractory conscripts and condignly to punish tamperers, conspirators, and spies. These courts had been accustomed to take their cue as to severity or leniency from the government for the time being, whatever it was. There was therefore but little difficulty in constituting such a body expressly for the punishment of any offender.

In this instance none of the members except the president and judge-advocate knew the station of the accused. Préval, who had been chosen to preside, refused when he heard the name of the prisoner, on the plea that both he and his father had served in the royalist regiment named d'Enghien, and that he had therefore tender memories incompatible with the service required of him. General Hulin, an old-time Jacobin, made no excuses, and, understanding perfectly what was expected, was invited to report the verdict direct to the First Consul.

During these days Bonaparte had also constantly before him both the papers of the English minister at Munich and the inflammatory, untruthful reports of his police agents. He studied these, and reviewed the measures taken to guard the eastern frontier against the emigrants and their hostile sympathizers, who were making demonstrations in Swabia. Until the evening of the seventeenth he believed that Dumouriez had been at Ettenheim; but though informed of his mistake, the resolution already taken became iron, and the papers of the duke were read on the nineteenth with an evident determination to construe them into evidence of his guilt. They afforded no proofs of direct complicity with Georges, but they contained two phrases which, wrested from the true sense of the correspondence, were of awful significance — one in which the duke qualified the French people as “his most cruel foe,” the other in which he declared that during his “two years’ residence on the frontier he had established communications with the French troops on the Rhine.” These were included in the interrogatories for the trial and intrusted to Réal for his use. If the duke were tampering with the loyalty of the troops, what need of proof that he was in any sense a participator in the plot?

Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the

determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. de Rémusat, and the First Consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the twentieth the decree for the duke's trial and the questions to be put were dictated by the First Consul from the Tuileries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmaison, where at three o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with Talleyrand, who limped along at his side. "I'm afraid of that cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can." The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skilful, and for a time the First Consul seemed softened by the memories of their boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Condé. But other feelings prevailed: the brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage, and also about the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary; the old coolness finally settled down and chilled the last hopes in the tender-hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's tearful entreaties her husband replied: "Go away; you're a child; you don't understand public duties." By five it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was despatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commandant. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court-martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed.

The scenes of that fateful and doleful night defy description. The castle of Vincennes was beset with guards when finally, at about an hour before midnight, the various members of the court assembled. Their

looks were dark and troubled as they wondered who the mysterious culprit might be. None knew but Hulin, the president, the judge-advocate; and Savary, the destined executioner. In a neighboring room was the duke, pale and exhausted by his long journey, munching a slender meal, which he shared with his dog, and explaining to his jailer his dreary forebodings at the prospect of a long imprisonment. He thought it would be ameliorated if only he could gratify his passion for hunting, and surely they two, as prisoner and keeper, might range the forest in company. But at last he fell asleep from sheer fatigue. The jailer could not well encourage the expectations of his new prisoner, for he had that very morning supervised the digging of a grave in the castle moat. At midnight the duke was awakened and confronted with the judge-advocate. Réal was unaccountably absent, and the interrogatory so carefully prepared by Bonaparte was not at hand. To the rude questions formulated by Hulin, with the aid of a memorandum from Murat, the prisoner, in spite of repeated hints from the members of the court-martial as to the consequences, would only reply that he had a pension from England, and had applied to her ministers for military service; that he hoped to fight for his cause with troops raised in Germany from among the displaced and the emigrants; that he had already fought against France. But he stoutly denied any relations with Dumouriez or Pichegru and all knowledge of the plot to assassinate the First Consul. He was then called to the bar in the dimly lighted sitting-room where the commission sat. To the papers containing questions and answers he was ironically permitted to affix a demand for an audience with the First Consul. "My name, my station, my mode of thought, and the horror of my situation," he said, "inspire me with hope that

he will not refuse my request." The tribunal followed its instincts. its members, knowing well the familiar statutes under which such bodies had acted since the days of the Convention, but not having at hand the words or forms of a verdict as prescribed by the pitiless laws concerning those who had borne arms against France, left in the record a blank to be filled out later, and pronounced their judgment that the "regular sentence" be executed at once. They were actually engaged in composing a petition for clemency to the First Consul when Savary burst into the room, demanding what had been done, and what they were then doing. Snatching the pen from Hulin's hand, he exclaimed, "The rest is my affair," and left the room.

It was now two in the morning of the twenty-first. "Follow me," said the taciturn Harel to Enghien, "and summon all your courage." A few paces through the moat, a turn of a corner, and the flare of torches displayed a file of troops not far from an open grave. As the adjutant began to read the sentence, the victim faltered for a moment and exclaimed, "Oh, God! what have I done?" But immediately he regained the mastery of himself. Calmly clipping a lock of his hair, and drawing a ring from his finger, he asked that they might be sent to the Princess Charlotte. A volley — and in an instant he was dead. Savary put spurs to his horse to carry the news to Malmaison. At the gate of Paris he met the carriage of Réal, who seemed almost overpowered by what he heard in reply to his eager questions, and terrified by his own remissness. If it really were such, it must be attributed to a misunderstanding and not to lack of zeal.

Bonaparte believed to the end that his victim was a guilty conspirator. For a time he had recourse to some unworthy subterfuges tending to show that the execu-

tion was the result of a blunder; but later he justified his conduct as based on reasons of state, and claimed that the act was one of self-defense. "I was assailed," he was reported to have said — "I was assailed on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons raised up against me. Threatened with air-guns, infernal machines, and deadly stratagems of every kind, I had no tribunal on earth to which I could appeal for protection; therefore I had a right to protect myself, and by putting to death one of those whose followers threatened my life I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into others." When on his death-bed, his maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and, catching up his will, wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he occasionally endeavored to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.

The perpetrator of this bloody crime represented the Revolution too well to suit the new society. A shudder crossed the world on receipt of the news. But the only European monarch that dared to protest was the Czar, who broke off diplomatic relations and put his court into mourning. But he could go no further; for he could find no one on the Continent to join with him in declaring war. Prussia remained neutral and her king silent. Austria withdrew her troops from Swabia, and sent a courier to say at Paris that she could understand certain political necessities. In the autumn, however,

when they had gained time to observe France and mark Bonaparte's policy, Russia and Austria began to draw together. Dynastic politics therefore rendered the public expression of popular opinion impossible; but in France, as in the length and breadth of Europe, the masses were aroused. Was the age of violence not passed? Were they merely to exchange one tyranny for another more bloody? The same men who years before had looked on in a dumb stupor, and with consenting approval, at the events of the Terror in Paris were now alert and alarmed at the possibility of its renewal. The First Consul was mortified and angry. Many of those nearest to him had opposed his course from the outset, and he felt deeply their ill-disguised disapproval. His only remedy was arbitrary prohibition of all discussion, and to this he had recourse. Intending to fix the blame of conspiracy and assassination on England and the Bourbons, he found himself regarded as little else than a murderer. A Richelieu could execute a Montmorency with impunity, but not so could a Bonaparte murder a Condé. Long afterward he dictated to Méneval, "The merited death of the Duc d'Enghien hurt Napoleon in public opinion, and politically was of no service to him." But the masses are proverbially fickle, and easily diverted. Three days after the execution Talleyrand gave a successful ball.

The Parisian world was in fact very fickle. Society had been much exercised over the execution of Enghien, but rumors of coming war furnished more interesting topics of conversation. The giddy majority had a few passing emotions, gossiped about one theme and the other alternately, and then went on with its amusements. The grave men who sincerely desired their country's welfare were profoundly moved, and whispered serious forebodings to each other. The world at large was sen-

sitive to both currents of thought, but in the main the masses considered the coming coronation ceremonies, the splendors of empire, and the prospects for unbounded glory opened by Napoleon's unhampered control vastly more entertaining as a subject of flippant speculation than anything else.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DECLARATION OF THE EMPIRE ¹

Bonaparte's Principles — His Comprehension of French Conditions — Meaning of Enghien's Murder — The Dynasties of Europe — The Possibilities of Hereditary Power — The New France — Desire for a Dynasty — Suggestions of Monarchy — The Empire Proposed — The New Constitution — Imperial State — The New Nobility — Device of the Empire — The New Court — The Plebiscite.

STEP by step, laboriously and painfully, by guile and prudence, in the exercise of consummate genius as soldier and politician, Napoleon Bonaparte had now climbed to the pinnacle of revolutionary power. Insubordinate as a subaltern under a worn-out system, he found for his soaring ambition no fitting sphere in the country of his birth, the only fatherland he ever knew; and in that limited field he was both ineffectual as an agitator and unsuccessful as a revolutionary. But with keen insight he studied and apprehended the greater movement as it developed in France. Standing ever at the parting of the ways, and indifferent to principle, he carefully considered each path, and finally chose the one which seemed likeliest to guide his footsteps toward the goal of his ambition. Fertile in resources, he strove always to construct a double plan, and in the failure of

¹ See in particular the memoirs of Miot de Melito, Pasquier, Ségur, Thiébault, Marmont, Lafayette, Savary, Rémusat, Rapp, Thibaudeau, and Bourrienne, the *Souvenirs of Macdonald and Chaptal*; and the *Lettres inédites*. Also,

De Bausset *Cour de Napoléon*; Masson *Josephine, Impératrice et Reine*, Aulard *Révolution Française*, Remacle: *Relations secrètes des agents de Louis XVIII à Paris sous le Consulat*.

one expedient passed easily to another. His career had been marked by many blunders, and he had often been brought to a stand on the verge of some abyss which threatened failure and ruin; yet, like the driver of a midnight train, he kept the headlight of caution trimmed and burning. Careless of the dangers abounding behind the walls of revolutionary darkness which hedged his track, he ever paused before those immediately confronting him, and sometimes retreated far to find a hazardless circuit. Brumaire was almost the only occasion of his larger life on which, unwary, he had come in full career upon an open chasm. Fate being propitious, he was saved. Lucien, with presence of mind, opened the throttle, and, by releasing the pent-up enthusiasm of the soldiers at the critical instant, safely drove the machine across a toppling bridge.

Sobered for the moment by contemplating a past danger which had threatened annihilation, and by the crowding responsibilities of the future, the First Consul put into practical operation many important revolutionary ideals. But in this process he took full advantage of the state of French society to make himself indispensable to the continuance of French life on its new path. By the parade of civil liberty and a restored social order he so minimized the constitutional side of his government as to erect it into a virtual tyranny. The self-styled commonwealth, with a chief magistrate claiming to hold his office as a public trust, was quite ready to be launched as a liberal empire under a ruler who in reality held the highest power as a possession.

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was virtually a notification of this fact to all the dynasties of Europe as well as to the French nation. Their behavior was conclusive evidence that they understood it as such. Death was the fate destined not merely for the intestine

and personal enemies of the First Citizen, but for the foreign foe, prince or peasant, who should conspire against him whom the French delighted to honor. Had the continental powers been ready for war, it is quite possible that they would have made the execution of a Bourbon, and he the most popular of his line, the ground of immediate action. But they were far from ready. When a few days later the "Moniteur" made known the high probability of what is now a certainty, that Drake and Smith, British diplomatic agents in central Europe, were compromised hopelessly in the conspiracy to kill the chief magistrate of France, the bitterness of all classes, even the aristocracy, in France was assuaged. Great Britain could do nothing officially except to knit up a coalition and strengthen her forces. The Elector of Bavaria dismissed Drake, the British envoy at his court, as a base conspirator, the Duke of Würtemberg congratulated Bonaparte on his escape from assassins; the Holy Roman Emperor at Vienna kept silence while his ministers expressed sympathy for France; the King of Prussia and Alexander of Russia exchanged letters of reciprocal regard and awaited the British subventions to complete their armaments: but they gave no offense in any official way. The Pope exhibited his grief without restraint, but uttered no remonstrance, and the court of Naples was of course indifferent. There was a general putting on of mourning garb in the high circles of Europe; Louis XVIII sent back his decoration of the Golden Fleece to Madrid because Bonaparte had received and retained its insignia, and the dethroned Gustavus of Sweden returned to Frederick William the badges of the Red Eagle for a similar reason. Pretenders may indulge their sensibilities as hard-working kings dare not. It is entirely possible that Bonaparte believed himself, and a dynasty proceeding from his

loins, to be the best, if not the only, conservators of the new France; that he conceived of a purely French empire which should be the depository for that land of all that had been gained by the Revolution; and that he believed he could overcome the inertia of the tremendous speed with which he had entered upon his career of single rule. But it is not probable, for no one knew the French better, appreciating as he did their patriotism and their passion for leadership among nations. It was because the Bourbons had failed to represent these qualities that reconstructed France despised the Bourbons; it was because the new France saw their incarnation in Bonaparte that it had assisted him to climb. He must have known very well that, having mounted so high, he would be compelled to mount still higher.

He also understood the dynastic exclusiveness of Europe. In a sense the houses of Hanover, of Hohenzollern, and of Savoy were parvenus in the councils of royalty; yet they were ancient princely stocks, and their accession to supreme power had not shocked popular feeling; the dubious and blood-stained title of the Czar did not diminish his influence, for his succession was not more irregular than that of many of his predecessors on the semi-oriental Russian throne. But to substitute for the Bourbons, the oldest divine-right dynasty of Europe, and in the enlightened West, a citizen king of low descent, who based his claims on popular suffrage, was to hurl defiance at a system than which to millions of minds none other was conceivable. To reach the goal fighting was not a voluntary choice, but an absolute necessity; for the French must be left in no doubt but that their popular sovereign was quite as able to assert his peerage among kings as any one of royal lineage and ecclesiastical unction would be.

These were the conditions under which the bark of

liberal empire was to set sail. It does not seem possible that any pilot could have saved her amid such typhoons as she must encounter. Bonaparte was more likely to succeed than any other, and for years his craft was taut and saucy; but she had no friendly harbors in which to refit, she rode out one storm only to enter another more violent, and at last even the supernal powers of the great captain failed him. Even at the outset the omens were not as propitious as they appeared to be, since the defiance contained in Enghien's murder was better understood abroad than at home. For the moment the mistake, which in the long run was an element in Napoleon's undoing, appeared of little importance. The French public began almost immediately to discuss whether the consular power should not be made hereditary, and, within a week after its occurrence, relegated the "Enghien affair" to apparent oblivion.

For this there were numerous reasons. The discontent in the army virtually disappeared with Moreau's disgrace, and for long thereafter both generals and men were entirely docile. The Bourbons returned to their conspiracies, but so ineffectively that neither the cabinets of Europe nor the French people felt any active interest. Royalism in France was thus temporarily crushed. The France of 1803 was the new France. Her church had been reconstructed, her army was devoted to Bonaparte as the man of the nation; her revolution had been partly pruned and partly warped into the forms of a personal government, her laws revised and codified, her old orders of chivalry replaced by a new one, her financial administration purified and strengthened, her educational system renovated, her social and family life given new direction by the stringent regulation of testamentary disposition, her government centralized — in short, the whole structure, from foun-

dation to turret, had been repaired, restored, strengthened, and given its modern form.

The people, composed of successive alluvia of immigrants and conquerors since the days of Julius Cæsar, had been thoroughly unified by the spirit of the French Revolution. They were convinced that the gains of the Revolution would be better secured by making hereditary the power of a house which must represent the principles of that event. All but a few sincerely believed that patriotism for the new France was in large measure only another name and form for devotion to the man who presided at its birth and claimed to be its progenitor. For some time past the phrase "French empire" had been used by orators and writers to designate the majesty of its institutions. As early as May, 1802, the Austrian ambassador heard the First Consul spoken of as "Emperor of the Gauls," and in March, 1803, an English gentleman in Paris recorded the same expression in his journal. There was, therefore, neither shock nor surprise anywhere in the nation when on March twenty-seventh, 1804, the senate presented to the First Consul an address proposing in the name of the people that he should take measures "to keep for the sons what he had made for the fathers." This was the moment, presumably, of Bonaparte's greatest unpopularity — not a week after the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; while yet the blundering trial of Moreau was incomplete, and his friends were representing their hero as the victim of Bonaparte's hate, before Georges had been condemned, and while Pichegru was yet alive. Yet all expected the event, most desired it, partly for the reason given by the senate, partly for the dramatic effect, partly because they wanted neither the Bourbons nor the Terror again. The senate was now known as the tool of the First Consul; Fouché was second to none of his colleagues

in power and he thirsted for a renewal of favor, imperial if that was the desired label. In spite of changes, the tribunate still retained the national respect: it was desirable that the formal initiative should come from this body. During the weeks which elapsed between the address of the senate and the end of April, Bonaparte had made certain that neither Austria nor Prussia would oppose, and that army and people were willing. Indeed the fate of Moreau had, as the officers all felt, cast a limelight on the chances of insubordination, and had illuminated into a dazzling brilliance the possibilities of complaisance. The efforts of historians to prove that France did not want the empire are all failures. Every new contemporary document which sees the light of day contains more or less to prove the contrary. The French of any intelligence understood the Roman meaning of empire and indeed it was easily comprehensible. They had had long experience of the interests of all in the charge of an oligarchy; that type of democracy had brought them to the verge of ruin since nowhere could responsibility be fixed or penalties be inflicted. But the interests of all in the charge of one supernal man was a conception so plain as to be almost tangible, and to a nation distracted by revolution, most attractive. It was an imperial democracy which they desired, which they got, and which for a time retained its character. On the twenty-fifth, therefore, the First Consul seized once more the shield of the Revolution, and told the senate that he had heard with interest their plan "to insure the triumph of equality and public liberty," and would be glad to know their thoughts without reserve. "I should like on July fourteenth of this year to say to the French people: 'Fifteen years ago by a spontaneous movement you ran to arms, you secured liberty, equality, glory. To-day these chiefest treasures of the nation,

assured beyond a doubt, are sheltered from every storm; they are preserved for you and your children.'"

On April thirtieth, a member of the tribunate who had been richly bribed brought in a complete project. In the interval a committee had inquired what title the future incumbent of the new hereditary office would like to have—consul, stadholder, or emperor. His prudent choice fell on the last. The word has acquired a new significance in our age; but then it still had the old Roman meaning. It propitiated the professional pride which had taken the place of republicanism in the army, and while plainly abolishing radical democracy, it also bade defiance to absolute royalism. Accordingly, the tribunes voted that Napoleon Bonaparte be intrusted with the government of France as emperor, and that the imperial power be declared hereditary. There was only one man who dared to interpose his negative vote—Napoleon's earliest protector, the veteran republican Carnot. He admitted that there was already a temporary dictator, and that the republican constitutions of the country had been unstable, but he thought that with peace would come wisdom and permanency, as in the United States. Bonaparte was a man of virtue and talent, to be sure, but what about his descendants? Commodus was the son of Marcus Aurelius. Whatever might be the splendor of a man's services, there were bounds to public gratitude, and these bounds had been reached; to overstep them would destroy the liberty which the First Consul had helped to restore. But if the nation desired what he conscientiously opposed, he would retire to private life, and unqualifiedly obey its will.

The legislative body was quickly summoned to a special meeting, and, according to the constitution, made the resolutions law by its approval. As soon as decency would permit, a new constitution was laid before the

council of state, discussed under Bonaparte's direction, and sent down to the senate for consideration. On May eighteenth the paper was adopted in that body with four dissenting voices, including that of the Abbé Sieyès, who hated all charters not of his own making. On the same day the decree of the senate constituting the Empire was carried to the First Consul at St. Cloud, where it was duly approved by him, and was formally promulgated. It was found that the difficulty concerning heredity had been evaded by giving to Napoleon, but to none of his successors, the right of adoption; and should there be neither a natural nor an adoptive heir, by settling the succession first in the family of Joseph, then in that of Louis, both of whom were declared to be imperial princes. All chance was thus removed for the return of a dynasty likely to disturb the existing conditions of property.

The changes in the constitution were radical, and many of them were not made public except as they were put into operation. The tribunate was untouched; but the legislature was divided into three sections, juristic, administrative, and financial. Its members regained a partial liberty of speech, and might again discuss, but only with closed doors, the measures laid before them. The senate became a house of lords. Six great dignitaries, sixteen military grandees called marshals, and a number of the highest administrative officials were added to its numbers. Referring to the imperial state of the great German whom the French style Charlemagne, the imperial officers of Napoleon were designated, some by titles from Karling history, such as the "Great Elector," the "Arch-chancellor of the Empire," the "Arch-chancellor of State," the "Arch-treasurer"; others by ancient French designations, such as the "Constable" and the "High Admiral." These, with the

imperial princes, were to be addressed as "Monseigneur," or "Your Highness," either "imperial" or "most serene," as the case might be. The Emperor himself was to be addressed as "Your Majesty" or "Sire." His civil list was twenty-five million francs; the income of each "arch" dignitary was a third of a million. Cambacérès was made Chancellor, Lebrun, Treasurer; Joseph Bonaparte was appointed Elector, and Louis, Constable; Fouché was reappointed Minister of Police; Talleyrand remained Minister of Foreign Affairs. The heraldic device chosen for the seal of the Napoleonic dynasty was the favorite symbol of the Holy Roman Empire, an eagle "au vol" — that is, on the wing

There was nothing original in the idea of all this tawdry state except the institution of the marshals, which was altogether so. In prosperity this military hierarchy was a bulwark to the Empire, but in adversity it proved a serious element of weakness. The list was shrewdly chosen to assure the good will of the army Jourdan, who as consular minister had successfully pacified Piedmont, was named as having been the victor of Fleurus in 1794; his republicanism was thus both recalled and finally quenched. Berthier was rewarded for his skill as chief of staff; Masséna for his daring at Rivoli, his victory at Zurich, his endurance at Genoa. Augereau, another converted democrat, was remembered for Castiglione; Brune was appointed for his campaign in Holland against the Duke of York; Davout for his Egyptian laurels; Lannes and Ney for their bravery in many actions; Murat as the great cavalry commander; Bessières as chief of the guards; Bernadotte, Soult, Moncey, and Mortier for reasons of policy and for their general reputation.

The "lion couchant" had been suggested as the heraldic device of the new Empire, but Napoleon scorned it. In all his preparations he carefully distinguished between

the "State," which was of course France with its natural boundaries, and the "Empire," which was evidently something more; the resting lion might typify the former, the soaring eagle was clearly a device for the other, which, like the realm of Charles the Great, was to know no "natural" obstacles in its extension.

The most immediate sign of the new order was a changed life at the Tuileries. The palace was thronged no longer with powerful but maladroit persons who did not know how to advance, bow, and recede, and who could not wear their elegant clothes with dignity; nor with others who, more refined in their training, smiled condescendingly at the imperfect manners of the former. A thorough court was organized with careful supervision and rigid etiquette. Soon everybody could behave with sufficient grace and dignity. Fesch was the Grand Almoner; Duroc was Grand Marshal of the Palace; Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain; Berthier, Master of the Hounds; and Caulaincourt, Master of the Horse. Many of the returned emigrants filled minor places of imperial dignity. The perfection of ceremonial was assured by the appointment, to regulate all etiquette, of Ségur, once minister of Louis XVI to Russia. Everybody was expected to study the rules and be present at numerous rehearsals. Mme. Campan, formerly a lady in waiting to Marie Antoinette, was summoned to lend her assistance.

Finally the now traditional formality of seeking the popular approval was not forgotten. To be sure, the question put was merely whether the imperial succession should remain in the Emperor's family. The reply was a thunderous yes; there being, out of three and a half million votes all told, only two and a half thousand in the negative. It was a sign of the times that among the latter were those of all but three of the Paris lawyers.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DESCENT INTO ENGLAND ¹

Legitimacy Desired for the Empire — The Pope's Conditions — The Festival at Boulogne — Position of Josephine — The Court at Aachen — Pitt and the Continental Powers — France Defiant — The Feint against England — Napoleon's Naval Plans — Consolidation of his Sea-Power — Manœuvres of his Fleet — Attempt to Mystify England — The Underlying Purpose — Napoleon's Own Statement — Corroborative Proof — Pitt's Prophecy — The "Descent" Impossible.

WHEN Pepin the Short asked Pope Zacharias in 752 whether the name or the fact made the legitimate king, the reply was, "He is king who has the power"; and in token of this doctrine it was the papal sanction which sealed the legitimacy of the Karlings in Boniface's crowning Pepin as king. Half a century later Pope Leo III, acting by an arrogated but admitted authority, likewise established their imperial dignity by setting the imperial crown on the head of Charles the Great. This event occurred on Christmas day of the memorable year 800. Early in May of the year 1804, a millennium later, word came that the occupant

¹ References: the memoirs of Barante, Rémusat, Ségur, Macdonald, Thiébault, Marbot, Bigarré, the works of Roederer, the Memorial of Norvins, the volumes of Fauriel, Masson, d'Haussonville, and Welschinger, the Correspondence of Davout. Also, Fontaine et Percier: *Sacre de Napoléon*; Artaud de Montor: *Vie et Pontificat du*

pape Pie VII, Nicolay: *Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp*; Wheeler and Broadley. *Napoleon and the Invasion of England*. Rose and Broadley: *Dumouriez and the Defence of England*; Rose. *Napoleonic studies*, Desbrière: *Projets et tentatives de débarquement aux îles Britanniques*.

of St. Peter's chair must once more empty the little vial on the head of another Western emperor, and this time not of his own volition, nor in eternal Rome, but by the Emperor's demand, and in Paris, inheritor of classic glory and renown. The feeble Pontiff was made wretched by the summons. But the Concordat was recent, and doubtless other much-longed-for advantages might be secured by compliance; the legations, once his, but now forming the fairest provinces of the Italian republic, were still outside the pale of his temporal power; moreover, no adequate compensation had ever been received for Avignon and Carpentras, lost to him since the peace of Tolentino in 1797.

At last a hesitating consent was given: the Pontiff would come "for the welfare of religion," if the Emperor would invite him on that pretext. Besides, he hoped there would be a reconsideration of the organic articles of the Concordat, if, as head of the Church, he should demand the expulsion of the "constitutional" bishops. One minor stipulation was that under no circumstances would the Holy Father receive Mme. Talleyrand. Out of gratitude for the Concordat he had, to be sure, removed the ban of excommunication from the sometime bishop, and had given him leave "to administer all civil affairs," but the interpretation of this clause into a permission to marry had been intolerably exasperating. The Emperor in reply recited all his own services to the Church and to the papacy; and what might not hereafter be expected of one who had already done so much? With this indefinite pledge the Pope was obliged to content himself, and the coronation ceremony was appointed for December second.

But festivities and activities alike began immediately after the declaration of the Empire on May eighteenth, 1804. A most successful ceremonial of inauguration



NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL

Sir

Since you would like to know when, where, and under what conditions I drew the pencil portrait of Napoleon just sent to you, here is the account.

In 1801 I was made a member of the Cisalpine delegation which went to Lyons in order to draft under the presidency of Napoleon, then First Consul, the constitution of my country. When all was settled the First Consul came to preside in person over the Cisalpine Assembly, knowing he would be elected president of our republic, to which he gave under those conditions the name of Italian Republic.

I was seated not far from him during the time when a rather prolix and fulsome orator recited a wordy speech destitute of sense and taste. Possibly Bonaparte was paying no attention, but he looked quietly at the speaker, thinking of something more important. I saw him in profile as he is represented in my drawing, and a fine light coming from the large window in the front of the church where we were gathered marked his nose rather more strongly than the rest of his features. The sketch, almost completed, was so nearly an entire success that little remained to be done in finishing it. Everybody both in Lyons and Paris, whither I afterwards went, thought it at the time the most striking portrait of that extraordinary man.

This, Sir, is my account of the portrait. I am at your service.

Milan, June 4, 1828

Most devotedly,
JOSEPH LONGHI

Now in the Bodleian Library

was held in June at the Hospital of the Invalides. The titled emigrants who were now numerous in society assumed a most amusing pose. They pouted and with contemptuous gestures signified their sense of shame at having fallen to such low estate. But our evidence is conclusive that by dint of unwearied solicitation they "forced themselves to be forced," in the words of a later historian. The self-styled aristocracy of the day resembled no other: most of their titles were either new or were held by persons otherwise consequential, not by birth, but on account of either wealth or influence, who had at no very distant date married or assumed the dignities they flaunted. This had long been true even under the old monarchy; the Revolution had enabled many shrewd bargainers to assume territorial names and particles which were for the best of reasons not questioned by needy adventurers of older stock; the dawning imperial society, though yet untrained to the severe restraint of the courtier, was making rapid progress and had moreover all the influence which proceeds from a fountain of honor which is likewise the well-spring of power. Hungry aspirants to imperial favor must needs brook more exasperating associates than even the rude soldiery and the Bonaparte family, who, though utterly common, were at least personally good to look upon and exhibited all possible zeal to acquire the manners of a more experienced nobility. The number of those who expressed their disgust for Napoleon's weakness in the tawdry display he so admired was few indeed. Courier said that in the arrangement of empire the hitherto great man had aspired to degradation, and Beethoven changed the dedication of his Heroic Symphony from the form, "To Bonaparte," into the sad caption, "To the memory of a great man." The legend on Napoleon's new coinage was most significant: French

Republic, Napoleon Emperor. To be Emperor of the French Republic would have been to continue great. Human nature and unfavorable environment made it impossible.

The Tuileries, however, blazed with candles and jewels; the extravagance and heartburnings of a court began at once. Thanks to Ségur, the exterior at least was gorgeous. That the cup of the aristocracy might overflow, the clemency of the Empire was first displayed in the pardon of all the nobles who had been implicated with Georges. The Emperor's first journey was in July to his camp at Boulogne, where a distribution of decorations and the swearing of allegiance by the army were made the occasion of a second magnificent ceremonial. The ancient Frankish warriors were accustomed to set up their kings on a stage formed of their own bucklers. Napoleon received the acclamations of his troops seated in an iron chair, which was said to have been Dagobert's, and gazing over the sea towards the cliffs of Albion.

On this notable journey, which was intended to have political as well as military significance, he was accompanied by Josephine. Her position was far from comfortable. As will be remembered, her husband when first in Italy had been disappointed in the expectation that she was soon to give him an heir, and her intrigues at Milan were the cause of frequent quarrels between them. Bonaparte had justified his public and scandalous association with a certain Mme. Fougé in Egypt by a suggestion that if he could but have a son he would marry the child's mother; the reconciliation of Brumaire was an act of expediency, and while it did a perfect work for the Consulate, the discussions which had been rife about the line of descent ever since the talk of empire had become general showed the instability of the relation between the imperial pair; even the formal regulations

of the new constitution had inspired little confidence in the Beauharnais party. The new Empress, therefore, was the embodiment of meekness, but for the present she was, according to the old Roman formula, "Caia" where her husband was "Caius." Side by side, and apparently in perfect amity, they proceeded from Boulogne to Aachen, the ancient capital of Charles the Great, on the German frontier.

As if to mock the Roman and German claims of Francis, Napoleon and his consort held high court in that historic town, whose memories were redolent of European sway, and whose walls had been the bulwarks of that medieval Roman empire which, though itself an ineffective anachronism, was about to be renewed in modern guise. The dukes, princes, and kings of Germany, either in person or by their ambassadors, came to do homage; even Austria had a representative. Constantine had made a capital for his reunited empire by building a new Rome on the banks of the Bosphorus; Paris and France could see how easily Napoleon might adopt a similar policy. They did observe, and not without dismay.

But while the princes of the earth were jostling each other to honor this new monarch of monarchs, the underground currents of feeling were doing his work. Already the "Empire" meant war; but the war so far was with England alone, and must necessarily be either a maritime conflict or else a costly and risky invasion. Pitt's return to power on May twelfth signified the resistance of a united Britain to Bonaparte and all his works: on her own soil, if necessary, but preferably by the renewal of the premier's old policy of continental coalition against France. It was the irony of fate that, thanks to the intricacies of party politics and the King's imbecility, the strong man was brought back to power with a contemptible and feeble cabinet. For the first, there-

fore, he could only fortify the island kingdom. Signs soon began to appear, however, that his enemy would meet him at least half-way in provoking a new coalition; the union of western Europe for war would give Napoleon the Emperor a new hold on France, that second string to his bow which he always intended to have by him, and of which he now had greater need than ever. Moreover, success would mean to him the immediate realization of a French empire so transcending the boundaries of France herself that men would forget the old nation in the splendors of a new inclusive French political organism, destructive of nationality as an influence in the world.

In July, Russia, whose ruler in reality had cared little for the death of Enghien, and was actuated by an unbounded ambition for Oriental empire, made a formal protest against France's foreign policy, demanding the evacuation of Naples and an indemnity for the King of Sardinia. Talleyrand replied roughly that France had asked no explanation of the suspicious death of the Emperor Paul; that Russia had naturalized notorious French emigrants; that she had sent to Paris in the person of Markoff a distasteful diplomat, who, by the sarcastic disdain of his manners, clearly showed his master's animus toward France; and that, moreover, she had occupied the Ionian Islands. "The Emperor of the French wants peace," said Talleyrand, "but with the aid of God and his armies he need fear no one." Taken in connection with certain high-handed acts already committed by Napoleon, — as, for example, the expulsion from their posts, by his command, of the English envoys at Stuttgart and Munich, who had imprudently plotted with Méhée de la Touche; and the much more arbitrary seizure at Hamburg of Rumbold, the recently appointed minister of England to Saxony,

while on his way to assume his diplomatic duties, — these words of Talleyrand meant nothing less than defiance to the whole Continent, as well as to England. Russia had protested in vain against the violation of Baden's neutral territory by the seizure of Enghien; Prussia was successful in her remonstrance with regard to Rumbold, but in view of the continued occupation of Hanover by a strengthened French garrison, this scanty grace did not reassure her ministers.

These provocations seem to furnish cumulative evidence that the ostentatious preparations for invading England were little more than a feint. It may have been that, as ever, the colossal genius of the man who knew that he was a match in military strength for the whole Continent was making ready for either alternative. The romance of his imperial policy knew no bounds: thwarted in crossing the Channel, he might confirm his new position by overwhelming the coalition which, as a result of his conduct and of Pitt's time-honored policy, was sure to be formed at once, or, on the other hand, checked on the Continent, he might retrieve all by one crushing blow at England. But this is the most that can be conceded, even in view of his great preparations and his apparent earnestness.

The autumn of 1803 and the spring of 1804 had seen a steady development of resources at Boulogne. It was tentatively arranged that a French fleet of ten sail of the line under Latouche-Tréville should leave Toulon on July thirtieth as if to reoccupy Egypt, and thus tempt Nelson to follow with the hope of repeating his victory in the scenes of his former exploits. But the French admiral was to turn and appear at Rochefort on the Bay of Biscay, increase his armament by the addition to it of six first-rate vessels with a number of frigates, and then, by a long detour, arrive in the Strait of

Dover, as if doubling Cape Clear from the West. "Masters of the Channel for six hours, we are masters of the world," wrote the Emperor. This scheme was thwarted by the untimely death of the admiral.

However, a much grander one was evolved in September. Napoleon's policy of conciliating Spain by gifts and promises to the Duke of Parma had made the queen of that country his friend, and her criminal intimacy with Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, being already notorious, both she and her paramour paid the price of toleration by abject servility. At the First Consul's nod Spain invaded and humiliated Portugal, whose ships had aided Nelson in the Levant, and whose fine harbors were invaluable to England. At the peace of Amiens he gave the Spanish colony of Trinidad to England without consulting its owner, and he sold Louisiana in utter disregard of the right of redemption reserved by Spain. He now forced his ally to a monstrous treaty whereby she was to keep Portugal neutral, and increase her subsidy to the exorbitant sum of six million francs a month. This alliance made Napoleon absolute master of the Spanish maritime resources, when, in December, 1804, as was inevitable, war broke out between England and Spain: he commenced even earlier to act as if the French mastery of the seas were to be not for six hours, but forever. A feverish activity began in all his dockyards and arsenals, press-gangs ranged the harbor cities and seized all available sailors, and in a few weeks the imperial marine was nearly doubled in ships, guns, and men. Its efficiency unfortunately diminished in the direct ratio of its unwieldy size. Villeneuve, the new commander at Toulon, though capable in many ways, was only too well aware of the utter demoralization in French naval affairs. He was consequently destitute of all enthusiasm, and shy of the task imposed upon him.

This mattered little, for his and the Rochefort squadron were now destined to sail for the West Indies separately, in order to draw away the English, incidentally they were to recover San Domingo, if possible, and to strengthen Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Santa Lucia. Ganteaume, the commander at Brest, was to bring out his squadron of twenty line-of-battle ships with Augereau and eighteen thousand men on board, sail westward half-way to Newfoundland as a feint, then, returning, land the soldiers in the north of Ireland, and, sailing thence, enter the Channel from the north to cooperate with the flotilla of invasion which, with great expense, had been got together at and near Boulogne. How little in earnest the Emperor was in this showy plan is evinced by his carefully studied letter of January sixteenth, 1805, in which he proposes attacking England in the East Indies with this same Brest squadron and a force of thirty thousand men. This proposition was seriously made even before Villeneuve had put to sea, it should not be considered as one of the occasional divagations which such a man may either claim as revealing a genuine state of mind, or which may be ridiculed by himself, and forgotten by others, as chimerical, according to the turn of affairs. The Rochefort squadron succeeded in passing the English blockaders, and reached Martinique in safety. Villeneuve left Toulon on January seventeenth, 1805, under cover of a storm, which he hoped to use in running from Nelson; but it so dispersed his ships as to make any concerted action impossible, and the separate vessels returned with some difficulty to their port of departure. Ganteaume did not even make an effort to run the English blockade before Brest.

Three months later a third preposterous scheme for mystifying England was divulged, the Indian expedition

being held still in reserve. This time the apparent object was to effect a union of all the French naval forces in the West Indies, and orders were given accordingly. Thence under the command of Villeneuve the vast fleet, forty ships of the line, should return by the tremendous detour around Scotland and through the North Sea to sweep the Channel clear and keep it so until the flotilla of transports could cross. The whole scheme has been stigmatized as a landsman's conception. In fact, viewed as a serious design, it makes every quality of Napoleon's mind the reverse of what it really was. The monstrous expense of sustaining for such a length of time, and without the usual war indemnities, both a fleet and a large army entirely disproportionate to the demands of invasion; the theatrical character of all these arrangements; the apparent carelessness of indefinite delay; the calmness with which the news of Trafalgar was heard by the great captain — all these are considerations which cumulatively lead to the conclusion that he was in earnest neither with the maritime campaign nor with the invasion, and that his real armament was the costly land force which was prepared for the purpose of conquering Austria, the enemy against whom, in the following year, it was actually used; while the naval armament, including the Boulogne flotilla, was intended to prevent, as it did, the active interference of England to destroy his own so-called blockade of the continental ports, and thereby to renew her commerce.

Napoleon's generals, whose ability was as remarkable as the feebleness of his admirals, were interested, as their own memoirs and those of other keen observers prove, in an empire of Europe by which their dignities were to be perpetuated and strengthened. Joseph told the Prussian minister that his brother's strength with

the army was in the new laurels which they hoped to pluck, and in the wealth which would follow as a result. The Emperor had revealed the truth to his favorite brother when he said that he himself would never attempt a landing on British shores, but that he might send Ney to Ireland. It is perhaps a significant straw that when Robert Fulton, as tradition asserts, offered to make the flotilla independent of wind and wave by the use of steam, Napoleon, the apostle of science, friend of Monge and Volney, member of the Institute, displayed very little scientific interest. For some time past he had been coquetting with the great American inventor, granting him inadequate subsidies to prosecute his schemes for applying steam-power to various marine engines of destruction. It must, however, be remembered that there is no proof of actual negotiations between the two for the application of steam to navigation. The Emperor probably intended to keep others from using Fulton's inventions; that he made no fair trial of them himself would seem to show that he had no real use for them.

Most English historians have believed that Napoleon's forecast saw a successful invasion of their country, and Great Britain as a consequence disgorging a vast war indemnity wherewith his invincible legions could be recruited and the continental powers could be reduced to subjection. Englishmen have always felt that it was a deed of high enterprise for Britons to overawe the Corsican ogre by the magnitude of their preparations to resist him, and have by constant iteration convinced large numbers that this among other honors is also theirs. They have rarely considered the anxiety of the other side lest English troops should be landed on the Continent under the protection of such an overwhelming sea-power as Great Britain possessed. It will,

of course, never be known how serious the Emperor's much-paraded purpose was during 1803 and 1804. But a more significant sign even than those already enumerated is the fact that in January, 1805, while the council of state was discussing the budget, he declared that for two years France had been making tremendous sacrifices. "A general war on the Continent," he said, "would demand no greater. I now have the strongest possible army, a complete military organization, and am this moment on the footing which I generally have first to secure in case of actual war. To raise such forces in time of peace — twenty thousand artillery, horses and trains complete — there was need of a pretext in order to levy and bring them all together without rousing suspicion in the other continental powers. This pretext was afforded by the project for landing in England. Two years ago I would not thus have spoken to you, but it was nevertheless my sole purpose. I am well aware that to maintain such an equipment in time of peace means throwing thirty millions out of the window. But in return I have the advantage of all my enemies by twenty days, and can take the field a whole month before Austria can even prepare her artillery."

Even within the labyrinthine turnings of the most tortuous mind there is a clue, and this time Napoleon probably spoke the truth. The inherent probability is further strengthened by the evidence of what followed. Some weeks later he said in a moment of frankness: "What I have so far done is nothing. There will be no peace in Europe except under a single chief, under an emperor who shall have kings for officials, who shall distribute kingdoms to his lieutenants, making one king of Italy, another of Bavaria, this one landmann of Switzerland, that one stadholder of Holland — all

charged with duties in the imperial household. . . . You may say there is nothing new in this, that it is only an imitation of the plan on which the German Empire was founded, but nothing is absolutely new: political institutions revolve in an orbit, and it is often necessary to return to what has been." "We were soon aware," wrote Miot de Mérito in August, 1804, referring to the demonstration against England, "that the Emperor, in the execution of a plan already abandoned, had made such demonstrations only to increase the security of the continental powers, and lure them to some decisive step which would permit him to speak out and act."

It is well to recall that if the great Egyptian expedition was intended by Bonaparte and his friends in the Directory to mystify the French, the naval preparations, made as if both to meet England on her own undisputed element, and likewise to invade her soil, may well have been made with similar intention regarding the English. The one hypothesis requires no greater credulity than the other. Having driven the Addington ministry from power, Pitt said, on May twenty-third, 1803, that France would base her hope of success either on the expectation that she could "break the spirit and shake the determination of the country by harassing us with perpetual apprehension of descent upon our coasts," or on the supposition that she could "impair our resources and undermine our credit by the effects of an expensive and protracted contest." There is no reason to regard this as other than a prophetic utterance, except that the preparations of Napoleon for invasion assumed such dimensions as to give the whole scheme for "harassing" England the appearance of a real purpose. But it must be remembered that no other course would have deceived a people so astute as the English, and this fact, taken in connection with the Emperor's ever-increasing

determination that no power within the sphere of his influence should remain neutral, but that all should close their doors to English commerce, is very strong proof that Napoleon was fighting England in both the ways indicated by Pitt.

It is also pertinent to inquire what would have happened had Napoleon been successful in landing an army on English shores. In the first place, his mastery of the seas would have been quickly ended by the combined efforts of the English war-vessels then afloat, and he would have been left without base of supplies or communication. In the second place, he would have met a resistance from a proud, free, enlightened, and desperate people which would have paralyzed all his tactics, and would have worn out any force he could have kept together. Napoleon had said before that an army which cannot be regularly recruited is a doomed army. He knew very well that with the fleets and flotillas at his disposal a permanent control of the seas was out of the question. The impression which Metternich received in 1810, that the Emperor's intention had been a continental war from the first, and the lavishness with which Napoleon, throughout his public career, made use of any form of ruse, even the costliest, in order to mislead his foes, are complementary pieces of evidence which furnish the strongest corroboration.

CHAPTER XXX

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I¹

The Pope's Perplexities — Arrival of Pius VII at Fontainebleau — Arrangements for the Coronation — Ecclesiastical Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine — The Procession to Notre Dame — The Coronation — Significance of the Act — Disenchantment of the Pope — A Presage of War — Europe Prepared — The Rise of National Feeling — Prosperity of France — Literature in France — The New Coalition — Napoleon King of Italy.

PARIS had not been agreeably impressed by the spectacle of the imperial court held at Aachen, and when there appeared in the "Moniteur" a shrewd reminder that the seat of Roman empire had been permanently transferred to a Greek city, the feeling of disquiet was heightened to the desired point. The Parisians were therefore not disinclined to exhibit an enthusiastic loyalty on the unique occasion of the coronation. The sometime atheist, later Oriental hero and son of heaven, quasi-Mohammedan and destroyer of the papacy, but now for some years past the professed admirer of Christianity, had recently been addressed by Pius VII, in the form used in addressing legitimate rulers, as his "son in Christ Jesus." Having gone so far as this climax, the Pope's scruples finally disappeared,

¹ As before. Fontaine et Percier: *Le Sacre de Napoléon*; Masson: *Napoleon et sa famille*; Welschinger: *Le divorce de Napoléon*; Artaud de Montor: *Vie de Pie VII*; Welschinger. *Le pape et l'empereur*, 1804-1815, Botta: *Storia d'Italia*; the *Memoirs of Consalvi*, Montgaillard, and Bigarré, Lumbroso: *Napoleone I° e l'Inghilterra*; Marmottan: *Le royaume d'Étrurie*.

and, on November second, he set out for his winter journey to the French capital. It is said that he drew back at the last moment, alleging, not, as he might well have done, that Napoleon had violated every tradition of Europe and broken all the commandments, but that the Emperor's letter had been irregularly delivered by General Caffarelli, instead of being duly transmitted by the hands of two bishops! No wonder that the distracted but tenacious man was drawn two ways as a temporal prince he must bow as others had done, as the vicar of Christ upon earth, how could he give the sacred unction to one who so violated the Ark of the Covenant? But perhaps one office might give assistance to the other; if neither secular nor spiritual restitution could be obtained in completeness, partial satisfaction for wrongs of both sorts might be got.

In due time the venerable traveler reached Fontainebleau. Since the Pope had come to Paris, and the Emperor had not, as of old, gone to Rome, so by another reversal the prodigal son had this time come out to meet his spiritual father. Napoleon was in hunting costume, and seemed by accident to meet the Pope's carriage as it traversed the forest. Against his loud protestations the successor of St. Peter alighted with satin shoes and robes of state upon the muddy ground. But the Emperor, though a prodigal, was not repentant, for after his first effusive greeting little acts of contemptuous discourtesy—such, for example, as himself taking the seat of honor in the carriage which they entered together—showed that this late successor of Charles the Great was no second Henry IV, who thought a crown well worth a mass, but an Otto or a Henry III, determined to assert the secular supremacy against any assumption recalling the pretensions of Gregory VII.

The day before the ceremony a delegation of the

senate had formally announced the result of the plebiscite, and the Emperor not only had guaranteed the popular rights as secured by the Revolution, but had promised to transmit them unimpaired to his children. But where were the children? That same night, at the last hour, the Empress, who in the eyes of the Church had so far been only a concubine, obtained by the Pope's insistence what was the chief desire of her heart, but what had so often been refused by her husband — a secret marriage to him by ecclesiastical rite. Would this work a miracle and remove the reproach of her barrenness? In any case it removed the bar to her coronation by the Pope, of which nothing had been said in the preliminary negotiations. This act completed the preparations. The great church had been renovated and gorgeously decorated, the brilliant costumes, the imperial scepter, the jeweled crown, were all in readiness; rehearsals, too, had been held; and still further, by means of ingeniously devised puppets, every participant had been carefully taught his exact movements. It had been suggested that, like former sovereigns, Napoleon should, on the eve of his coronation, repair to the sanctuary, confess, and receive absolution; but he drew back as before a sacrilege. In the official program of the ceremonies it was also arranged that "Their Majesties" should receive the holy communion; but the article was dropped, and it was currently reported that the reason was Napoleon's fear lest the Italian prelates should poison the elements. The Holy Father was not urgent, for he feared a more serious rebuff than any he had yet received. At the outset he had inquired whether, according to immemorial custom, he was himself to set the crown in place on the head of the sovereign. "I will arrange that," had been Napoleon's reply, and the imperial decision was still unknown.

It was cold and cloudy on the morning of Sunday, December second, 1804, as the gorgeous procession passed from the Tuileries to Notre Dame. The streets were lined and the houses decorated; but the people of Paris, sated with ceremonials, were, in spite of self-interest, silent and critical. On the other hand, the presence of the German princes in the train, and the glittering costumes of the court, threw the provincial deputations, and the throngs of office-holders who had come up from all France, into a delirium of enthusiasm. The irreverent tittered when the papal chamberlain ambled by on a mule at the head of His Holiness's court, but immediately fell on their knees and received the papal blessing. Clergy and choristers intoned the hymn, "Tu es Petrus," as the Pontiff entered the majestic cathedral from the transept, and proceeded to his throne in the center of the choir to the right of the high altar. After an interval of an hour or more appeared the Emperor's attendants, Murat leading at the head of twenty squadrons of cavalry. Then followed the imperial chariot, surmounted by a crown, and drawn by eight superb and richly caparisoned steeds. Facing the Emperor and Empress sat Joseph and Louis; the other brothers were in temporary disgrace, and Madame Mère, stubbornly devoted to Lucien, was traveling with him somewhere between Milan and Paris, approaching by stages carefully calculated the capital where as yet both would have caused embarrassment by their presence. They were scarcely conspicuous by their absence when, as the artillery salvos resounded, there advanced eighteen six-horse carriages with the court, all moving to the sound of triumphal music. Passing in a burst of sunshine to the archiepiscopal palace, and entering the vestry, the Emperor donned his coronation robes and a crown of

laurel leaves. Thence, with the Empress at his side, he proceeded in state to the place prepared for them in the lofty nave, facing the high altar. Joseph, Louis, Cambacérès, and Lebrun were his pages, and supported the train of his mantle, heavy with gold and embroidery. The yet empty throne had been erected in the heart of the choir. From twenty thousand throats burst the cry, "Long live the Emperor!" as the slow and stately march proceeded. There was one and only one incident, but how significant, in this short progress, when Napoleon with head half turned whispered to Joseph: "If our father could see us now." At last the entrance of the choir was reached, and the Pope, descending from his chair, began to intone, amid the deep silence of the throng, the majestic chant of "Veni, Creator."

This ended, the personages of the court found their appointed seats, the regalia were laid on the altar, and Pius, holding out a copy of the Scriptures, demanded in the Latin tongue whether the Emperor would use all his powers to have law, justice, and peace reign supreme in the Church and among his people. The Emperor laid both his hands on the book, and "Profiteor" came the solemn answer. Pope, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops began the litany, and the sovereigns kneeled. As the closing strains sounded forth, the imperial pair advanced under priestly conduct to the steps of the high altar, and kneeled again. The Pope, pronouncing the customary but long-disused prayer, then solemnly anointed both in turn with the triple unction on head and hands. Returning to their chairs, the two chief actors seated themselves, and high mass began. Midway in its solemn course there was a pause; the Emperor stepped forward to the altar as if to be invested at the papal hands with all the insignia of power—ring, mantle, and crown. The last of the consecrated baubles

to be lifted was the crown. At the pregnant instant, just as the Holy Father, doubting but hoping, lifted it aloft, the Emperor advanced two paces downward, and, firmly seizing it in his own hands, set it on his own brow. Without a movement of hesitancy he then crowned the Empress, and the two, stepping upward, seated themselves in the great throne of the Empire. The Pope recovered his self-control, if, indeed, he had momentarily lost it, and said, "May God confirm you on this throne, and may Christ give you to rule with him in his eternal kingdom." Then, giving Napoleon the kiss of peace, he cried, "Vivat imperator in æternum!" The throng shouted in antiphony with deafening acclaim. Then the ritual proceeded, and the religious ceremonial was soon ended. At its close the presidents of the great assemblages of the State advanced. The Emperor, with his hands on the Bible, said, "I swear to maintain the principles of the Revolution, the integrity of French territory, and to govern for the welfare, happiness, and glory of the French people." Other particulars, equally radical in their nature, were added according to constitutional requirement. The hierarchical clergy must have shuddered as they listened. Then the chief of the heralds' college stood forth and cried: "The thrice glorious and thrice august Emperor Napoleon is crowned and enthroned. Long live the Emperor!" At this moment the cannon outside proclaimed the consummation of the ceremony. The French nation and the Napoleonic Empire, it was believed, were wedded in the fusion of Church, State, and army, for the loyal support of what the masses were sure was now France — "one and indivisible," as the motto of the Revolution expressed it.

It was just before this pregnant event that Napoleon had freed his mind to Roederer concerning the ambi-

tions of Joseph and his family in general. Already his brothers and sisters were organized for the enterprise of exploiting their relationship, and already they were rash in their claims. The elder brother was essentially a man of the clan epoch in the development of society, and begrudged the ascendancy of his junior. He was nevertheless clamorous for wealth and power, using his brother's ministers to secure them, to demand them as a right. To this the younger retorted: My brothers are nothing except through me, great because I made them so. The French people knows them only by what I have said. There are thousands of persons in France who have rendered greater service to the state than they. I will not abide that they be set beside me in the same row. Joseph is not destined to reign. I was born in poverty; like me, he was born in the lowest mediocrity. I have raised myself by my own deeds, he has remained exactly where he was born. From this position Napoleon never swerved: for them there must be no expectation of empire. Minor kingdoms, principalities, and duchies he was glad to distribute with lavish hand. Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice they accumulated with his connivance. Lucien married to his own liking and remained a commoner, but in the positions he held under the consulate and empire he left no source of gain untouched and lived like a prince, if he had not the title. Joseph was twice a king, unable in both cases to decide whether he should be true to his imperial brother or to his subjects, a vacillator in Spain, as for a time was Louis in Holland: the latter, however, was at least loyal to his folk if not to his superior. Jerome's career was a farce, in marriage, in statesmanship, in everything: it is relieved only by the high character of the consort Napoleon selected for him. Of the women in the family, not much can be said which indi-

cates a sense of gratitude to their imperial brother for his prodigal favors. Caroline, the spouse of Murat, was a woman of force, and was more loyal to her benefactor than any of his blood, unless it were the giddy, light, beautiful, fascinating Pauline, who, though a child of the sixteenth rather than the nineteenth century, had a heart and showed it in great crises

Pius VII was a disenchanted man. He claimed that the Emperor had broken an express promise in seizing the crown, and was silent only because the official journal called no attention to the incident. For several months he remained a suppliant in Paris. One demand after another was perforce abandoned. He had hoped to destroy the last vestige of Gallican liberties, and to see the Roman Church recognized, not as a privileged sect, but as the national ecclesiastical organism. His temporary secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, found in Napoleon's minister of public worship, Portalis, an adversary as learned in ecclesiastical matters, as polished, adroit, and unctuous, as himself, and spent his diplomatic arts in vain. Two small concessions were indeed made. The statesman promised to restore the Gregorian calendar, and the Emperor, with a half-ironical, half-superstitious feeling, dated the course of the Empire after January first, 1806, not by the Revolutionary reckoning, but by the Christian. It was likewise ordered that the bishops and priests who had sworn to the civil constitution should take the ecclesiastical oath, and thus return to the fold. In the field of temporal negotiations the Roman prince was quite as unsuccessful as in the spiritual. It was in vain that he pleaded the gift of Charles the Great, which made him a sovereign prince. Talleyrand replied that what God had given to the Emperor the Emperor must keep, but an opportunity might offer to increase the States of the Church. The

successor to St. Peter left Paris wounded and disillusioned, considering, says his memorialist Consalvi, that the Emperor must have intended, by the poverty of his gifts, to show the light estimate he put on the papal services. Weakened in dignity and general esteem, outwitted at every point, the Pope returned to Rome, a bitter and secret enemy of the Empire he had sanctioned.

When the legislature assembled, two days after Christmas, and the Emperor opened its session with a state proportionate to his new dignity, his speech from the throne was not merely an enumeration of what France owed to the new dispensation, — the civil and other codes, prizes for the encouragement of letters, industry, and the arts, the achievement of splendid public works, — it was also a presage of war. He declared that Italy, like France, needed a definite organization; that Austria was recuperating her strength; that the King of Prussia was the friend of France. Turkey, however, he said, was pursuing with vacillation and timidity a policy foreign to her interests, and he dragged in an expression of his desire that the spirit of Catherine the Great should guide the councils of the Czar Alexander. "He will remember," said the Emperor, "that the friendship of France is a necessary counterpoise for him in the European balance. . . . Set far from her, he can neither touch her interests nor trouble her repose." These were clearly words of warning. They meant that Russia must abandon her new Oriental policy, forget the anxiety she felt about French control in Italy and Naples, and forbear to chafe under the limitations of her trade with England, necessitated by the closing of all harbors in western Europe to English commerce.

The feeling arose, and at once became general, not only in France, but in Europe, that these words of the

Emperor meant an appeal to force. The Revolution had claimed to have a world-wide mission in protecting the oppressed and establishing justice. The nations had felt a solemn awe when they saw this task intrusted to the greatest general of his day. But now in a twinkling all was changed; here was a new kind of monarch; not a king, but a king of kings; and headstrong, wilful, and selfish, just as kings were, with no more respect than they for the rights of man. The greatest general of Europe was now its most ambitious and ruthless sovereign. It was a powerful argument for the royalists of the Continent that their old kings, whom they knew, were better than this novel, unknown tyrant.

It is a trite remark that, however rapidly events may move, no gulf or cleft separates two epochs either of national life or of general history. The germs of that national uprising which later overwhelmed Napoleon can be observed as early as 1805. The tide of his success was still to flow high before the turn, but his alliance with a great idea began to dissolve before he struck the first blow for his dynasty. It was with a light heart and a new enthusiasm that Europe went to war in 1805. Even the Russian peasants, peering into the misty diplomacy which strove to conceal the Czar's Oriental ambitions and dynastic pride under complaints about the Duc d'Enghien, and demands for indemnity to Piedmont, a kingdom almost extinct, saw dimly that the principles of eternal justice and right were no longer on the side of France, but on theirs. If France was to live henceforth under monarchical rule, her ruler must be made to keep his place in the former political equipoise and abide by the old rules of international law. This fact constituted the moral strength of Russia's position when she somewhat hastily dismissed the French envoy from St. Petersburg. Even then men

began dimly to apprehend that, for the triumph of the rights of man which the republic had so loudly proclaimed, the nations must now rise against Napoleon and rally to their dynasties.

While this change of sentiment, elemental in the history of the time, was gradually taking place outside of France, that nation was interested in itself as rarely before. Commerce and industry were rising and developing under a sense of security. Trade and engineering had received a mighty impulse by the inception of those splendid public works which still make the First Empire illustrious, — the superb highways of the Simplon, Mt. Cenis, and Mt. Genève, the great canals of St. Quentin, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, in France proper, with those of even higher importance in Belgium, — and by the improvement of every land and water route which made intercommunication easy. Where the Emperor's interest made it seem best, public buildings rose like magic. Labor was abundant, and prosperity almost commonplace; the spell of Napoleon's name and dynasty fascinated men to an ever-growing degree. There were shadows: the budget for 1805 was alarming, for the last harvest had been bad; the American payment was spent, Spain could not be asked for a further subsidy when arming herself for French support, and the prohibition of English trade diminished the customs revenues. The price of French bonds fell for a time at a tremendous rate. But the ingenuity of the Emperor was still fecund. A new tariff, a new syndicate of bankers to scale the public debt, a new tax laid on litigants: such were his expedients, and they temporarily succeeded. When the senate adjourned in March, the members of that high assembly were requested to report how the new machinery was working in their respective homes. It appeared to be working very well.

At the same time the imperial masquerade was further continued in a proclamation which it pleased the imperial writer to date from Aachen, the capital of Charles the Great. Rome reestablished in France, the land of science, literature, and art, the glories of the coming century should eclipse those of the past. To this end were founded prizes, some of ten thousand, some of five thousand francs, which once in ten years, on the eighteenth of Brumaire, the Emperor with his own gracious hand would distribute in state to successful competitors in the race for scientific, artistic, and literary honors. The best book in each of the physical, mathematical, and historical sciences respectively would then be crowned; so, too, the best play, the best poem, the best opera, the best mechanical invention, the best painting, the best statue. Unfortunately the brightest spirits of the nation were in exile. The inspiration of those who worked under fear was but a scanty rill, and the French intellectual life of the Napoleonic age was feeble and uncertain. Not that the output was meager, for it was not; but the censorship was applied to newspapers and books with ever-increasing rigor, and what did appear in books or on the stage was in general utterly colorless and vague. The only exceptions were those pieces which summoned historical allusions to bolster the existing government. The censors smiled approval on the story of "William the Conqueror" as told by Duval, on the tale of "Peter the Great" in the words of Carrion-Nisas, on M. J. Chénier's "Cyrus," or Raynouard's "Templars," on any thing which, in the Emperor's own words, set forth the "passage from the first to the second race," provided only the theme was from days sufficiently distant. The career of Henry IV, founder of the Bourbon line, who became king by the victories of the Protestants and by the

consent of the people, was not to Napoleon's liking, even though he traced in that career a resemblance to his own. The daily papers could publish no news except such as redounded to the credit of France, and dared not discuss religious matters at all. In the whole country there was but one unfettered genius, that of the painter Prud'hon, and he was free because he moved in the orbit of antiquity, within limits which did not intersect the public life of his day. Gros might perhaps rank near him, but David's talent and Chénier's muse were alike enthralled in fetters light but strong. Some high authorities have but lately claimed immortality for Sénancour and the subtle abstractions of "Obermann"; but they are caviare not merely to the multitude, but to many of the initiated.

With France at his back and his great army perfectly equipped, the Emperor was now ready for the continental war which was to give permanency to his system. In the eyes of all Europe the rupture with England had been due to British bad faith in refusing to evacuate Malta according to the treaty of Amiens. Napoleon, in a second personal letter to George III, written with his own hand on January second, 1805, deprecated the consequences of this fact; he felt his conscience awakened by such useless bloodshed, and conjured his Majesty "not to refuse himself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to put it off to become a sweet satisfaction to his Majesty's children. It was time to silence passion and hear the voice of humanity and reason." The answer was evasive. England must first consult the continental powers with which she had confidential relations. As Parliament had in February voted five and a half million pounds sterling for secret purposes,—that is, as a subsidy to Austria,—there could be no doubt of what this answer meant.

The war with England was felt therefore to be just. Russia was in a state of hostility, but quiescent because she had meddled with what was not her affair. If she began a war, that likewise would be a conflict on Napoleon's part for French independence. How could Austria be put in the same position? The answer was not difficult for a man of such universal grasp. It was clear that those states dependent on France which, following her example, had adopted in turn the forms and constitution of a directorial, and subsequently of a consular, republic, must still follow their leader and accept the rule of a single man. They could not be imperial commonwealths except as part of France, for there could be but one emperor: they could accomplish the end only by giving a new meaning to kingship. The Italian republic was not averse to securing constitutional monarchy if only it might be rid of French officials and the payment of subsidies. Taking advantage of this, Napoleon determined to make the change, and bestow the crown either on Joseph or on the child which was accepted by the world as Louis's eldest son. On this infant he had always lavished the attentions of a father. Both brothers flatly refused the proposal on the ground that it would prejudice their rights in the imperial succession. Their sovereign appeared to be very angry, but soon suggested to the Italian delegation which he had summoned to Paris that he might himself accept the dignity, a hint which was a command. Late in March, with a suite comprising the chief courtiers, Napoleon began his progress toward Milan. The Emperor of Austria—for to this title Francis was reduced by the dismemberment of Germany—was told in a gracious personal letter that with Russian troops at Corfu and English soldiers at Malta the two crowns of France and Italy could not be kept apart, except

nominally, but that "this situation would cease the moment both these islands were evacuated." The attention of all Europe was momentarily diverted from Boulogne to the spectacle at Milan. On May twenty-sixth, in the cathedral, the Emperor of the French was, by his own hand, crowned King of Italy, and that with the iron crown of Lombardy, a diadem considered the most precious on earth, for it was said to be made from the nails which pierced the Saviour's feet and hands. It was with perceptible defiance that, as he set the emblem on his head, he uttered the traditional words: "God hath given it to me; let him beware who touches it." The herald called in clarion tones: "Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, is crowned, anointed, and enthroned. Long live the emperor and king." The church rocked with joyous acclamation, in the square and the streets women and children wept, men threw themselves before his carriage as he passed, and were saved with difficulty from the death they sought in their delirium of joy. The great of the land were intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the masses, and even when sobriety regained its seat the attendant festivals surpassed in splendor anything yet seen in the Lombard capital.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE THIRD COALITION ¹

The Expansion of Empire — Great Britain and Russia — Napoleon's Attitude — Russia and Austria — The New Coalition — Weakness of Austria — Nelson and Villeneuve — The French Fleet at Cadiz — Responsibility for the Napoleonic Wars — The Grand Army of France — The Menace of War — Declaration of Hostilities — From Boulogne to Ulm — Napoleon and Mack — Their Respective Plans — Victory Won by Marching — Surrender of Ulm — Failure of Murat — A Dishonorable Ruse.

THE coronation at Milan was startling to cabinets and kings; but the sequel was in their eyes a downright menace. Piombino and Lucca were given to the Bonaparte sisters; Parma and Piacenza were endowed with the new French code, and as the climax of audacity the entire Ligurian Republic was incorporated with France. Only a short time since, Napoleon had informed the world through an allocution to the legislature that Holland, Switzerland, and three fourths of Germany belonged to France by right of conquest, but that, such was his moderation, the two former lands would be left independent. The partition of Poland and the conquest of India, as he had previously remarked,

¹Mahan: *Life of Nelson* and other writings; Jurien de la Gravière: *Guerres Maritimes*, Rousset: *L'Art de Napoléon*, Alembert et Colin: *La Campagne de 1805 en Allemagne*; Huidekoper: *Seizure of the Tabor Bridge*, Napoleon's Concentra-

tion on the Rhine and Main in 1805 (*Journal of the Military Service Institution*, May-June, 1905; and for September, 1907), the collections of Bailleu, Martens, Leclercq, Garden, and Tratchefski, the *Memoirs of Mollien*, Méneval, Dumas, Marmont, Ségur,

prejudiced France in the European balance; but again, such was French moderation, Italy was to have remained independent, the two crowns separate, and no new province was to have been annexed to the Empire. But now it was otherwise ordered, and by no fault of his he had been forced to unite the two crowns; this being so, Genoa had become essential to the unity of the Empire. Austria might well ask what the word "Italy" in the royal title was intended to mean. No sooner were the coronation ceremonies ended than half of the sixty thousand troops which had either accompanied Napoleon or had been summoned from near were stationed on the so-called sanitary cordon of Austria, the old Venetian boundaries. Wearing the worm-eaten coat and battered hat which he had worn at Marengo, and on the memorable field which had witnessed his agony of doubt, fear, and joy, the King of Italy rehearsed with the remaining thirty thousand the events of that decisive day. Later, at Castiglione the other contingent gave a similar exhibition.

It is now known, and probably Napoleon suspected at the time, that Pitt's exertions had already been half successful. On November sixth, 1804, Austria and Russia had signed a defensive treaty like that already concluded between Russia and Prussia. Then, as now, the cabinets and peoples of the former lands heartily disliked each other. But Alexander was a dreamer. His notorious scheme for the redistribution of European

Rapp, Lannes (ed Thomas), Savary, Oudinot, Hardenberg, Czartoryski, and the Countess Potocka, the works of Huffer, Ranke, and Oncken, and the correspondence of Napoleon in both Lefebvre and the official publication. For the Austrian sources

see von Angeli in the *Mittheilungen des K. K. Archivs*, Ulm and Austerlitz. The first coalition of more than two powers against France was in 1793, the second in 1798; the war of 1792 was against Austria and Prussia, that of 1795 against England and Austria.

territory, printed only a few years ago for the first time in the memoirs of Czartoryski, his minister for foreign affairs, is conclusive evidence of his character. By this plan he himself was to have the whole of Poland, together with the provinces from which the kingdom of Prussia takes its name; and besides, Moldavia, Cattaro, Corfu, Constantinople, and the Dardanelles! Austria was to get Bavaria, France the Rhine frontier, Prussia a slight compensation in Germany, and so forth. Great Britain was clever enough to use this dreamer, leading him to hope for some concessions to such of his visionary schemes as were known to her, but putting her propositions in such a form as would to a certainty be unacceptable to Napoleon: for example, she would not promise to evacuate Malta. The Czar accordingly proposed to mediate with the Emperor of the French for peace, not now as a solitary rival, but in the name of all Europe, except, of course, Prussia, which was negotiating with France for Hanover.

In May, therefore, Alexander's envoy asked from the court at Berlin a safe-conduct into France, with which Russia had broken off diplomatic relations. Napoleon received at Milan a letter from Frederick William notifying him of the circumstance. He replied in what appeared a conciliatory tone; but declared that any peace with England must bind her cabinet not to give asylum to the Bourbons, and must compel them likewise to muzzle their wretched writers "I have no ambition," ran one clause; "twice I have evacuated the third of Europe without compulsion. I owe Russia no more explanation concerning Italian affairs than she owes to me concerning those of Turkey and Persia." The news of what had been done with Genoa, Lucca, and Piombino reached St. Petersburg in due time, and emphasized the grim sincerity of the French Emperor.

As time passed Napoleon also claimed that the city of Naples was a focus of anti-French conspiracies, and that by the queen's influence Russia had occupied Corfu. The independence of Etruria, under the so-called protection of the French troops quartered in the kingdom, was already a phantom; that of Naples was, in spite of existing treaties, not really more substantial. The King was the obedient servant of his masterful Austrian consort, Maria Carolina, who was the real ruler. She had been told in January that the existence of her power depended upon her attitude. If she would dismiss her minister, Acton, expel the French emigrants, send home the English resident, recall her own from St. Petersburg, and muster out her militia, — in short, "show confidence in France," — she might continue to reign. No one could doubt that this foretold the speedy end of the Italian Bourbons. The Czar at once recalled his peace envoy from Berlin, for he had not journeyed farther, and immediately Russia and Austria put aside their conflicting ambitions. They could look on at all Napoleon's aggressions, they could even condone the murder of Enghien, and continue their rivalry; but they could no longer do so when Austria felt Venice slipping from her grasp, and Alexander saw his Oriental ambitions forever defeated, as would be the case if the western shore of the Adriatic should fall into his great rival's hands.

So evident was all this to the world that early in May the provisional treaty between England and Russia was already rumored to have been made binding. The French papers denounced the report as another English snare; their St. Petersburg correspondence, written, of course, in their own Paris offices, declared that the coalition had collapsed. The Emperor lingered in Italy, carefully noting the Italian and Austrian dispositions, until July, when at last he hastened to Paris, leaving his

stepson Beauharnais, the "Prince Eugène," as viceroy at Milan. There was no longer any doubt as to the existence of the new coalition. England had failed in winning Prussia, for Hardenberg desired, by observing the old neutrality, to secure the consolidation of the Prussian territory through the acquisition of Hanover from the French.

Austria was in a serious dilemma. Relying first on the treaty of Lunéville, then on the preparations at Boulogne, as likely to assure a long peace, she had fallen into Napoleon's trap, and had begun a series of important army reforms. Her new system, modeled on that of France, had not yet been perfected. There were only forty thousand men under arms, and there was no artillery. The Archduke Charles might well shrink from taking the field with such an insignificant armament. But England promised cash and Russia offered men; it was no slight inducement that Italy and perhaps Bavaria were to be won. Should Prussia fail to assert her neutrality, and declare for France, the house of Austria might even recover Silesia. On July seventh the cabinet yielded, and orders were given to mobilize the troops. General Mack, who enjoyed a swollen reputation as an organizer, was intrusted with the task of making ready.

This was the condition of affairs, almost certainly known to Napoleon through his emissaries, at the time when he thought best to announce with unusual emphasis that the invasion of England was fixed for the middle of August. In April Nelson had finally been enticed to the West Indies, and Villeneuve, eluding him, had returned in May to European waters. Nelson, mistaking his enemy's destination, sailed in pursuit to Gibraltar, but one of his detached cruisers learned that the united French and Spanish squadrons were to

meet at Ferrol, and by the middle of July the English admiralty was fully informed as to the whereabouts and plans of the French fleet. On the sixteenth of that month the Emperor issued orders for Villeneuve to unite the Spanish vessels with his own, and then to reinforce himself with the French squadrons of Rochefort and Brest, and appear in the Channel. On July twenty-second a British fleet under Calder met Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre in a dense fog, but the latter was not checked in his passage to Vigo. By August second he found himself at the head of a Franco-Spanish fleet numbering no fewer than twenty-nine ships of the line, which were assembled in the harbors of Ferrol and Corunna. He complained, however, that he had "bad masts, bad sails, bad rigging, bad officers, bad sailors." Conceiving himself in all probability to be only the tool of a feint, he lost the little enthusiasm he had, and became sullen. Nelson had joined Admiral Cornwallis before Brest, and, leaving his best eight ships to strengthen both the guard and the blockading fleets, made for Portsmouth. Calder, too, had reinforced the blockaders, so that by August seventeenth there would be eighteen vessels before Ferrol; eighteen remained before Brest, while a third squadron, under Sterling, was cruising with five more, prepared to join either. Villeneuve was not ready for sea until the thirteenth. Were his orders, in view of the changed situation, still valid? After an effort to beat northward against a violent storm, the French admiral received false news from a Danish merchant vessel that an English fleet of twenty-five sail was approaching. He thought himself in the exercise of due discretion when he turned and made for Cadiz, especially as the Emperor's orders contained a clause authorizing him, in case of unforeseen casualties which materially altered the situation,

— “which with God’s help will not occur,” — to anchor in the harbor of Cadiz after liberating the squadrons of Rochefort and Brest.

It was no feigned anger with which Napoleon received this news. What a contrast between the efficiency of his land force and the utter incompetency of his ship-builders, sailors, and naval officers! If he had really hoped to throw an army on English soil under the momentary protection of his fleet, that project was ended: but if at heart he despised that Revolutionary legacy, the “freedom of the seas and the invasion of England,” if he always intended to destroy Great Britain, not by direct attack on land or sea, but by isolating her through the destruction of her continental allies, he might still be furious that his best efforts had resulted in so trivial a display, and that this fiasco by sea might be considered as a presage of similar results in the coming land campaign. History must accept this dilemma: either England or France was the author of the Russian and Austrian alliance which brought in those wars that drenched European soil with human blood. Either Pitt, by his subsidies and diplomacy, turned an army intended for the invasion of England against his continental allies, or else Napoleon taunted and exasperated them into a coalition for his own purposes. If the latter be true, then all the thousand indications that the French Emperor was never serious about the invasion are trustworthy.

The first distribution of crosses after the institution of the Legion of Honor had taken place in July, 1804, with great pomp, at the Hospital of the Invalides, the second occurred at Boulogne just a year later, when the “Little Corporal” appeared among his men to distribute the coveted decorations with his own hands. So skilfully was the distribution managed that no man,

however illiterate or mean, despaired of one day attaining the distinction of his favored comrades. The common soldiers and officers alike were thenceforward the Emperor's devoted slaves, and obeyed without question or murmur. Glory or profit, or both, were to be had in his service everywhere. They were consequently neither eager for the particular duty they believed was before them, nor the reverse, but, like fine machines, fit for anything.

Meanwhile Napoleon's purposes were steadily realizing themselves. By the middle of July the King of Prussia agreed that the French army of occupation in Hanover should be relieved by Prussian troops. This removed all fear of the two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers which Frederick the Great's successor could put into the field, a force considered throughout Europe to be quite equal in efficiency to that of France. On the thirty-first the Emperor wrote to Talleyrand that the Italian news was all for war; on August second the Paris newspapers began to abuse Austria and Russia in unmeasured terms; on the twelfth the "Moniteur" summoned Austria to desist from arming, and threatened an advance from the ocean to Switzerland of the great army at Boulogne. Next day the Emperor wrote to Talleyrand that if the court at Vienna gave no heed to his demand, he would attack Austria, be in her capital by November, and thence advance against Russia.

On August twenty-third the declaration of war was composed and held in readiness. The same day Napoleon wrote to Talleyrand that his resolution was taken: if the fleet appeared in the Channel there was still time, and he would be master of England, if not, he would start for Germany. "I march to Vienna, and do not lay down my arms until I have Naples and Venice, and have so enlarged the territories of the Elector of Bavaria that

I have nothing more to fear from Austria." Two days later in the same correspondence he wrote, "The Austrians have no idea how quickly my two hundred thousand will pirouette." On the twenty-fourth, Marmont received orders to hasten by forced marches from the Texel to Mainz; on the twenty-seventh, marching orders were issued to the Army of England, otherwise the Army of the Coasts of the Ocean, and after August twenty-sixth down to the end the Grand Army, the swift columns were hurrying eastward before Europe understood what had happened. Duroc was already on his way to offer Hanover to Prussia as the price of a threatening demonstration against Austria. Bernadotte was to mass the army of occupation at Gottingen. Eugène was instructed to collect the troops from northern Italy under Masséna on the banks of the Adige, and Saint-Cyr to make ready for the occupation of Naples.

The merest layman can not only see the colossal proportions of this plan, but he must recognize as well the symmetry of its parts. It is a matter of opinion whether Napoleon devised it in the few days between the receipt of news that Villeneuve had failed him and the departure for Germany, or whether its combination was the result of a long-studied and carefully concealed design. Either hypothesis borders on the miraculous, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it requires less strain on one's reason to believe that both are in a measure correct; the test imposed on the navy having failed, the alternative which was long foreseen and always preferred became imperative. So rapid was the wonderful march that scouts could scarcely outrun it with reports, and the newspapers were either without information or dared not print what they knew. It was a force of about two hundred thousand men which crossed the Rhine, and, passing through Hesse, Baden, and

Wurtemberg to crush the utterly disproportionate and feeble Austrian army, reached the Danube valley near Ulm early in October. It was the third of September before Francis declared war; on the twenty-first, his forces, sixty thousand strong, were on the Iller in sight of Ulm. It was not so much Bavaria that he had in mind; it was Italy for which he was concerned. Austria's weight in the balance now depended upon her keeping the Venetian lands, and her generals made no haste in an advance which would not only put the Alps between her own two armies, but separate her van from her approaching auxiliaries.

The agreement with Russia was that her army, now on the borders of Galicia, and eighty thousand strong, should enter Austria in three divisions, the first of which should reach the Inn on October sixteenth. The Archduke Charles was to command the main force in Italy; the youthful Archduke Ferdinand, under the direction of Mack as quartermaster-general, that in Germany. Napoleon had made the acquaintance of this officer six years before while he was a prisoner of war at Paris, and considered him entirely mediocre — "likely to get a lesson if ever opposed to a first-rate French general." Now that the two were matched the Emperor must have laughed in his sleeve, for he played with his adversary in a spirit of confident and amused assurance.

In order to apprehend Napoleon's supernal greatness it is essential at this period of his life to shut out of view the politician, and fix the eye again on the general; to see him, moreover, solely as a strategist. It may be said that he was for the first and last time unhampered. His political independence and personal popularity were alike secure. His army was the best in Europe, composed of young and well-drilled conscripts, who had been eighteen months under arms, with a large nucleus of

trained veterans. Of the generals who commanded the seven corps destined for Germany only two, Augereau and Bernadotte, were over forty years of age. The Emperor himself, Soult, Lannes, and Ney were thirty-six, Davout was thirty-five, and Marmont only thirty-one. Of the division commanders one half were between thirty and forty, while only a single one was fifty. Not one of these men was commonplace. They knew their profession, and had practised it with success; they were without an exception self-reliant and enterprising, familiar with their leader's methods and requirements.

And yet there was the imperfection of all human arrangements even in this masterful and stupendous campaign. An inferior commander might easily have pleaded one of many excuses for failure in such an enterprise. The Rhine crossing was delayed by insufficiency of transport carriages and pontoons, though the further advance was amply arranged. There were many desertions from the ranks, there was an insufficiency of officers, the artillery force was unduly delayed in coming up, the subsistence was scanty and imperfect, and the supply of clothing, especially shoes, was a source of anxiety. Most of all, the French treasury was utterly disorganized, pay was in arrears, no ready money was forthcoming for either ordinary or extraordinary expenses, there was slackness and distrust among the civil officials, and Mollien declares that the situation was so desperate that "in victory alone" Napoleon "saw and sought the remedy."

These facts shed a bright light on the course of affairs throughout the autumn. They explain why Napoleon forgot entirely that he was an emperor, and was first and last throughout the campaign a general. Every highway and cross-road from Boulogne to the Danube had been surveyed by his confidential officers and circum-

stantially described to him; and out of these reports he evolved a plan for the march which in the teeth of every hindrance was executed to the letter. The order for crossing the Rhine is a classic in military literature. No sooner was the advance from one line to another complete than reserve camps were established in the rear, the strong places fortified, and depots of munitions established. The Austrians had chosen for defense the line of the Iller. In addition to their main force of sixty thousand, there were twelve thousand in the fortified camp at Braunau, which contained their stores, and fifteen thousand on Lake Constance. They had not compelled Bavaria either to disarm or to accept their alliance, and the Elector had consequently gathered an army at Bamberg. Such was the situation when the French and Austrians came within striking distance of each other. The latter did not know that their foe was so near, for by a masterly and seemingly reckless use of his cavalry Napoleon had temporarily misled them as to the true position of his columns, which had flanked the Black Forest, and were holding the northeast line from Weissenburg southwesterly to Ulm by Nordlingen and Aalen, being actually in the rear of their enemy.

The next move of Napoleon was one of daring genius. By a series of carefully prescribed marches, continuing for a week, the seven corps were all thrown northward to the left as if to surround the enemy. Bernadotte, violating the Prussian neutrality, crossed the duchy of Ansbach to Ingolstadt, Marmont was at Neuburg, the other five held the line from Heidenheim to Offingen. Mack learned the facts, and believing, like every Austrian, that the French people hated Napoleon, concluded that his enemy was facing about in order to retreat by the southerly line to France! The French people, he thought, were threatening revolution and

causing anxiety; the English, he was positive, were about to make a landing. So he stood still and waited until, on October seventh, the French, instead of marching for home, began to cross the Danube.

Three weeks after the passage of the Rhine, the Emperor wrote to Josephine: "I have destroyed the enemy merely by marches." It was literally true. On October ninth, the French, having beaten the parties sent out to harry them, had crossed the Danube also. Soult seized Memmingen and cut off the retreat to the Tyrol; Bernadotte and Davout remained to observe the Russians, whom they expected to see at any moment. In a sort of dazed uncertainty Mack finally marched out from Ulm to cross the Danube at Günzburg, but he found Ney in possession of the bridge, and in the night of the tenth he returned to the city. Two days were spent in discussions as to the probable course of the French, Mack persisting in the hallucination that they had retreated, the archduke, with better sense, perceiving that the toils were ever drawing closer about his army.

On the twelfth Napoleon moved with his whole force. The Archduke Ferdinand escaped into Bohemia with three battalions of infantry and eleven cavalry squadrons, but Mack, now stubbornly insisting that the Emperor was going to attack the Russians, remained, as he said, to strike the passing columns of the French on their flank! On the thirteenth it became clear that the goal of the enemy was Ulm; on the fourteenth they had virtually beset the town; and on the sixteenth the mortified commander opened negotiations for surrender, which were completed the following day. "If within a week," ran the stipulations, "the auxiliary forces do not appear, the army of Ulm are prisoners of war: except the officers, who march out on parole." On the

eighteenth, Murat captured the division of Werneck at Nördlingen. In a personal interview between the Emperor and Mack on October twentieth, three days before the expiration of the limit, the latter was wheedled into admitting the terms as already complete, and twenty-three thousand Austrians laid down their arms. During the scene, according to the journal of one of Mack's officers, Napoleon, "in the uniform of a common soldier, with a gray coat singed on the elbows and tails, a slouch hat, without any badge of distinction, on his head, his arms crossed behind his back and warming himself at a camp-fire, conversed with vivacity and made himself agreeable." An Austrian corps had started from Vienna to guard the crossing of the Inn; the Archduke John was advancing from the Tyrol; the Archduke Charles was holding the Adige. A month later all these were able to unite at Marburg in Styria; but they were too few to assume the offensive, and Mack's capitulation at Ulm was the virtual destruction of Austria's power. The safety of Vienna depended not on its feeble garrison, but on the Russians, who had gathered on the Inn at Braunau and on the Enns at Wels. Almost immediately the French, who had been "gathered to strike," were "separated to live," as their commander's motto ran. Ten days later Braunau with all its stores fell into the hands of Lannes without a blow, and the van of the allies began a somewhat precipitate retreat toward the river Enns, the line which the Aulic Council at Vienna had determined to defend.

But Kutusoff, the Russian general, was not of the same mind, and in order to secure, if possible, the support of the second division of his emperor's army, which was advancing under Buxhöwden from the frontier, crossed to the left bank of the Danube at Krems, and hastened northeastward by Znaim toward Brunn, the

capital of Moravia. Murat had been instructed to hang on the enemy's skirts and harass his retreat. Instead, he kept down the right bank of the Danube, hastening toward Vienna for the laurels he hoped to seize in occupying that undefended capital. "I cannot explain your behavior," wrote Napoleon to his brother-in-law; "you have lost me two days, and thought only on the glory of entering Vienna." In fact, an unsupported division under Mortier was caught by the Russians at Dürrenstein on the left bank and utterly destroyed. A victory won at Leoben by Ney over the Austrian division of Merveldt was unfortunately productive of no results and left Napoleon's situation very difficult. There was nothing now possible but for Murat to secure the river at Vienna, cross with two army corps, and hurry backward toward the northwest to prevent Kutusoff from reaching Moravia. This was possible only if the Austrians had not yet destroyed the bridges over the Danube. It was their bad habit, as Marmont has remarked, when defending the passage of a river to leave the bridge intact to the last moment for the sake of a counter-attack. This they had done at both Lodi and Arcola in Italy, and they had done it once again, all three times to their utter undoing.

Entering Vienna on the twelfth, Murat hastened to the Tabor bridge, which, as had been his hope and expectation, he found all laid with combustibles ready to be set on fire by a garrison troop of Austrians who had retreated to the opposite shore, but had not destroyed the bridge. The danger was real and the crisis imminent. Taking advantage of the fact that on the third the Emperor Francis had vainly endeavored to open negotiations with Napoleon, Murat declared to the Austrian commander what he knew to be an untruth — that an armistice had been concluded, and that there was still

some prospect of peace. Bertrand fortified the statement by his word of honor; the Austrians withheld their torches, and the French crossed the bridge, while the victimized garrison drew back in the direction of Brunn. The union of the two Russian divisions with the remnants of the Austrian army was thus rendered doubtful, and their chances of defeating the reunited French were doubly uncertain. Napoleon's reputation as a strategist was saved in extremity. By another series of almost superhuman marches his main army reached Vienna on the next day, ready to follow on Murat's heels. On the fourteenth Napoleon's headquarters were established in the palace of Schönbrunn.

CHAPTER XXXII

TRAFALGAR AND AUSTERLITZ ¹

The English Navy — Villeneuve's Plight — Preliminary Manœuvres — The Attack off Trafalgar — Victory of the English — Suicide of Villeneuve — The Effects of the Battle — Prussia and the Continental Campaign — Napoleon's March to Vienna — The Combat near Hollabrunn — Napoleon's Situation — The Czar Decides for Battle — The Struggle for Position — Plans of the Antagonists — The Eve of Conflict — The Battlefield of Austerlitz — The Struggle for Pratzen — The Allies Overwhelmed — Napoleon and Francis — Conduct of the Czar — The Fighting at Austerlitz — The New Tactics.

IN spite of Villeneuve's retreat to Cadiz, Great Britain was by no means sure of her naval superiority. The French had fought bravely at the battle of the Nile; Nelson, though not exactly outwitted in the chase to the West Indies and back, had failed to catch his opponent, who had escaped a second time without serious loss. In the administration of the admiralty there had been great slackness, except during Barham's short term; and it is now generally agreed that the navy was not highly efficient. Every official except Admiral Collingwood was totally in the dark as to the enemy's plans, and even he was correct only in one surmise, the

¹ In addition to the references given, see the works of Burke, also the volumes of Alembert and Colin, of Schonhals, and of Rustow on the war of 1805; the Diaries of Sir G. Jackson; Bernhardi: "Denkwürdigkeiten" of Count Toll; Friant: *Vie militaire du*

Lieutenant-Général Comte Friant; Chénier: *Histoire de la vie militaire, politique et administrative du Maréchal Davout*, Bernard Art de la Guerre; Yorck von Wartenburg: *Napoleon als Feldherr*; Dodge: *Napoleon*.

firm belief that Villeneuve would return at once from the West Indies, he was wrong in his conviction that Ireland was Napoleon's mark. The united French and Spanish fleets made a fine appearance in the accounts which reached the admiralty, and the activity of the French dockyards was alarming. England's naval ascendancy appeared to the English to be seriously jeopardized.

Villeneuve and his subordinates were apparently the only ones who positively knew that the show made by the allied fleets was deceptive. They complained bitterly, as has been said, of the deficiencies in the equipment of both, and had good cause to do so. That Napoleon was not altogether unaware of this is sufficiently proved by the fact that some one less despondent than Villeneuve was not put in his place. In justice to the French admiral it should be remembered that after his return from the West Indies he displayed great ability. It was a series of masterly movements in which he withdrew from before Calder, entered Ferrol, sailed thence and beat up against a storm to enter the Channel until he was informed that a powerful British fleet was in his path. Many of his ill-equipped craft were much damaged by the gale, and recalling the Emperor's alternative orders, he ran for Cadiz, entering the harbor with thirty-five ships. Collingwood drew off his little blockading squadron, but immediately returned to hover before the port, reinforcements being already on their way from England. Villeneuve remained at anchor. On September twenty-fifth he received orders which had been issued on the fourteenth to weigh anchor, pass through the Strait of Gibraltar, take up the ships lying at Cartagena, and proceed to Naples, in order to coöperate with the army under Saint-Cyr. He was to engage the enemy wherever

found. The wretched admiral was in despair; for lack of stores he had been unable to improve his equipment, and the number of his ships was an embarrassment rather than a source of strength. He prepared to obey, but sent home a remonstrance. On the very heels of his first order, Napoleon despatched Rosily to supersede Villeneuve, who was to return immediately to Paris and answer charges preferred by Napoleon himself. The news outran Rosily's speed. Villeneuve, hearing of the disgrace which had overtaken him, hastened his preparations, and sailed on October nineteenth with thirty-three ships of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. It is easy to see what a tremendous effect the presence of such a naval power in the Mediterranean would have had upon the grand campaign Napoleon had arranged against Austria.

Meantime the total number of ships of the line in the blockading fleet had been raised to thirty-three. On September twenty-eighth Nelson himself came to take command, Collingwood remaining as second. The great admiral hoped for nothing short of absolutely annihilating the naval power of the allies. But he was compelled to send his vessels to Gibraltar for water in detachments, and consequently had only twenty-seven present and available when called on to fight. These were disposed southwestwardly from Cadiz toward Cape Spartel, the main body being fifty miles away when Villeneuve sailed, believing that there were only twenty confronting him. On October tenth Nelson published to his fleet the plan of the coming battle, but in order not to terrify his enemy he hovered at a long distance from the shore. On the twentieth he advanced toward the northwest, having learned from his frigates, which had been watching Cadiz, that the allies had started. Next morning at daybreak his

watch descried the enemy sailing southeasterly, just north of Cape Trafalgar. The French fleet, simultaneously descrying the English, at once turned northward so as to be ready for retreat toward Cadiz; and Villeneuve, skilful but ever despondent, drew up his ships for battle in two long lines parallel with the shore, those of the rear covering the spaces between those of the first, so as to make the whole virtually a single compact curved line, concave toward the enemy, and therefore prepared to deliver a cross-fire.

It was a bright morning, with a light westerly breeze, but a heavy ocean swell, as the British, with the advantage of the wind, slowly advanced in two columns, one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. All was silent when at the appointed moment the famous signal fluttered from the flag-ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." Responsive cheers burst from ship after ship, and the French admiral murmured, "All is lost!" Nelson had given a stirring order: "In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." Villeneuve's was scarcely less so: "Any captain not under fire is not at his post, and a signal to recall him would be a disgrace." It was a splendid audacity on Nelson's part which, fearing lest the light wind might make an engagement impossible, offered each of his ships in two attacking columns, one after the other, to the fire of a whole fleet. Collingwood's line — the southern — came into action first, just at noon, and broke through the enemy's ranks, as was expected; but although this was by pre-arrangement with Nelson, yet the *Royal Sovereign*, having outsailed her consorts, went too far, and was isolated for twenty minutes, being exposed to the fire of all the enemy's ships which could reach her, and was nearly

lost before she could manœuver or her consorts come to her assistance.

The *Victory* hastened on against the *Bucentaure*, which carried the standard of Villeneuve, as fast as the treacherous breeze would permit, and in turn attacked on the north. She too was in advance of her consorts, and was riddled before they could come to her relief. For a time the *Redoutable* withstood the onset both of the *Victory* and the next in line; but three more British vessels coming up, the five finally broke through, capturing the *Bucentaure*, the *Redoutable*, and the *Santisima Trinidad*. Both the English flag-ships were saved, but the fighting was terrific on both sides. To the overconfidence of the British was opposed a dull timidity in their opponents, and in the end this began to tell. The allied van failed to use their guns with either rapidity or precision, while their inner line drifted away to leeward and was enveloped by the enemy. It was about half-past one when Nelson received a mortal wound from the maintop of the *Redoutable*, but he lived to hear the news of victory. He was a victim to his own system, which subordinated caution and every other idea to the single one of success. His men loved him just as Napoleon's did, and fought desperately for his approval. He was still in his prime, and in many minds his loss offset the victory. Of the whole armada, eleven ships — five French and six Spanish — escaped under Gravina; four put to sea under Dumanoir, but were eventually captured.

That night there was a violent storm. It continued throughout the twenty-third, and on the twenty-fourth three of the eleven vessels which had escaped under Admiral Gravina, having put out to cut off prizes from the British, were dashed to pieces on the shore; all but four of the English prizes were wrecked, and of Ville-

neuve's proud squadron only eleven were finally left. He himself was taken prisoner, and released on parole. Early in the following April he landed at Morlaix, and, proceeding to Rennes, asked for an opportunity to plead his cause before the Emperor. What the reply was is not known, but on the twenty-second he was found dead in his room, stabbed in several places, the knife embedded in the last wound. The reproaches Napoleon had heaped upon him must have been in the main undeserved, for he was never degraded; but they broke his spirit, and he doubtless committed suicide.

The effect of Trafalgar in England was enormous. No doubt of her superiority on the seas could now remain, for the navies of her foes were wiped out. She had been freed from the fear of invasion by Napoleon's great countermarch, and, in spite of the tremendous subsidies paid on the Continent, might now hope for a revival of industry and trade on whatever shores the oceans rolled. Napoleon's career was one long, thick shadow which hung menacingly over English life. The victory of Trafalgar was a great rift in the cloud. It ended French maritime aggressions for the duration of the war, but it scarcely changed the eventual course of affairs on land, and it in no way interfered with Napoleon's operations for the moment. It did not necessitate, as has been claimed, the notorious continental system, for that system was already in existence; it merely hastened the effort to enforce it rigorously enough to lame England by attacking her commerce. Her naval supremacy had been from the beginning a factor in determining French policy; it became after Trafalgar the most powerful element in molding Napoleon's policy, though it was not the only one. The continental allies of England, while of course they rejoiced, felt that, after all, the effects of Nelson's

victory were remote. For the moment Austria and Russia were engaged in a struggle which even Trafalgar did not influence to their advantage. Napoleon's simple but characteristic remark on receiving the news was, "I cannot be everywhere." He began at once the reconstruction of a navy for the purpose of destroying commerce, but he never again assigned it any other share in his plans. In France there was a stunned feeling, but it quickly passed away under the influence of another event which marked nearly the highest point ever reached by the imperial power. The one most noticeable result of Trafalgar was the quick dejection it produced in Napoleon's grand army; this was symptomatic of an evil still in its initiatory stages, which, though easily cured for the moment, became in a short time periodic, and finally fatal.

He was almost immediately confronted by a new foe, but there is no link between the destruction of his sea power and that fact. While the French had been crossing from the valley of the Rhine into that of the Danube, they had treated the minor German states with scant courtesy, using their territories as those of either conquered people or dependent allies. This ruthless treatment did not, however, awaken a spirit of resentment among them. But Prussia, still considering herself a great power, grew furious when Bernadotte rashly violated her neutrality and marched over her lands at Ansbach. The Czar, who had already directed his troops toward the Prussian frontier in order to coerce Frederick William into joining the coalition, and intended, if necessary, to violate Prussian neutrality as Napoleon had done, appeared in Berlin about the middle of October. The court party, headed by Queen Louisa, sympathized with the coalition, and used the French ruthlessness to arouse public opinion for itself. Aided



Napoleon Exposition, 1895

NAPOLEON, FIRST CONSUL, BY INGRES

Belonging to M. Germain Bapst

by Alexander's presence, it then gained a temporary victory in the treaty with Russia, signed at Potsdam on November third, which virtually ended the policy of neutrality so carefully cherished for ten years by Frederick William, and in the pursuit of which Prussia had lost her vigor and her political importance. The wavering king finally bound himself to armed mediation, to put his army on a war footing, and then either to secure from the Emperor of the French the liberties of Naples, Holland, and Switzerland, with the separation of the crown of Italy from that of France, and an indemnification for the King of Sardinia, or else to enter the coalition with one hundred and eighty thousand men. The Russian troops might occupy or cross Prussian territory whenever needful. It was believed that the necessary negotiations with Napoleon would turn one way or the other by the middle of December. Shortly afterward the two monarchs, who had wrought themselves into an exalted fervor, swore eternal friendship over the tomb of Frederick the Great. Their dramatic oath initiated the policy of secret dealing in everything pertaining to the imperial usurper who had defied all Europe, and with whom no faith in any literal sense could be kept. There was some momentary compensation to the Emperor of the French for the serious blow he had received by this new alliance in the fact that he could now openly consolidate his power in western and southern Germany, relying on the interested friendship of the three electors who had gained so much by the enactment of the imperial delegates, so called, in 1803 — those, namely, of Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria. The grateful Elector of Bavaria personally thanked Napoleon for his condescension, and again occupied Munich, from which the Austrians had driven him. His visit was short, for Napoleon was in haste; in fact,

his position was critical. As to the immediate future, Russia and Austria were in front, and if he should give unsatisfactory answers to the envoy from Berlin, Prussia would be in his rear. All depended, therefore, on a quick and decisive struggle with the two allied empires.

During his advance to Vienna, Napoleon, without a single conflict which might justly be called a pitched battle, had manœuvered both Austrians and Russians out of his way. By serious inadvertence he had suffered the division of Mortier, left isolated on the left bank of the Danube, to be annihilated at Dürrenstein; and through Murat's vainglorious stubbornness, Kutusoff had escaped with the Russian contingent. Nevertheless, as has been told, the main French army had, by the most amazing marches, reached Vienna on November fourteenth, and the same day Napoleon had established his headquarters in the neighboring palace of Francis at Schönbrunn. Murat was hurrying forward with his cavalry, and the divisions of Suchet and Lannes were close on the heels of Murat. If these should attack one Russian flank while a second army turned the other, Kutusoff's force could be dispersed. But two important duties demanded immediate attention. The troops had been scattered over a wide territory to live on the country; now they must be gathered in to strike. It was consequently essential that regular provision-trains be organized and supplied. Both these tasks were pursued with untiring zeal. "They say I have more talent than some others," Napoleon wrote to Marmont on November fifteenth, "and yet to defeat an enemy whom I am accustomed to beat I feel I can never have enough troops. I am calling in all I can unite."

Murat pushed onward after the retreating Russians, and in spite of their tremendous marches overtook them

on the fifteenth. Kutusoff's men were so weary that they could proceed no farther without a rest, and from Schrattenthal he sent back a subordinate, Bagration, to Hollabrunn, with six thousand of the freshest troops, to check the French advance, if possible. Believing the main army of Kutusoff to be before him, the French leader felt unable to engage. Accordingly he despatched a messenger under a flag of truce with the statement, purely fictitious, though speciously based on certain irrelevant facts, that negotiations had been opened for a general armistice. Kutusoff, pretending to be familiar with the details of the falsehood, heartily entered into a proposition to negotiate, using the time thus gained to prepare his further retreat. A paper was duly drawn up, signed, and sent to Napoleon at Schönbrunn, where the bearer arrived on the sixteenth. The Emperor, seeing how Murat had been outwitted, immediately sent off an adjutant to him with peremptory orders to attack at once. When this command arrived at Hollabrunn, Soult had come in with three divisions, but Kutusoff with his army was far away on the highroad to Znaim. Murat fought bravely, but Bagration's vastly inferior force resisted with equal stubbornness until eleven at night, when, their purpose of gaining time having been accomplished, they followed the main army. Napoleon had by this time come up to take charge in person, but it was too late: Murat had "destroyed the fruits of a campaign." Near Brünn, Kutusoff met the Vienna garrison, and at Wischau the united force of forty-five thousand men joined the first detachment, fourteen thousand strong, of a second Russian army, which was advancing under Buxhöwden. The second detachment of this army, ten thousand strong, was found next day, November twentieth, at Prossnitz. The great fortress of Olmütz was just beyond, with a

garrison of about fifteen thousand, Alexander had arrived with his imperial guard, and Bennigsen, one of Paul's assassins, who had been preferred to high command by Alexander, was already marching from Breslau with another army of forty-five thousand. The Archduke Ferdinand was in Bohemia with an Austrian corps to guard the right, and the Archduke Charles was on his way to Vienna with the Austrian army from Italy — the two together about eighty thousand strong.

At first sight it appears as if Napoleon were outnumbered, his detachments scattered, and his communications endangered; and these charges have been brought in order to attribute his subsequent success to good fortune alone. But a scrutiny of the Emperor's grand strategy will show that he could be perfectly secure. From far and near his scattered but well-trained divisions were moving on. Masséna had left Italy; Ney, having swept the enemy from the Tyrol, was coming up; and all about the southern line divisions were moving to guard strategic points, to stop the hurrying Austrians, and yet be within "marching distance." With this comfortable assurance, the great captain advanced to the Moravian capital, and there established his headquarters on the nineteenth. Once again, by his amazing power of combination, he had gained the advantage, his troops being so disposed that in one day he could call in fifty-four thousand men; in two, seventy-five thousand; in four, eighty-five thousand; and his line of retreat was secure. If compelled to withdraw, he could fall back on Davout, Mortier, and Klein, assemble one hundred thousand men, and again make a stand. If Kutusoff and Charles should march straight to Vienna to effect a junction, he could oppose to their combined army of a hundred and sixty-nine thousand troops a hundred and seventy-two thousand of his own.

The defensive position of his foes was virtually impregnable, but they could not unite for attack as swiftly or advantageously as he. His own defensive position was less strong, because he had for some distance about and behind him a hostile country. What the allies, therefore, needed was time; what Napoleon wanted was a battle.

But where and how? There would be little advantage and much danger in simply attacking the foe to drive them farther back into their own lands. The battle must be swift and conclusive, or else the year, with all the prestige of Ulm, would be lost. In this juncture what Napoleon chose to call his fate or destiny signally favored him; in reality it was his own calm assurance which misled his opponents. The Austrians had too often felt the weight of Napoleon's hand, and all their officers except Colonel Weirother, a favorite of Alexander's, were cautious; the Russians, recalling that Napoleon had never fought with them, were eager to destroy his renown. Czartoryski, though he had resigned his post of foreign minister, was again at Alexander's side. "Our true policy — and this I told to every one who would listen," he wrote, in 1806, "was to wear out the foe with skirmishes and keep the main army out of reach, secure Hungary, and unite with the Archduke Charles." But the Czar's other advisers were the more intent because there was no love lost between them and Austria. Francis had already despatched two able agents, Gyulai and Stadion, to coöperate with the Prussian envoy Haugwitz in negotiating with Napoleon for peace. These negotiations, if successful, would greatly diminish Russia's importance. Moved, therefore, by a characteristic pride, Alexander harkened to those who clamored for battle, and, taking the momentous decision on his own

account, began to prepare. Napoleon could scarcely realize the possibility of such rashness, and received the news with delight. Haugwitz and the Austrian diplomats were directed toward Vienna, where Talleyrand was to conduct the negotiations; Napoleon's adjutant, Savary, was sent direct to Alexander himself, nominally to see whether he would consider a partition of Turkey, in reality to observe the state of the Russian forces. The crafty disposition of the diplomats was the never-failing second bow-string, in case the decision of arms should be doubtful; Savary's mission was a feint to gain time and information.

Napoleon heard on November twenty-seventh, from a deserter, that the enemy was actually advancing, but he could not believe it. Next day the news was confirmed by his own cavalry, and in such a way as to indicate the method of attack—a flank movement against the French right. That night his own plan was completed and the outlying divisions were summoned. They came so promptly that the very next morning found him on the heights above Austerlitz, twelve miles to the east of southeast from Brunn, and ready to meet the enemy. Bernadotte accomplished what seemed impossible, and on December first was in position across the highway between Brunn and Olmütz. Davout was close behind, and the same night reached the cloister of Great Raigern, seven miles south of Brunn, and about twelve from Austerlitz. There are on record no such feats of marching as those performed by French troops, with incredible swiftness, on the days preceding Austerlitz. Friant's division marched from Leopoldsdorf through Nikolsburg to Raigern, seventy-eight miles, in exactly forty-two hours!! And after six hours' rest, they marched five miles further, engaged the columns of the allied left wing and fought against

terrific odds for eight hours!!! There are records of other similar feats in the same campaign by single brigades, but nothing approaching this in the annals of warfare.¹ But the enemy was not yet visible in force on November twenty-ninth, and it was only when Savary returned from the Russian camp with complete and precious information that there seemed no longer room for doubt. Accordingly the French were withdrawn during that day in a line southwesterly from Austerlitz, to take up a position stronger than that in which they stood. To preserve the appearance of sincerity, Savary was sent back in hot haste to Alexander with a second meaningless proposition. As a return move Prince Dolgoruki was sent on the thirtieth with a like message from Alexander to Napoleon. The prince was utterly hoodwinked, and some have thought that the Russian decision to fight was due to his report that the French were on the point of retreat.

On the highest hilltop between Brünn and Austerlitz, still known as "Napoleon's Mount," the Emperor bivouacked during the night of November thirtieth. Having been aware since morning that the enemy's slowness would give him yet another day, he had carefully examined the land in front and far to his right. The result was a daring resolution. The Czar's advisers had determined to turn the right wing of the French: this Napoleon had now learned through a traitor in the Russian camp. It would be easy to thwart them by occupying a high plateau to the right, on which stood the hamlet of Pratzen, with his right wing on the Littawa stream; in which case he would win "an ordinary battle," to use his own phrase. But it was not such a victory that he wished: his aim was nothing less than the annihilation of the coalition. So he determined to leave

¹ See Huidekoper in *Mil. Service Journal*, July-September, 1906.

this apparently commanding position, feeling sure that his over-confident foe would occupy it as a manifest vantage-ground.

On December first the hostile army appeared, marching in five columns, and before night the two divisions of the center were drawn up, on and behind the plateau of Pratzen; the three which composed the left were on and before its southern slopes. Their movements and their position convinced the experienced observer that his information was exact. Late in the afternoon was held a council of war in which every general received the most minute directions. Soult especially was carefully instructed as to the "manœuver of the day" — an advance in echelon, right shoulder forward. Nicely poised combinations need careful attention, and the uneasy but confident Emperor spent the night passing from watch-fire to watch-fire, encouraging and observing his men. With noisy enthusiasm they besought him not to expose his life on the morrow, and promised to bring him a suitable bouquet for the anniversary of his coronation. For a time the whole camp was illuminated with extemporized torches of hay. But, though excited, the troops, as well as their general, were confident; they understood his casually uttered but carefully considered words, which passed from mouth to mouth: "While they are marching to surround my right, they will offer me their flank." For a time, also, he rode in the darkness to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and being convinced that no movement was to be made before morning, he returned to his tent about three and slept until dawn. He has been charged with having for the first time shown cowardice at Austerlitz. This is because in a proclamation he promised not to risk his life, as his men had requested; but this promise was expressly conditioned on their doing their duty, and he kept his

word because they kept theirs. General Bonaparte had led his soldiers where danger was greatest, but Napoleon the Emperor, having won his stake, had no need to take such risks; having more to lose, he now for the first time used the ordinary caution of a man whose life is worth that of many common men. It was only what every great royal and imperial general is accustomed to do.

The early hours of December second, 1805, were misty, although there was a sharp frost, but by seven the sun had dimly risen, and soon the thick fog lay only along the streams. At that hour the Russians and Austrians began their marching. Those behind the Pratzen heights passed swiftly up, and, uniting with those already there, marched in the general direction of the forest near Turas, intending to cross the intervening Goldbach and with their own left, which stood at Telnitz and Sokolnitz, surround Napoleon's right wing. The battle-field of Austerlitz is approximately an isosceles triangle, the short base extending north and south between Raigern and Brünn, a distance of about seven miles, and the equal sides, twelve miles in length, converging in Austerlitz to the eastward. About half-way on a perpendicular let fall from the apex, and parallel with the base, the Goldbach flows on the west side of the Pratzen plateau, nearly due south, the villages of Schlapanitz, Puntowitz, Kobelnitz, Sokolnitz, and Telnitz being at about equidistant intervals from north to south on its banks. A mile north of Schlapanitz the road from Brünn to Olmutz forms the north side of the triangle; the forest of Turas lies about two miles to the west of Puntowitz, on a high plain. In a line eastward of Schlapanitz, about a mile from that village and from each other, are the villages of Girzikowitz and Blasowitz. Napoleon's bivouac was on the high hill northwest of Schlapanitz, at the base of which, on the

other side, was Bellowitz. North of the Olmütz road is a commanding hill, dubbed by the veterans of the Egyptian expedition with an Egyptian name, Santon, from a fancied resemblance of the little spire which crowned it to a minaret. This was to be the pivot of the battle, and Napoleon fortified it with a redoubt and eighteen pieces of cannon. South of it stood the left wing under Lannes; next toward the south stood the cavalry under Murat; then the center under Bernadotte; and Soult with the right was west of Puntowitz. Oudinot was eastward, in front of the imperial bivouac, with ten battalions; and ten battalions of the guard, with forty field-pieces, were westward behind it. Davout, having arrived the night before, was at Raigern. Legrand stood between him and Sokolnitz, on a pond lying southeast of that village.

At five in the morning Davout marched from Raigern, and about nine joined Legrand to engage the enemy's left. Meantime, at a quarter to eight, Soult began to climb the Pratzen slopes with the divisions of Vandamme and Saint-Hilaire. In about twenty minutes — the exact time in which he had declared he could do so — he had made good his position, and was fiercely engaged with the column of Kollowrath, which formed the enemy's center, and with which Kutusoff was present in person. The latter, realizing for the first time what the loss of Pratzen would mean, endeavored to concentrate toward the right; but his efforts were unavailing: he could only stand and fight. The two Austro-Russian columns on his left swooped down to the Goldbach, and seized both Telnitz and Sokolnitz. Simultaneously with Soult's advance, Bernadotte and Murat moved forward, encountering between Girzikowitz and Blasowitz the enemy's cavalry under Prince Lichtenstein, and the Russian imperial guard under the Grand Duke Constantine.

Napoleon advanced to observe the conflict, and a little before eleven, at the critical moment, when the regiment of his brother Joseph was on the verge of being engulfed and lost, he threw in the cavalry of his own guard, under Bessières and Rapp, upon the Russian guard, turned the scale against them, and with his own eyes saw Constantine withdraw. The Russian vanguard under Bagration had meantime come in from Bosenitz, and was hotly engaged with a portion of the French left. The entire cavalry mass of Lichtenstein and Murat was commingled in bitter conflict. With the retreat of Constantine began the rout of the whole Austro-Russian right wing. Lannes, supported by the Santon redoubt, had stood like a rock until then; at once he precipitated himself, with the divisions of Suchet and Caffarelli, upon Bagration, and drove him back. Lichtenstein, who, up to that moment, had at least held his own, — if, indeed, he had not shown himself the stronger, — could no longer stand, and late in the afternoon he too began to yield.

Between eleven and twelve Soult had cleared the Pratzen heights, and pushing ever toward the right, had finally, just as the sun burst in splendor through the clouds, separated the enemy's left wing from its center. The latter had been sadly weakened both by detachments to strengthen the left and by its losses in conflict. At noon it began to retreat, and Napoleon, having satisfied himself that all was well on his left to the north, rode south to join Soult, and in passing despatched Drouot's division against the fugitive Kutusoff, whose column was thus overpowered and thrown into utter confusion. Since nine in the morning Davout had stood on the west shore of the Goldbach, flinging back the successive charges of the enemy's overgrown left. The continuous struggles had been terrific; the

stream literally flowed blood as the soldiers of both sides crashed through the ice, and, unable to disengage themselves from the muddy bottom, stood fighting until they died. By two o'clock, however, his labors were over: the great move of the day, Soult's echelon march, right shoulder forward, was complete; Saint-Hilaire and Vandamme had recaptured the villages of Sokolnitz and Aujezd, the three southernmost Austro-Russian columns were entirely surrounded, and only a few from each escaped to join the remnants of their right, center, and reserve, running for life across frozen ponds and ditches, by dikes, and over rough-plowed fields toward Austerlitz. About five thousand of the fugitives, mostly Russians under Doctoroff and Langeron, had risked themselves on the ice of the Satschan lake and were hurrying across when Napoleon arrived. He ordered the field-pieces to be turned on the ice so that the balls weakened and cracked it.¹ In a few moments it gave way; with shrieks and groans many sank into the slowly rising waters and disappeared under the tossing ice-floes. According to the account of the bulletins, frequently doubted but never refuted, nearly two thousand of them were drowned: when the ponds were drained after the battle forty Russian guns and many corpses were found. The fighting strength of the coalition was destroyed; so likewise was their moral courage. Shortly after Kutusoff's retreat, General Toll found Alexander seated weeping by the wayside, and accompanied by only a single adjutant.

¹ This statement is merely a deduction from the events as they occurred and were narrated by eye-witnesses. The Emperor's fate was even more at stake than the general's; it was consonant with the character of the man to

disregard all considerations of mercy in such a crisis. Many of his men and officers claimed later that the crushing of the ice was incidental to the cannonading, and recounted acts of French courtesy in rescuing the drowning.

Hostilities were scarcely ended for the day before Francis despatched Lichtenstein with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy while making his round of the battle-field, but refused to treat for two days. He intended to reap the fruits of victory, and ordered a skilful, thorough pursuit. Such was the rout of the allies that the position of the shattered columns of Austria and Russia was not known until the fourth of December. The Czar was in such danger of being captured that early in the day he sent to Davout a flag of truce and a hastily penciled note declaring that the Austrian emperor had been in conference with Napoleon since six that morning, and that a truce had been arranged. This falsehood enabled Alexander to escape across the river March and avoid being made a prisoner of war. It was only in the afternoon that the Emperor Francis was received by Napoleon in a tent near Holitsch, and it was not before the sixth that the campaign was ended by Austria's acceptance of such terms for an armistice as the Emperor of the French chose to impose.

Considering the character of the battle, the terms first suggested were not hard: No loss of territory for Austria if the Russian emperor would withdraw to his own territories and shut out England from his harbors; otherwise Napoleon would take Venetia for Italy and Tyrol for Bavaria. Alexander would not listen to the embargo project, nor to Francis's desperate suggestion that they should continue the war. On the sixth, having, according to Savary, exchanged fulsome compliments with Napoleon, he marched away for Russia, leaving his ally to take the consequences of what was really his own rashness. This was a complete rupture of the coalition: its weightiest stipulation was that none of the members should make a separate peace. The only hope of Austria for endurable terms now lay in

Prussian coöperation. But Haugwitz could no longer offer the ultimatum agreed upon at Potsdam; the battle had of course utterly changed the situation. Napoleon now demanded nothing less from Prussia than the long-desired alliance offensive and defensive. On December fifteenth Frederick William's envoy assented provisionally, and set out for Berlin to secure the royal assent, if possible. His master was to keep Hanover and close her ports to the English; to give Cleves, Wesel, and Neuchâtel to France; to cede Ansbach to Bavaria; and to acknowledge the latter as a kingdom, with such eastern boundaries as Austria would agree to yield.

For an instant Napoleon thought of continuing the war to annihilate Austria forever. Talleyrand's hand, however, had been crossed, as no one doubted, with an enormous bribe from Austrian sources, and he persuaded the Emperor not to follow the bad advice of his generals, but to "rise higher as a statesman" and make peace. With his assent to this went ever larger and harder demands, until Francis actually contemplated a renewal of the desperate and unequal struggle alone and unassisted. He had in all probability a fighting chance, but his longing for peace prevailed. When the treaty was signed, on December twenty-sixth, 1805, at Presburg, Austria surrendered Venice, with Friuli, Istria, and Dalmatia, to Italy; ceded Tyrol to Bavaria; consented to the banishment of the Bourbons from Naples; accepted all the new arrangements which had recently been made by Napoleon in Italy, and agreed to pay a war indemnity of forty million francs. The contributions laid on Austrian lands in irregular ways during the progress of the campaign had been probably more than as much again. The recognition of Bavaria as an independent kingdom, and the rearrangement of German territories, put an end to the

empire; Francis, having in 1804 assumed the title Emperor of Austria, was heartily tired of the rather bedraggled imperial Roman style which he still wore. Würtemberg received five cities on the Danube, the counties of Hohenems and Wellenburg, with part of the Breisgau, and became a kingdom like Bavaria; Baden got the rest of the Breisgau, together with Ortenau, Mainau, and the city of Constance; Bavaria received not only Tyrol, with the Vorarlberg, but Brixen, Trent, Passau, Eichstädt, Burgau, Lindau, and other minor possessions, to round out her new frontier. In scanty amends Salzburg and Berchtesgaden were assigned to the Austrian Empire.

The fighting on both sides at Austerlitz was in the main superb. "My people," said the Emperor to his soldiers — "my people will see you again with delight; and if one of you shall say, 'I was at Austerlitz,' every one will respond, 'Here stands a hero.'" The legions of the Empire had indeed fought with unsurpassed bravery, as had likewise the Austrians. The Russians were not so steadfast. In their first experience of the "*furia Francesa*" their old notions of courage were wiped out. "Those who saw the battle-field," said the "*Moniteur*," "will testify that it lay strewn with Austrians where the fight was thickest, while elsewhere it was strewn with Russian knapsacks." Such was the effect upon his men that not only did Alexander leave his ally in the lurch and march back into Poland, but he felt called on to publish a bulletin asserting the valor of his own, and the timidity of the Austrian troops. But the "Battle of Austerlitz," as it is called in French phrase, the "Fight of the Three Emperors," as the Germans designate the day, was epochal, not merely for the courage displayed, but for the tactical revolution it wrought. It was the first true Napoleonic battle. Thenceforward the greatest conflicts were arranged on

its commanding principle — a principle which had long been used, but was then for the first time fully developed and accepted.

Throughout the preceding period of warfare an army was set in motion as a whole, every portion being from first to last in the commander's hand ready for manœuvring. If any division was hemmed in, or any portion of the line was broken, the result was defeat. From 1805 onward any single part, center or either wing, could be annihilated, and the victory still be won elsewhere by the other parts. For this two things are essential: first, fresh troops to throw into the proper place at the proper time; second, a line of retreat, with a new basis for operations, previously prepared. The highest military authorities go so far as to say that in a well-arranged battle one-portion of the line should even be sacrificed to the enemy in order to secure victory with the others. The pursuit after Austerlitz was as fine as the attack, and so colossal and comprehensive was Napoleon's genius that he had made complete arrangements for withdrawing in case of defeat, not, as the enemy thought, toward Vienna, but through Bohemia to Passau. The total numbers engaged were, on the side of the allies, about ninety thousand, on that of the French, about eighty thousand. The Austrians and Russians lost fifteen thousand killed and wounded, with twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the French had seven thousand killed and wounded in the long and dreadful stand made at the Goldbach by their right, and about five thousand elsewhere. The Emperor thought it a small price to pay for the hegemony of Europe, and his favorite title was "Victor of Austerlitz." "Soldiers," he cried at Borodino, as the sun burst through the dun clouds, "it is the sun of Austerlitz!" and his flagging army revived its drooping spirits.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NAPOLEON, WAR LORD AND EMPEROR ¹

The New Map of Europe — The Reapportionment of Italy — Treatment of the Papal States — Holland a Vassal Kingdom — Royal Alliances of the Napoleon Family — Prussia Humiliated — Negotiations with Great Britain and Russia — The Transformation of Germany — The Confederation of the Rhine — Napoleon's Disdain of International Law — Russia Enraged — Napoleon as Emperor — The Theocracy — Cares for the Army — The Financial Situation — Napoleon's Conceptions of Finance — Social Avocations.

PITT was in Bath recovering from an attack of gout when he heard the news of Austerlitz; within twenty-four hours his features became pinched and blue, taking on an expression long known as the "Austerlitz look." Returning to his villa at Putney, with the hand of death upon him, he is said to have entered through a corridor on the wall of which hung a map of Europe. "Roll up that map," he hoarsely murmured to his niece; "it will not be needed these ten years." He died soon afterward, on January twenty-third, 1806, in his forty-seventh year; and the last words he was heard to utter were, "My country — oh, how I leave my country!" He had hoped, and, as the sequel proved,

¹ Ducasse. Les rois frères de Napoléon, Lefebvre. Histoire des cabinets de l'Europe; Rambaud Napoléon I^{er} et l'Allemagne; Fiévée. Mes relations avec Bonaparte, the Memoirs of Mollien, Pepe, d'Hauteville, Joseph de Maistre, Miot de Melito, Vi-

trolles, Montgaillard, d'Hauteroche, Courner, Moriollles, Consalvi, Pasolini, and de Bray, Masson Napoléon et sa famille, Gentz Mémoires et lettres inédites, Cavaignac: Origines de la Prusse contemporaine; Louis Bonaparte. Documents historiques et Réflexions sur

not in vain, that as England had saved herself by her own exertions, so she might save contemporary Europe by her example. In the new ministry, Fox was secretary of state, but, liberal as he was, he could not resist public opinion, which was outraged at the prééminence of France. Austria was stripped of leadership even in Germany; there was but a difference of degree in the subservience of Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden.

The effect of Austerlitz in the French army was to silence criticism, which had been rife after Kutusoff's escape. In France itself the war had for some time been growing unpopular, the long-feared panic had actually begun; for since Trafalgar all prospect of colonial trade was at an end, while commerce with the East had well-nigh ceased. Though there were forty million francs in subsidies from Spain and Italy, loans thrice that sum were negotiated and only by the shrewdest manipulation of public finance could the increased establishment of the empire be supported. The people, moreover, groaned under the hardships of the ruthless conscription, and many cared more that France herself should be at peace than that she should have the ascendancy in Europe. But the news of Austerlitz was irresistible, and shifts were devised to tide over the financial crisis until the great administrator should return and, with the aid of his war indemnities, rearrange the pieces on the board of domestic affairs. Such victories were not dearly bought in money, but were an actual source of revenue. Other nations might be made contributory in a financial as well as a political way, or rather the two would go hand in hand, prestige and cash. The temptation was subtle.

le gouvernement de la Hollande;
Cantù. Corrispondenze di diplo-
matici (1796-1814); Stanhope's
Life of W Pitt, C. J. Fox. Me-

morials and Correspondence;
Tratchefski, Vol. III, Corre-
spondence of Ouvril, Strogonof:
Nicolas de Russie

Thus was opened the way for what was the most profound and influential effect of Austerlitz: the attempted substitution for the effete Holy Roman Empire under a German prince, of another Western empire to be ruled by the Emperor of the French, with territorial subdivisions under Napoleonic princes, all subject to the central power.

The first step taken toward establishing this new conception was a further advance in Italy. At the critical moment of the Austerlitz campaign, Caroline, the Queen of Naples, Napoleon's irreconcilable enemy, had broken her sourly given engagement with him. Her harbors were opened to English ships, and Russian troops occupied her territories. The Czar had prided himself on his guardian relation to the Two Sicilies: his check at Austerlitz and his dismissal from the scene of action were not a sufficient humiliation; the very next day an army order was issued which sent Masséna to Naples, and declared that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to exist. By decree of the French senate, Joseph Bonaparte was on March thirtieth, 1806, made king of Naples and Sicily. It was with reluctance and under the sting of sharp admonitions that he left his elegant, important ease and took the crown upon his uneasy head, "to keep a firm hand" on unwilling subjects, "to be master" where he was at best an unwilling tool. The new monarch retained his French dignities, but assumed the rôle of a dependent ally of France. At the same time and in the same way all Venetia was incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. Elisa's appanage of Lucca was increased by the districts of Massa-e-Carrara and Garfagnana; the principality of Guastalla was made over to Pauline. Still further, twenty hereditary duchies were organized, either at once or later, bearing the titles of Dalmatia, Istria, Friuli, Cadore, Belluno,

Conegliano, Treviso, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, Padua, Rovigo, Ragusa, Gaeta, Otranto, Taranto, Reggio, Lucca, Parma, and Piacenza. These were fiefs, not of France, but of the French Empire; the first duty of the holders was to the Emperor, their second to France. A landed aristocracy, thus founded, might be indefinitely enlarged and thus afford not merely society for the lonely summits of the hierarchy, but a comfortable intercalation as the seat of the throne, removed by one stratum from the restless foundation elements. To the Emperor himself the kingdom of Italy was not alone a bastion of political power, but a treasure house: it was to pay fourteen million francs a year, and the kingdom of Naples one million. Later the same system was extended to Germany and Poland. What could be plainer than the meaning of this?

The Pope, returning empty-handed from the coronation, had firmly refused to grant a divorce for Jerome Bonaparte, who had pusillanimously expressed repentance for his American marriage. In the Austerlitz campaign the Pontiff preserved an absolute neutrality. But the papal territories were nevertheless desecrated, since Bernadotte was made titular prince of Ponte Corvo, and Talleyrand, the unfrocked and married bishop, created prince of Benevento. French soldiers seized Ancona on the plea of maintaining it against the English heretics and pagan Turks. The Roman ports were declared shut to all enemies of France. It is credibly reported that Napoleon contemplated having himself crowned as Western emperor in St. Peter's, but whether this be true or not, he demanded recognition as Emperor of Rome, and exacted the expulsion of Russians, English, and Sardinians from the Papal States. The Pope pleaded that for the Emperor of the French to be recognized as Roman emperor would destroy the papal power

in all other lands, and obtained a respite by dismissing from his office as secretary of state Consalvi, who headed the opposition.

The title was unimportant compared with the reality, and this Napoleon set about securing still further by erecting Holland into a Napoleonic kingdom. Schimmelpenninck, Napoleon's stanch supporter, was still grand pensionary, and at a wink from the Emperor a deputation of Dutch officials came to Paris. Their chairman, Verhuel, was informed that his country was to receive a new executive in the person of Prince Louis; otherwise Napoleon could not, at the peace, hand back her colonies; that as to religion, the new king would keep his own, but every part of his kingdom should have the same right. The constitution should remain unchanged. The delegates protested, and pleaded the treaties of 1795 and 1803, which guaranteed Dutch independence; but the Emperor stood firm: either Louis as king, or incorporation with France. On May twenty-fourth, 1806, the "High and Mighty States" ceased to exist, and on June fifth a new king, much against his will, was added to the great vassals of the Empire. It was a sorry office, foredoomed both to disgrace and mortify its occupant, being, from the imperial side, little more than that of a stern customs-collector defying Great Britain on one hand, and on the other that of an economic tyrant compelling a proud people to commercial degradation by intolerable restraints on their natural activities. Louis Bonaparte was not of stern material; his irregular life, his morbid sensibility, his boundless self-esteem, his sensuality, each separately and all combined, rendered it impossible for him to play his assigned rôle. His personal pose was to transcend the official, to be king of his people, to be caressed by his court and the nation; to go his own way, in short, indifferent to the hand from which he had fed.

The humiliation of Germany was scarcely less profound than that of Italy and Holland. With the advance of years Napoleon's earlier religious impressions, always vague, had degenerated into a mild and tolerant deism. Less than a fortnight after Austerlitz he found time to reprimand sharply a member of the Institute for printing atheistic books; but Christianity, with its attendant morality, was for him, after all, only an important social phenomenon of which atheism would be destructive. Nevertheless, outward respect for Roman Catholicism had been a powerful lever for his ambitious purposes both in Italy and in France. In the latter country he had formed to his profit a stable alliance between Church and State, and this same lever he purposed to make use of for the complete overturning of the old political system of Germany. Among other complaints which he poured out to the Pope was one concerning the utter disorganization of the Church among the Germans. This was largely true, for some of the petty ecclesiastical princes were as licentious as their secular contemporaries. Protestant Germany was apathetic, and almost everywhere religion and morality were at a low ebb. The remnant of good men were as uneasy about the Church as the sensible masses were about the political tyranny under which they suffered. When Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden were enlarged and emancipated from the overlordship of Austria, the reigning princes either misunderstood what had actually occurred, — the transfer of their suzerainty from Austria to France, — or else they felt no sense of shame in becoming vassals of the French emperor. The so-called sovereigns occasionally made a mild endeavor to assert some little independence; but such efforts were so often followed by a message from Paris suggesting that they held their offices, not for themselves, but

as part of the French system, that they soon desisted entirely. Yet they long rejected Napoleon's proposals for matrimonial alliances between their families and his. Austerlitz overcame their repugnance. On January fourteenth, 1806, Max Joseph of Bavaria yielded to the Empress Josephine's long-cherished desire, and gave his daughter Augusta as consort to the viceroy Eugène, breaking her engagement with the heir apparent in Baden. Soon after, Eugène's cousin Stéphanie, whose relations with Napoleon had made a scandal even in Paris, was married to the prince who had been Augusta's suitor. A year later, Jerome, in defiance of ecclesiastical laws, was wedded to the Princess Catharine, daughter of King Frederick of Würtemberg. Although these arrangements gratified the Emperor's personal pride, they were made primarily to support the new imperial state policy. In them there was nothing calculated to rouse England from the comparative lethargy into which she fell after Trafalgar, nor to exasperate Prussia unduly.

But this moderation was only apparent. There was a bolt in the forge which, if rightly wielded, would speedily reduce Prussia to vassalage, and eventually bring England herself to terms. When Haugwitz, the Prussian envoy, returned from Schonbrunn to Berlin, the treaty of alliance with France which he had felt bound to make was not welcomed, and with some suggestions for important changes the bearer was despatched to Paris by the King to see whether better terms could not be obtained. The Prussian monarch was, in fact, afraid of the Prussian national temper, and dared not face his people without something more than Hanover to show for his previous losses on the left bank of the Rhine, and the new cessions he had been compelled to make after Austerlitz. The Emperor received the plenipotentiary kindly, and seemed on the point of

yielding the modifications, which were that Frederick William should receive along with Hanover the cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. But the advent of Fox to power momentarily turned Napoleon's head. With one great liberal at the helm in England, and another autocratic in France, the two, he felt, could change the face of Europe and the character of the world. This delusion suggested peace with England, and the Emperor thought for an instant of keeping Hanover as a medium of exchange; his second thought, however, was not to buy peace, but to enforce it. Accordingly, even harder conditions than before were laid upon Prussia as to the exchange of territories, and besides she was compelled to enter the continental embargo on English trade. The King was in despair, but he yielded. Hardenberg, the head of his cabinet, was dismissed, at Napoleon's desire, because he represented the national self-respect; and Prussia, lately so proud but now humbled and disgraced, listened, stunned and incredulous, to the insults of the "Moniteur," while her King, on March ninth, 1806, set his hand to a paper which seemed to secure Hanover at the price of Prussian independence. Three months later, on June eleventh, Fox declared war against Prussia. At that very moment Napoleon was negotiating for the return of the electorate to George III of England, its hereditary prince, as the price of a peace with Great Britain.

Fox had found an opportunity to open communications with the French government in connection with the current report of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. Being given to understand that Napoleon would gladly make peace on the basis of the treaty of Amiens, negotiations were opened through Lord Yarmouth, one of the travelers detained in France under the Emperor's retaliatory measure when war was declared by England.

Talleyrand offered as a basis for negotiation all that England could desire, including the restitution of Hanover and the principle of *uti possidetis*, which meant that England could keep Malta with the conquered colonies; besides, the Naples Bourbons, though banished from the mainland, could reign in the island of Sicily. But the French minister stipulated, apparently for France, that Russia should not treat in common with Great Britain. With these seemingly favorable terms Yarmouth set out for London. In reality negotiations with Russia had already been opened, and it was Alexander's express injunction through Oubril, the special plenipotentiary sent to Paris for the purpose, that Russia should not join England in negotiation. The Czar was unwilling to hamper himself in the Orient by even a temporary alliance with Great Britain, his rival in that quarter. This was playing directly into the hands of Napoleon, whose diplomacy was, like his strategy, dependent for its overwhelming success on the utter surprises it prepared for his opponents. Such a one was now in readiness. No sooner had Yarmouth returned to Paris in June than the French government began to draw back. King Joseph could not get on without Sicily, and the only possible indemnity to the former rulers would be a domain formed from the Hanseatic cities. After a few weeks of such fencing, during which Yarmouth appeared to mirror by a yielding complacency the supposed peace policy of Fox's cabinet, Oubril provisionally signed just such a treaty with Russia as Napoleon desired. Then first the bolt thus far kept in concealment was loosed by publishing as an accomplished fact the organization of a great power subsidiary to France in the heart of Europe — the Confederation of the Rhine. This was the most audacious of all Napoleon's audacious schemes.

It meant, indeed, a new map of Europe, the minimizing of England's influence on the Continent, the permanent neutralizing of both Austrian and Prussian power, the exclusion of Russia from the councils of western Europe. The means by which it was brought about were as astute as the measure was momentous. Among the German princes who had lent their presence to the splendors of Napoleon's coronation was the only ecclesiastic who had maintained himself amid the changes incident to the general secularization which took place after the treaty of Lunéville—to wit, the Archbishop Dalberg, Elector of Mainz, who had formed the ambitious plan of securing that unity and efficiency of the German Church which both the Pope and Napoleon desired. Of an ancient and noble line, he found no difficulty in putting himself at the head of an extensive movement among the Roman Catholics of western and central Germany, who desired to restore the Church in Germany to a position of influence, and to secure her purity and power in a way similar to that which had been followed in France through the Concordat. The rulers of France had for more than a century been desirous of establishing between their own territories and those of the great German states, Prussia and Austria, a belt of weak states, to serve as a bulwark against their enemies and as a field for the extension of their own influence. Napoleon, making use of the malleable temper produced in Europe by the fires of Austerlitz, proceeded to realize the project. To the Pope he said that, since his authority was not sufficient to bring order out of the ecclesiastical chaos in Germany, he would intrust the task to Dalberg as primate.

Assured not only of subservient obedience from Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, but of considerable good will from the devout inhabitants of western Ger-

many, the Emperor of the French had formed the plan of confederating the three considerable powers above mentioned, with new ones to be formed by "mediatizing" most of the petty ones still remaining. This term was a euphemism to emphasize the transformation of their hitherto immediate into a mediate relation to the Empire. But immediacy was quasi-autonomy, mediacy was virtual annihilation, the rulers retaining only their personal effects and respective patrimonies. No sooner was the existence of this design whispered abroad than Talleyrand was beset by agents from the twenty-four princelings concerned. Their hands were not empty, and again the minister lined his coffers. When the papers were finally drawn up, and the necessary signatures were added, it was found that only a few of the little principalities and counties had escaped annihilation. For various reasons, those of Isenburg, Arenberg, Lichtenstein, Salm, Hohenzollern, and Von der Leyen were still permitted to live. The electors of Hesse-Cassel and of Saxony, who were friendly to Prussia, were excluded from the league. The components of this new power were Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Nassau, Hesse-Darmstadt, the city and lands of Frankfurt, with Dalberg as prince-primate, the six districts just enumerated, and, lastly, a new state, the grand duchy of Cleves and Berg, created for Murat, another Napoleonic prince, who reigned as Joachim I. These all declared themselves members of a federal state independent of both Prussia and Austria, but under the protection of the French Empire. Napoleon could introduce new members to the confederation, had the right of appointing the primate, and, most important privilege of all, was to control the army. This followed as a corollary of the article which declared that every continental war which one of the contracting powers

had to wage was common to the others. Bavaria was to furnish thirty thousand men, Wurtemberg twelve thousand, Baden eight thousand, Darmstadt four thousand, Berg five thousand, Nassau and the other pygmies four thousand. This arrangement, whereby sixty-three thousand soldiers were added to the armies of France, was then dignified by the name of "alliance."

The decree was published on July twelfth, 1806; on August first the Diet at Regensburg was informed that the Germanic Empire had ceased to exist: on August sixth the Emperor Francis, who had declared himself hereditary Emperor of Austria in 1804, now declared under compulsion that he laid down his Germanic crown. The way to true German national union was opened by Napoleon's contempt for local prejudice together with his wholesale and ruthless violation of dynastic ties. It was ostensibly to perfect his communications with this new ally that the Emperor now for the first time established a permanent garrison on the right bank of the Rhine. The spot he chose was Wesel, in the grand duchy of Cleves and Berg. To be sure, he gave a formal assurance that he did not intend to expand the borders of France beyond the Rhine. This doubtless was literally true; but the French Empire was another thing than France. The attitude of the Emperor was perfectly illustrated in his continued negotiations with Yarmouth, whose easy compliance had to be neutralized by a new commissioner, Lord Lauderdale, specially instructed by Fox to be peremptory about preserving the existing conditions of sovereignty on the Continent. Napoleon did not hesitate to offer England, as a substitute for Sicily, either Albania or Ragusa, or the Balearic Isles. In other words, the whole idea of territorial sanctity was in his opinion antiquated except when so-called sovereigns could make good their

claim. Hanover had passed to Prussia by French conquest and treaty agreement, the Hanseatic towns were free cities, Albania belonged to Turkey, Ragusa was nominally independent under Austria's protection, and the Balearic Isles acknowledged the sovereignty of Spain; but he offered any one or all of them as if they were his own.

Alexander of Russia had much the same conception. Seeing his Oriental designs menaced by the treaty of Presburg, he had evacuated Naples to strengthen Corfu, and now proceeded to occupy the Bocche di Cattaro as an outpost. This station, though so far autonomous, was held by Napoleon to be a part of Dalmatia, and that province was to go to Italy with the rest of Venetia. This act of open hostility by the Czar was the complement to his haughty rejection of the treaty with Napoleon which Oubril submitted for his master's signature. In consequence, Francis, the third of the three emperors, was informed that the French army would not evacuate his fortress of Braunau until he could fulfil his obligations and deliver Dalmatia intact. The great army of France, therefore, was not withdrawn, and still continued to occupy Swabia, Franconia, and all southern Germany. This fact assured the existence of the Rhine Confederation and reduced Prussia to impotence. Moreover, it was one among many reasons which finally ended the negotiations with England. Lord Lauderdale gave the surrender of Sicily as his ultimatum, and when it was refused, demanded his passports on August ninth. Fox having finally grasped in its fullest meaning the aggressive, all-inclusive policy of Napoleon, his cabinet saw itself compelled to accept, item for item, the program of Pitt; and during the short remainder of his life, although he did not appear in Parliament after June, he was its hearty, persistent supporter. His death on

September thirteenth made no change in the attitude of England. The coalition which was dissolved at Austerlitz was cemented again; only this time Prussia, which had so far preserved a selfish neutrality, was to be associated with England and Russia.

After Napoleon returned to Paris on January twenty-seventh, 1806, he had promptly abandoned the avocation of war, and had reassumed his favorite rôle of emperor. On New Year's day the republican calendar had ceased to exist; there was not even that to remind him of the past. His figure was beginning to grow more portly; his carriage was more stately, and his demeanor more distant. The great Corsican began to emulate the Oriental conquerors of old — men of the people who, like himself, had risen to giddy heights by usurpation and military conquest — in surrounding himself with mystery and hedging himself about with various ranks of courtiers. Nearest him, absent in person, but present in their representatives, were the subsidiary reigning kings, princes, and grand dukes. Next in order, present in the flesh, and first in actual splendor, were the newly made honorary princes and dukes. Some of the old nobility continued to smile contemptuously at this array of former republicans and Jacobins, but many, and those not the least able and influential, hurried to accept office at the court, where their presence was earnestly desired. Etiquette reached an artificial perfection which showed how unnatural it was to those who practised it. In the Tuileries, as was wittily said, everything moved to the tap of the drum. The parvenu princes and dukes had each his proper state, and being now assured of ample income and hereditary office, they displayed a self-indulgence and an independence which augured ill for their continued devotion to their creator.

Behind this impenetrable screen the activities of the Emperor were resumed with a greater intensity and a higher velocity than ever. Not content with a daily task, his hours of recreation became shorter and shorter, until he ceased to have any capacity for pleasure, and found no comfort for his mind except in labor. Paris was in raptures of loyalty, and from every conceivable source came proposals for triumphs, statues, or other honors to "Napoleon the Great." The Church vied with the populace. Among many similar utterances one bishop declared the Emperor to be the chosen of God to restore His worship and lead His people; another announced that recent events, occurring on the anniversary of the coronation, had given Napoleon a divine character; while the cardinal archbishop of Paris cried aloud, "O God of Marengo, thou declarest thyself the God of Austerlitz; and the German eagle with the Russian eagle, both of which thou dost desert, is become the prey of the French eagle, which thou ceasest not to protect." Before long the monarch was everywhere called the "man of God, the anointed of the Lord," and occasionally he was designated as "his sacred Majesty." Opportunity was therefore ripe for radical changes. "My house," "my line," "my people," were phrases which had for a year past been on the Emperor's lips and in his letters. He now began to take measures for lending a theocratic character to his reign, which, in view of his religious belief, were simply shocking. Not only did he express the wish that his imperial standards should be regarded with "religious reverence," but he closed his letters with the royal, absolutist, and Roman Catholic formula, "I pray God to have you in his holy keeping," and was styled in public papers, "Napoleon, by the Grace of God Emperor." For this he could of course make no other plea than the univer-

sal though antiquated customs of the existing European dynasties, which still claimed to reign by divine right. But he went further, and in personal cooperation with an obsequious church dignitary prepared a catechism from which every French child learned in a few months such medieval and now blasphemous dogmas as these: Napoleon is "the minister of the power of God, and his image on earth"; "to honor and serve the Emperor is to honor and serve God." The climax of this insincerity was to be found in the awful menace, instilled with absolute solemnity into the mind of every learner throughout all the dioceses, that as to disobey the Emperor was to resist the order ordained by God, such disobedience would prepare eternal damnation for the guilty. Although Napoleon ever refused to admit that he himself had any moral responsibility, and seemed to act on the doctrine that he had been born what he remained to the end, he nevertheless attributed immense influence to education in others. "There can be no settled politics," he said of the university, "without a settled body of teachers."

Above all else, the Emperor was solicitous for the army. "The reports on the situation of my armies," he said, "are for me the most agreeable literary works in my library, and those which I read with the greatest pleasure in my hours of relaxation." He was so assiduous and thorough that, as it has been declared, and probably without great exaggeration, he knew to a man his effective force; and when his armies were scattered over half the world he was more familiar than his ministers with the station of every battalion. This was only the beginning of his cares; his chief concern was for the equipment and well-being of the men — not only for their uniforms, accoutrements, and arms, but for their food, shelter, and pay. It was with the same thorough-

ness that accounts, inventories, and all the other dry details were examined; his fighting machine must not only be perfect, but he must know that it was so. The enormous levies raised in the late campaigns were turned into an army-chest for the benefit of the army, and the management of that fund was intrusted to Mollien, his most skilful financier. The pleasures of his soldiery were also a matter of interest to him. But carefully as he had studied their psychology, both personal and collective, he was mistaken when he asked the city of Paris to provide Spanish bull-fights and contests of wild beasts for his returning soldiers; and, recognizing his blunder, he revoked his order. For, after all, by the rigid enforcement of the conscription laws, the nation and the army were not far from being identical; hence the softening influences of home life were never entirely absent from the conscripts, and they were powerfully present when the young fellows were on furlough with their mothers and sweethearts. No captain ever understood the art of appealing to the pride and affection of his men as did Napoleon; but his success was on the eve of battle, not in peace. Quite as much as for the army he spent his energies upon the finances. But here he was not an expert. There were no pains he would not take, no toil he would not endure, to master the endless lines of figures, which, as one of his ministers said, he sought to marshal like battalions. Whether in military or in civil life, he desired to prearrange and order every detail. For this end he employed, in addition to his official machinery, an extensive unofficial correspondence. Among other things, he had news of the stock market, of the banks, and of all prices current. When a fact was incomprehensible he had it explained by an expert. The intensity of his interest in finance, and the just appreciation of its importance which he felt, appear in

his acts. The very evening of his arrival in Paris after Austerlitz, a midnight message summoned the ministers to council for eight next morning. Their congratulations were brusquely cut off by the dry statement: "We have more serious matters to consider. It appears that the greatest danger to the state has not been in Austria. Let us hear the report from the minister of the treasury." The document read by Barbé-Marbois mercilessly displayed the situation: the insufficiency of income, the venality of officials, and the shifts to which he himself had been put in order to avoid, not a panic, — for that had come, — but an utter crash. Three of the guilty office-holders were summoned on the spot.

The scene, according to Mollien, could be described only as "a discharge of thunderbolts from the highest heaven for a whole hour." One culprit burst into tears, a second stammered weak excuses, the third was stiffened into blank silence, and all three were dismissed with a threatening gesture. The session of the council, which lasted nine hours without a break, was not ended until five o'clock in the evening. When Marbois, who, though honest himself, had failed to keep others so, finally left the room, the Emperor turned to Mollien and said: "You are now minister of the treasury. Find sixty millions stolen by the officials, and I will appoint a successor to you in the management of the sinking fund I have destined for the reward of the army." He would listen to no excuse, and could not then, or in fact at any time, be brought to understand the rise or fall, and even disappearance, of values. He thought government bonds could be kept at one price no matter what happened, and that an annual budget was simply a nuisance. "It cannot be more difficult to govern the little corner of Paris they call the Exchange than to govern France," he said. The lesson which he had to learn cost him

many millions of his hoarded contributions. By pouring his treasure into the gulf he succeeded in reestablishing public confidence for the time

These were the serious occupations of the Emperor's first half-year, its avocations were of a social nature — chiefly banishing the possessors of biting tongues, and arranging matrimonial alliances between what he designated as the old and the new aristocracy. Napoleon's words and mien had at last become so awe-inspiring that the accustomed quip and jest of the old nobility were uttered only in whispers behind the closed doors of their residences in the Faubourg St. Germain. The most famous society of the Consulate and early Empire was accustomed to gather in the drawing-rooms of Mme Récamier, wife of the great banker. The wealth of her husband and the distinction of her own manners made her a personage of great importance among the returned emigrants, who flattered and caressed her. By her spirit and beauty she wielded enormous influence, but not in Napoleon's behalf, for she considered him a parvenu. She was in reality one of the most insidious, and consequently one of the most dangerous, of his foes. He tried to buy her silence, through Fouché's intermediation, by the offer not merely of a place as lady in waiting, but of the influence she might hope to exercise over himself. Her persistent refusal was really the cause of her husband's bankruptcy, for the Bank of France refused him assistance in his straits. She was not one of Mme. de Staël's intimate friends, although Necker's great daughter, when banished from Paris, had visited her at Ecouen. But many of those who had frequented her salon adored that "rascally Mme de Staël," as Napoleon, in a letter to Fouché, called the exile, who since her retirement to Switzerland had played her rôle so well as to render herself almost

a divinity to her followers. These made annual pilgrimages to Coppet, returning to Mme. Récamier's drawing-room with new arrows of spite and wit to discharge against the Empire. In the end both the hostess herself and the frequenters of her husband's house were therefore visited with condign punishment, on the charge that they had excited public alarm and discredited the Bank of France. With several of her friends the great lady was banished from Paris, and later was sent into exile. From 1806 onward every word uttered about the state was apparently overheard by the police, and high and low alike suffered for any indiscretion. This made clear to the ancient aristocracy and gentry that criticism of the new court must cease; and under the influence of fear many gave their daughters in marriage to the imperial generals. The most conspicuous wedding of this sort was that of Savary: man of mystery at the Duc d'Enghien's execution, conspirator suspected of complicity in the deaths of Pichegru and Captain Wright, he nevertheless married Mlle de Coigny, a great heiress, and the daughter of a most ancient family.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE WAR WITH PRUSSIA ¹

The Prussian Despotism — State of Society — The Patriots — The Liberals — The Execution of Palm — The Prussian Court and the Nation — Demoralization of the Army — The Conduct of Napoleon — War Inevitable — The French Army — Napoleon's Strategic Plan — Prussian Feebleness — Napoleon's System of Travel — His Life in the Field — Another Campaign of Marching — The Affair at Schleiz — The Prussians Outflanked — French Soldiers in the Leash — The Battle of Jena — Davout and Bernadotte — The Battle of Auerstadt — Rout of the Prussian Army.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I of Prussia built up a system of admirable simplicity and economy in civil administration, which enabled him to lavish proportionately large sums on the finest army of the day. This instrument his brilliant son, Frederick the Great, used to increase the Prussian territories by an area of seventy-five thousand square miles; and when he died, having pursued his father's policy, he left his country without a debt, with a reserve of nearly forty-five million dollars in her treasury, and with a greatly increased income. His nephew and successor, Frederick William

¹ Gentz · *Ausgewählte Schriften*; Garden · *Traité*s, Bailleu: *Frankreich und Preussen*; Hardenberg's *Denkwürdigkeiten*, Czartoryski *Mémoires*; Foucart. *Campagne de Prusse*; Fitzmaurice: *Duke of Brunswick*; Hohenlohe: *Letters on Strategy* (Eng. ed.); Lettow-Vorbeck: *Der Krieg von*

1806-07; Desvernois *Mémoires*, Hansing *Hardenberg und die Dritte Coalition*; Bonnal · *La Manœuvre de Jena*; Gourgaud *Sainte Hélène*, Lecestre *Lettres inédites*; Davout: *Correspondance*, etc., *Operations du 3^e Corps*, 1806-07; the works of Oncken and Rocquain.

II, was also a despot, but a feeble one. Under him throve the disgraceful system of irresponsible cabinet government whereby both religious and intellectual liberty were necessarily diminished, if not destroyed. By a shameful subserviency to Austria he increased his territories, securing a small share in the disreputable partitions of Poland, but on his death in 1797 the people were sluggish, the nation was in debt, and the army was disorganized. Frederick William III was a good citizen, but a poor king. Inheriting the policy of neutrality, he had obstinately clung to it, surrounding himself with irregular privy councilors who hampered the ministers in their functions, and prevented the king from putting confidence in his legal advisers, his court was rent by factions, and but for one circumstance, shortly to be noted, would have been utterly out of touch with the nation.

In 1806, therefore, Prussia had not come under the influence of modern ideas to any appreciable degree. Serfdom of a degrading sort still existed, although not in its worst forms; the old estates of the middle ages still existed also, for the law not only upheld the division of land into noble, burgher, and peasant holdings, but even drew a corresponding distinction between various occupations, forbidding any man to pass from one class to the other, or to transfer real estate from one category to another. The towns still rested on their respective charter rights; the medieval restrictions of trade and communication were not yet entirely abolished, the common schools founded by Frederick William I were as narrow and rigid as either the craft or cathedral schools of the middle ages. Society in the smaller towns and in the country was stagnant, and the position of the individual was immobile, for he was without the spur of ambition. The land-owners were a caste

which, having asserted itself as the guarantor of public order after the Thirty Years' War, and having undone the good work of the Reformation by the usurpation of feudal privilege, still held manorial courts. Though they no longer wrung their quota of the taxes from the peasants, they were haughty, exclusive, and tenacious of many petty and annoying privileges

The one illuminated spot in this picture was small but brilliant. The young and beautiful Queen Louisa was pious, thoughtful, and high-spirited. About her was a small court party of intelligent men and women, who understood the true mission of Prussia, and were therefore eager for a declaration of war against the aggrandizing policy of Napoleon. Many of them were young and ardent, like the princes Louis and Henry; others were mature and cautious like Hardenberg and Stein, to whose efforts as alternating heads of Frederick William's cabinet Germany eventually owed her regeneration. Besides them, there were in this reform party Muller, Humboldt, Blucher, the Princess Radziwill, and others of less renown. The efforts of this little band were soon seconded by those of a somewhat larger one. The universities, having been founded in the principles of liberty, were never entirely mute. Many of the professors appreciated the backwardness of Germany, and the students formed secret associations for the destruction of local prejudice and the promotion of a large patriotism. In the greater cities, which had not entirely forgotten their former struggles with feudalism, there were also burghers in considerable number who received such doctrines kindly, and rendered invaluable service in keeping the embers of liberty from extinction.

Among the indifferent millions there was also a remnant who, having been at first enthusiastic for the liberalizing side of the French Revolution, were now

opposed to its conquering and domineering tendency as represented by the Empire, and looked for the realization of their ideals in the regeneration of their own country. Early in 1806 their leading men began to be heard: Schleiermacher among the clergy; Fichte, the sometime admirer of the revolutionary movement, among the philosophers; E. M. Arndt among the men of letters. By the middle of 1806 the new doctrines had mildly permeated the whole nation. The few earnest spirits who still believed in the cosmopolitan equality of all men as the goal of humanity, who longed for Augustine's city of God on earth, without the rivalry of nations and the tumults of exaggerated patriotism, were soon reduced to silence. If Napoleon were, as thousands believed, the appointed agent for this end, they might still hope, but they could no longer speak.

The faith of these idealists must have been rudely shaken by various pieces of news received during the summer. In the very midst of the seething agitation, Murat, the Grand Duke Joachim I of Berg, dashing and irresponsible, spoke of a kingdom soon to be his, possibly meaning the Hanseatic cities; or perhaps he looked for Sweden, whose royal house, one of the most despotic in Europe, was so hated by Napoleon that it was merely a question of time when it would cease to reign. This feeling had recently been intensified by a fatuous attempt to besiege Hameln and drive the French from Hanover, made in the previous November by the Duke of Sodermanland, then regent for Gustavus Adolphus IV, but afterward King Charles XIII. The noisy Augereau, too, had exasperated the people of Ansbach, where he was in command, by drinking toasts in public to the success of the French in their coming war with Prussia. These and a thousand other minor irritations combined with the occupation of Wesel to

raise the tide of popular feeling still higher. The Emperor of the French was dismayed, but he could think of no other remedy than severity. Accordingly, Berthier was instructed to proceed against the authors and publishers of "political libels" by martial law, on the plea that a commander must care for his army, and that those who stir up the people against it are worthy of death. This might be well enough in war, but it was an absurd and wicked pretext not only in a time of peace, but during an illegal occupation. A certain Ansbacher, Yelin, had but lately written a plain, truth-telling pamphlet entitled, "Germany in her Deepest Humiliation," and it was circulated, though not exactly published, by Palm, a bookseller of Nuremberg. The author was unknown to the French authorities, but Palm was arrested, hastily court-martialed, and shot. He met death with the fortitude of a martyr, conscious that his blood was the seed of patriots. The news of this murder traveled like wildfire; excitement and indignation reached their highest pitch, and the uprising against Napoleon became national in the widest sense. It was long before the officials of Prussia realized the vital importance of the popular feeling thus aroused.

For some weeks after ratifying the treaty which Napoleon substituted for that of Schönbrunn the Berlin cabinet simply fretted in impotence. The young officers of the war party were sharpening their swords on the steps of the French embassy and demanding the disgrace of Haugwitz, there was even insubordination, and the King, with tears streaming from his eyes, threatened to abdicate. His cup of bitterness was more than full. When the Confederation of the Rhine was formed, he besought the Czar to guarantee the integrity of Turkey, hoping that this apple of discord between Russia and France being removed, Prussia would be secure. But

Alexander, trusting to gain French neutrality and carry out his schemes of Oriental aggrandizement by slight concessions in the Oubril negotiations as to Naples, Sardinia, and Hanover, refused, vaguely promising to do all in his power to protect the integrity of Prussia, provided Prussia would not attack Russia should he go to war with France about Turkey. The privy councilors of Frederick William, blind to the national feeling which would gladly support a war against Napoleon's tyranny, proposed thereupon to form what French diplomacy skilfully suggested, a League of the North. The King and his advisers at first thought such a federation would be an offset to the menace of their dangerous neighbor on the West. Although kept in ignorance of the Russian and English negotiations at Paris, they heard in August that Hanover had been offered to Great Britain, and felt that the French occupation of southern Germany was intolerable. Accordingly the King opened negotiations with Napoleon for the formation of a North German Confederation to include Saxony, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Hesse-Cassel, the Hanseatic towns, and a number of minor principalities. The Emperor could not well give a categorical refusal, and consented on condition that Prussia should disarm. In this interval Alexander contemptuously rejected the extraordinary conditions granted by Oubril in a paper which not only abandoned the Naples Bourbons, the house of Savoy, and the Hanoverian question, but also guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire! This attitude of the Czar made the disarmament of Prussia essential to Napoleon's supremacy in Germany, the more so because, by the demise of the German-Roman Empire, Russia had lost her right of intervention in Germany, and would probably seek a new pretext to recover it.

The warlike attitude of England and Russia was a strong support to Prussia. After the terrible treaty with France, just signed, her army was more demoralized than ever. Like that of Austria, it had been resting on old traditions and on laurels won by a former generation. The antiquated system virtually made slaves of the common soldiers. Every captain maintained his own company, farming it to the government. One half of the men must be Prussians, the other were the scum of Europe, nearly all were secured by forced enlistment or crimping, and they were all compelled to serve until superannuation released them, when, instead of a pension, they were given a license to beg! It was the interest of every captain to secure the highest efficiency at the least expense, and his soldiers, like costly chattels, were too precious to be risked except under compulsion. The companies had no moral cohesion, and the discipline was necessarily very severe, corporal punishment being inflicted without stint. The principal officers had become venerable creatures of routine. There were majors in the hussars not less than sixty years of age. The Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief, — the same who had sold nearly six thousand mercenaries to George III for use in the war of the American Revolution, — a spendthrift, a loose liver, and a martinet, was seventy-one; Mollendorf was over eighty, Kalkreuth was sixty-six, and even Blücher, the exception, the most youthful and fiery general of them all, was over sixty. The staff having occupied itself for years with an absurd refinement and development of Frederick the Great's system, there were only a few of the younger officers who understood Napoleon's revolutionary tactics and strategy. Unfortunately for the country, the aristocratic pride of their class kept them from setting a just value on the efficiency of the French democrats.

But, as the summer advanced, the foolish ardor of the war party combined with the rising sentiment of nationality and the threatening tenor of Napoleon's language to influence the government. To other imperial aggressions was added a new one — the seizure of valuable abbey lands lying on the border of Berg, which had been assigned to Prussia in 1802, and the cool suggestion that, in order to indemnify herself, Prussia should stir up strife with Sweden and seize Pomerania. It was reported that the French were reinforcing the Wesel garrison and had occupied Würzburg; it was even said that they were advancing against Saxony. At last, when assured that Napoleon had actually offered Hanover to England, the King yielded to the solicitations of his people, which grew louder and more angry when they too heard of Napoleon's perfidy. On August ninth, the same day on which Lord Lauderdale demanded his passports from the French minister of war, orders were given to mobilize the Prussian army. Napoleon was not even yet clear as to his own readiness, and, in view of the Czar's still uncertain attitude, would ostensibly have been glad to purchase Prussian disarmament by agreeing to the formation of the North German Confederation. In Talleyrand's despatch of July twenty-second to the French envoy at Berlin the suggestion was flatly made that Prussia should federate the states "still belonging to the Germanic Empire, and install the imperial crown in the house of Brandenburg." At the same time the French minister urged the Elector of Saxony to declare himself an independent prince, and his influence was shown in the fact that neither the Hanseatic towns nor Hesse-Cassel would give a direct answer to Prussia.

There is, however, reason to believe that Napoleon still hoped for peace. As late as August twenty-sixth

he wrote to Berthier that he really intended to evacuate Germany; but a week later the Czar's rejection of the Oubril treaty, in a note dated August fifteenth, was formally announced at the same time with the demand of Frederick William for the evacuation of Germany. The French army was left where it stood, for it seemed clear to Napoleon that a new coalition must have been formed. If Prussia was arming merely from fear, she must be stopped; if she was arming to make ready for war in conjunction with England and Russia, he must lose no time in order to prevent a united movement. In reality, matters had not advanced so far, as Prussia was still nominally at war with Great Britain on account of Hanover, and there could be no coalition without English subsidies. With his usual vacillation, Frederick William repented almost immediately of the course he had taken, and on August twenty-fourth vainly suggested to his cabinet the revocation of his orders for mobilization. Pending these hesitations Napoleon again took up the thread of negotiation with Lord Lauderdale, who had not yet left Paris. This was a feint to gain time, for he began to prepare at the utmost speed for a war which, believing in England's exhaustion and Russia's timidity, he had not expected, and which he accepted as an almost fatal necessity. As yet the renown of Frederick the Great's armies had not been forgotten in France. Moreover, both in 1802 and in 1805 Prussian officers had been able to observe the outlines of his system, and would be forewarned. "I believe," he said at the time, "that we have a more difficult task than with the Austrians; we shall have to move the earth." "The reputation of the Prussian troops was high," he said later to Mme. de Rémusat; "there was much talk about the excellence of their cavalry, while ours commanded no respect and our officers expected a sturdy resistance"

Accordingly he mustered his arms in double strength — eight army corps and the guard, a powerful cavalry force under Murat, and an auxiliary army from Bavaria. At once his officers began to study the possible roads from central to northern Germany, and the best appeared both to him and to them to be by the way of Bamberg. By September twenty-fifth the new levies of a hundred thousand well-drilled recruits were ready, and on that day the Emperor left Paris for Mainz with all possible secrecy. On the other hand, the Prussian king knew not whither to turn. The Bavarian agent in Paris recorded it as his opinion that Frederick William yielded to the war party in order that, having been defeated in one battle, his people would understand the impossibility of resistance and permit him to make the best terms possible. Whether this be true or not, the unhappy and unready King, unable any longer either to secure advantage from the misfortune of his neighbors, or to pursue a policy of weakness and indecision, with England still hostile and Russia not ardent, finally decided for war. On September twenty-fourth he arrived at his headquarters in Naumburg, and on October first the Prussian minister in Paris presented his sovereign's ultimatum to France. Germany must be evacuated, Wesel restored, and no obstacle be thrown in the way of a North German Confederation. The term set for a reply was October eighth. Napoleon received the paper on October seventh, in Bayreuth, and his columns were already marching. The answer was, of course, in the facts, which were a quite sufficient refusal.

In single combat, with equal arms, the prowess of the victor must be measured by the resistance of his foe. This is not necessarily true in warfare. Knowing, as we now do, the weakness of Prussia in 1806, it is a cheap

and simple method of belittling Napoleon to belittle his enemy. But this is unfair as well as unhistoric. Moral courage is more admirable than physical daring, and considering the high renown of the Prussian soldiery it was a deed of great bravery to provoke a conflict. Moreover, skill went hand in hand with pluck, for Napoleon's preparations were better than any hitherto made, and his strategic plan was one of the greatest conceptions so far formed by a master in that department of military science. It is not so striking as some others, because tremendous geographical obstacles like the Alps play no part in it: but it is quite as novel as any, and probably shows the best possible adaptation of means to an end; it has, moreover, the superlative merit of having been overwhelmingly successful — too much so, in fact, for its author's reputation, since it appears to illustrate the proverb of using a sledge-hammer to crush an egg-shell. For the sake of estimating Napoleon's power, it is necessary to apprehend at least the outlines of his great design, and further still, if possible, to grasp certain portions of otherwise uninteresting professional detail. In the first place, the Emperor of the French completely metamorphosed himself into the commander-in-chief of the French armies, and for a few weeks gave his undivided attention to the matter in hand. In the second place, he conceived and sketched a form of advance into Germany so far untried in the annals of European warfare, and then proceeded to work it out to the minutest detail. Finally, he developed the principles of Austerlitz into a scheme of open formation, venturesome to a degree, large in outline, and dependent for success upon complete knowledge and a perfect coördination of all the parts. We already begin to feel that nothing less than the Napoleonic concentration of Napoleonic powers could

assure the completion of such a design. Choosing the fortress of Würzburg, and later that of Forchheim, as his point of support, he determined to concentrate his force on the extreme right of his line and infold the enemy from the east. To this end he risked abandoning direct connection with France by way of Mainz, but in return he made sure of an indirect one by way of Forchheim, Würzburg, and Mannheim, reserving as his line of retreat that into the Danube valley. If unexpectedly the Prussians should extend their front farther to the eastward, he had in hand the alternative of driving his own mass through their center — an old and favorite manœuvre. In order to secure the Rhine, Louis, his brother, was ordered to throw the strongest possible garrison into Wesel, and hold himself ready to attack the Prussians in case they should attempt to turn the French left. As a further safeguard, a corps of fifteen thousand men under Mortier was to occupy Mainz and to make demonstrations as far as Frankfort-on-the-Main. The preliminary stages were all successfully completed before the end of September. The troops behaved admirably, the officers, though anxious, were obedient and trustworthy, and Napoleon was confident of success.

The contrast between the majestic, imperial plan of Napoleon and the petty, inharmonious scheme of Prussia is incredible. On September thirtieth the aged Duke of Brunswick and the King with his staff were at Naumburg with the main army, fifty thousand strong. This body was to be reinforced by twelve thousand more who were coming in, but at a distance of several days' march. The Prince of Hohenlohe was at Chemnitz with nineteen thousand men, awaiting the arrival of twenty thousand Saxons who were not yet even mobilized! General Rüchel was between Erfurt and Eisenach

with a nominal force of eighteen thousand men, but many of this number had not yet arrived from Westphalia. All three commanders were alike ignorant of the French positions, and without an idea as to the enemy's purpose, not one of them had a trustworthy map of the country. "They are a set of wiseacres" were Napoleon's own words.

The admirable celerity and accuracy of Napoleon's movements in the field were due to the excellent arrangements by which they were governed. His two inseparable companions were the grand marshal Duroc and Caulaincourt, master of the horse. The latter had always the map of the country through which they were driving or riding ready for instant use. The seats of the imperial carriage could be converted into a couch for the Emperor's frequent night journeys, but ordinarily Berthier and Murat took turns in sitting at his side, while Caulaincourt rode close beside the door. Behind, and as near the wheels as possible, rode seven adjutants, fourteen ordnance officers, and four pages, who must be ready on the instant to receive and carry orders. Two of the officers must be familiar with the speech of the country. Rustan, his Egyptian body-servant, rode with them. There were also two mounted lackeys, each carrying maps, papers, and writing-materials. This escort was protected by a body of mounted chasseurs. In case the Emperor alighted for any purpose, four of these instantly did likewise, and, surrounding him with fixed bayonets or loaded pistols pointed outward to the four points of the compass, preserved this relative position as he moved. Last of all came the grooms with extra horses; for the Emperor's personal use there were from seven to nine. These were substantially the arrangements still in vogue during the Prussian campaign. Thereafter his distrust

of those about him gradually increased, until toward the end of his career it became acute, and then, as a consequence, the numbers of his suite were much diminished. Whenever there was need of post-haste the Emperor found relays of nine saddle-horses or six carriage-horses prepared at intervals of from seven to ten miles along his route. In this way he often journeyed at the rate of fourteen miles an hour for six hours at a time. Similar arrangements on a much smaller scale were made for the staff.

Arriving at his night quarters, the Emperor found his office ready—a tent or room with five tables, one in the center for himself, and one at each corner for his private secretaries. On his own was a map oriented, and dotted with colored pins which marked the position of each body of his troops. For this campaign he had the only one in existence, prepared long in advance, by his own orders. As soon as possible was arranged the Emperor's bed-chamber, across the door of which Rustan slept, and adjoining it was another for the officers on duty. Dinner occupied less than twenty minutes, for in the field Napoleon ate little, and that rapidly. By seven in the evening he was asleep. At one in the morning the commander-in-chief arose, entered his office, where the secretaries were already at work, found all reports from the divisions ready at his hand, and then, pacing the floor, dictated his despatches and the orders for the coming day. There is an accepted tradition that he often simultaneously composed and uttered in alternate sentences two different letters, so that two secretaries were busy at the same time in writing papers on different topics. The orders, when completed and revised, were handed to Berthier. By three in the morning they were on their way, and reached the separate corps fresh from headquarters just before



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL

the soldiers set out on their march. It was by such perfect machinery that accuracy in both command and obedience was assured.

Colonel Scharnhorst of the Prussian staff had prepared in advance a plan whereby his sovereign's forces should cross the Thuringian hills and secure their position a fortnight before the arrival of the French, in order to take the offensive, and use their fine cavalry to advantage on the plains below. The plan was rejected, for the King still feebly hoped that his ultimatum might be accepted. When at last the reluctant monarch set out for the seat of war to join Brunswick, he took with him a numerous suite from the sanguine and even exultant court party. On their arrival at headquarters an antipodal divergence between the ideas of the King's followers and those of the conservative Brunswick was instantly developed, and the latter's command soon became nominal. In spite of the Queen's noble efforts to infuse spirit into her husband, the divided councils of his advisers produced in him an infectious incapacity which spread rapidly throughout the Prussian camp. The results were seen in the wretched disposition of the forces at the crucial moment. After considerable wrangling among the staff, their conference lasting three entire days, the army finally, on October seventh, took position, not on the southern, but on the northern slopes of the Thuringian hills — Brunswick with the main army at Erfurt, Hohenlohe at Blankenhain, and Rüchel, to whose reinforcement Blücher was advancing from Cassel, at Eisenach. Pickets were thrown out into the passes in front. This position was virtually divined by Napoleon on the fifth, and, believing that the Prussians would mass at Erfurt to strike his left, he immediately set his troops in motion. There were three columns; on the eighth the left wing, under Lannes.

was at Coburg, with Augereau one day's march behind; of the center, Murat was already over the hills at Saalburg, Bernadotte and Davout were in the very heart of them at Lobenstein and Nordhalben respectively, the guard was at Kronach; and, of the two divisions of the right, one, under Soult, was at Munchberg; the other, with Ney, was at Bayreuth, one day's march behind. By these movements, the campaign was virtually won on the ninth, and that on the plan as at first conceived. The connection of the Prussians with their base of supplies by way of the Elbe was in danger, the process of turning was well advanced, and it could be a matter of a few days only before it would be complete.

When Napoleon's whereabouts finally became known in the Prussian camp, on the ninth, Brunswick and Scharnhorst wished to march eastward and meet the enemy's powerful right with the whole army; but the King seems still to have had in mind a flank move toward the west, as originally contemplated, and would only consent that Hohenlohe should advance to check the French. The first hostile meeting, therefore, occurred on that day, at Schleiz, between Hohenlohe's troops and those of Bernadotte. The conflict was short, and resulted in the withdrawal of Hohenlohe to defend the pass through the hills at Saalfeld. Napoleon was still in comparative ignorance of his enemy's larger movements; but he was constantly strengthened in his hypothesis that his right wing was not really opposed by any substantial force. Next day the advance-guard of Hohenlohe was driven from its post, and the highway to Erfurt was cleared. The fighting was sharp, for the confident Prussian soldiery had not yet lost courage; but Prince Louis, the pride of the army, fell, and his loss was more disheartening to the men than a great defeat.

Throughout the tenth and the eleventh the French

columns continued their advance northward. As they encountered no resistance, Napoleon concluded that the Prussian main army was still west of the Saale, and resolved to advance in that direction. The whole French army suddenly turned on the twelfth, and began to move westward toward the river valley. All that day they met no resistance, and pushed rapidly on, Lannes reaching Jena, crossing the stream, and driving a strong body of reconnoitering Prussians over the steep heights beyond. A general halt was ordered for the thirteenth, to give the troops a needed rest. Throughout the campaign they had been marching at a rate one third higher than that laid down by the regulations, fighting, as a current phrase ran, with their legs instead of with their bayonets. Napoleon himself, however, hurried on to Jena. The Saxons having been forced into their alliance with Prussia, there were many in that town well affected toward Napoleon. One of these gladly pointed out a pass up the heights of the Landgrafenberg available for infantry. A force was immediately set to work improving it, and the Emperor pushed forward unaccompanied to within gunshot of the Prussian lines. After a rapid survey with his telescope, both of their situation and his own vantage-ground, he determined to fight next morning, and believing the main Prussian army to be confronting him, he immediately sent orders to Lefebvre, Soult, Ney, and Augereau to bring up their respective commands as swiftly as possible. Before morning they were all either on the battle-field or within easy reach. Davout and Bernadotte were at Naumburg, Murat with the cavalry near them. All three were to march toward Jena if they heard the noise of battle. The Prussians were already nearly surrounded, but it took nine hours' wrangling at the headquarters in Weimar to make their

leaders understand it. Finally they concluded that Brunswick with the main army should draw back northward down the Saale toward Freiburg to guard the line of supply, that Hohenlohe should cover the retreat, and that Rüchel should concentrate at Weimar. The French having used this long interval of debate to the utmost advantage, it was then too late to avoid a collision. Hohenlohe, therefore, was opposite Napoleon; Brunswick came upon Davout at Auerstadt

In the misty dawn of October fourteenth the Emperor put himself at the head of Lannes's troops, and, calling upon them to remember their success with Mack the previous year under similar circumstances, began the attack. As he had correctly estimated, there were between forty and fifty thousand in the opposing ranks, but owing to the fog there was much confusion among them. Thinking there might be more in the mist behind, he was convinced that he had before him the main army of the Prussians. The response of Lannes's men to his appeal was so hearty that with the help of Ney's van they were able to engage and hold the enemy for over two hours. This was a precious interval for Napoleon, enabling him to secure further reserves and to complete his careful dispositions for a crushing final attack. It was a characteristic delay, for, realizing how impotent to control the close of a battle even he himself would be under his system, he was correspondingly obdurate in dominating its beginning to the least detail. To hold straining columns of eager soldiers in a leash for two hours is serious work. On this occasion, as the Emperor stood by his guard, a nervous voice from the ranks called out, "Forward!" "That must be a beardless boy," said he, "who wishes to forestall what I am about to do. Let him wait until he has commanded in twenty battles before he dares to give me advice."

Meanwhile Hohenlohe had put his troops in motion to protect Brunswick's rear; there was much desultory fighting along the straggling line, with a momentary advantage for Hohenlohe. Nothing in the least decisive occurred, however, during the morning or early afternoon. By the arrival of Rüchel at two the Prussian line was somewhat strengthened, but, on the other hand, it was both weakened and demoralized by the steady, galling fire of the French, who were hourly increasing in numbers and deploying their new strength on the plateau. About midday Napoleon had finally felt strong enough to begin the real day's work. At that time Soult, Lefebvre, and Augereau were ordered to advance. For two long hours the Prussians made a brave, stubborn resistance against tremendous odds; even on Rüchel's arrival, Hohenlohe's line was so exhausted that the reinforcement was of no avail. The newcomers were quickly overmatched and compelled to retreat, for Napoleon was then overwhelmingly superior in point of numbers. It is estimated that, first and last, he had nearly a hundred thousand men to oppose to Hohenlohe's forty-five thousand and Rüchel's twenty-seven thousand. By four in the afternoon the field was won. The Prussians strove to reform and make a stand at Weimar, but they were quickly overtaken by Ney's corps with the cavalry reserve that had just come up. These not only dislodged their opponents, but pursued them for some distance. In the evening Napoleon returned to Jena with the conviction that he had destroyed the main body of the Prussian army.

This was far from the truth; but notwithstanding his misapprehension as to his enemy, the moral results of what he had really done were most important. In the early morning of the fourteenth, Brunswick and the

King had brought their troops as far as Auerstädt, beyond which they hoped to cross the Saale and make a stand on its right bank to the eastward. They had thirty-five thousand men, excluding the reserve of eighteen thousand. Bernadotte, according to Napoleon's orders, was marching from Gera to Dornburg in order to get in the rear of the deserted Prussian line; but he had not driven his troops, and was still in communication with Davout. Davout had received later orders, based upon Napoleon's conviction that Hohenlohe's was the main Prussian army, to turn in farther south for the same purpose, and march with his division of thirty-three thousand to Apolda. There was a sentence to the effect that if Bernadotte were near by, they could march together; but the Emperor hoped that the latter had already reached his station at Dornburg. Bernadotte was accordingly informed; but recalling the Emperor's dissatisfaction with him the previous year for his inactivity, he did not feel justified in disregarding the letter and obeying the spirit of his orders. Keeping the line of march formally prescribed, he was not only himself absent from both the battles of the fourteenth, but exposed Davout's single corps to destruction by the Prussian main army, numbering, with the reserve, fifty-three thousand.

Napoleon claimed to have sent an order during the night with directions for Bernadotte to reinforce Davout. This was a double-meaning statement intended to place the blame for Davout's exposure on Bernadotte's slow movements. Bernadotte denied having received any message, and the consequence was an increased bitterness between him and Napoleon, destined to grow still stronger, and finally to become of historic importance.

Davout was crossing the river Saale about six o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth, and was well over

with about two thirds of his corps, when suddenly his advance-guard found itself facing a portion of the enemy at the hamlet of Hassenhausen. It was the Prussian van. At first the thick mist concealed the armies from each other, but Davout hurried his columns forward and deployed them by the right for a simultaneous attack; those of the Prussians advanced and deployed so slowly that they came into action successively and lost the advantage of their superior numbers. The action began by a charge of Blucher's cavalry against the French right; but the men, unable to withstand the steady fire of the French infantry, recoiled and fell back in confusion. The Prussian right then moved around the French left by the flank, and drove their opponents into the village for shelter. They could not, however, dislodge them, and were left standing in the open field for two hours under a murderous fire. By this time it was noon; Davout's last companies had crossed the river, and the brave general, putting himself at their head, charged with them at double quick. The Duke of Brunswick fell, blinded in both eyes and mortally wounded; the King, though intervening with energy, could not keep the troops in line. At the same time his left was also attacked by a fresh force, and he determined to fall back on the reserve, which, owing to Brunswick's disability and consequent failure to give the necessary orders, had remained stationary in the critical moment at Gernstädt. The French followed, and the running fight continued through and beyond Auerstädt, until at five in the evening Davout called a halt. Frederick William did not, as was entirely possible, turn back with the reserve and strive to overwhelm his exhausted foe, but marched onward, expecting to unite with Hohenlohe and renew the conflict next day at Weimar.

and took refuge in Königsberg. So thoroughly did Napoleon organize the pursuit, and so carefully did he estimate the total result of his victory, that nothing escaped him. The French soldiers carried everything before them. A Prussian reserve corps was easily beaten at Halle by Bernadotte, and fled for refuge to the unprovisioned fortress of Magdeburg. Lannes seized Dessau; Davout, Wittenberg; while Murat, Soult, and Ney proceeded to invest Magdeburg, which for those days was the strategic key of the Elbe valley. It resisted until November, but eventually fell, as did also Erfurt. In fact, the French ransacked the land. Even Hohenlohe did not escape them. Being overtaken by the infantry of Lannes and the cavalry of Murat, he was first driven from Prenzlau, and then, on October twenty-eighth, he surrendered, being a victim partly to the duplicity of Murat, who declared that a hundred thousand French were closing in on him, and partly to the stupidity of his own messenger, who asserted that the tale was true. Frederick William himself would have been captured at Weissensee but for Blücher, who brazenly declared to Klein, the French commander, that an armistice had been granted—a pure falsehood. Stettin capitulated to Lasalle's cavalry on the thirtieth, and Küstrin soon opened its doors. The fortresses of Spandau and Hameln followed their example, all four being surrendered with suspicious facility; in two instances the French and Prussian soldiers actually joined to hiss and execrate the govern-

Louisa, Alexander I, Blücher, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Czartoryski, Nesselrode, Speranski, and Toll, the general histories of Oncken, Hassel, Hausser, Perthes, Treitschke, Beer, Fournier, Krones, Wertheimer, Bernhardi, Bogda-

nowitch, Golovine, Schieman, Schilder, Lelewel, and Oginski; Duncker: *Preussen während der Französischen Okkupation*, Muffling: *Aus meinem Leben*, Lettow-Vorbeck: *Der Krieg von 1806-07*; Foucart: *Campagne de Prusse*.

ors, who were undoubtedly both recreant and venal. Blücher, after many gallant but fruitless attempts to collect a force, had reached Lubeck, through many dangers, with his cavalry; but driven thence after a gallant and exceptional resistance, he too surrendered. There remained no organized Prussian force in the lands between the Elbe and the Oder.

It had been accurate foresight which enabled Napoleon to say, in the decree issued from Jena on October fifteenth, that in the battle of the previous day he had conquered all the Prussian lands west of the Vistula. Before long the demoralization of the nation was as complete as the conquest of their country. The treatment of the people by the victorious soldiery was the climax of the long career of French officers and men as plunderers. As Napoleon's success kept pace with his ever-growing schemes of conquest, he laid less and less stress on the means to his end, ever more and more on its accomplishment. The army was once again scattered to obtain subsistence, and it left no opportunity for spoil neglected. As one of the most enthusiastic officers reluctantly declared: "From the moment Napoleon obtained supreme power the soldiers' morals changed, the union of hearts among them disappeared with their poverty, a desire for luxury and the comforts of life began. The Emperor considered it politic to favor this degeneracy. He thought it advantageous and shrewd to make the army absolutely dependent upon him."

The shocking details of Prussia's treatment by Napoleon and his army have been often told. On October twenty-fourth the Emperor arrived at the Hohenzollern residence of Potsdam, and publicly visited the tomb of Frederick the Great. Uttering words expressive of profound reverence for the great general, he nevertheless sent the old hero's sword, belt, and hat as trophies to

ornament the Invalides at Paris. "His intellect, his genius, and his affections were kin to those of our nation, which he so esteemed," was the pretext for this act of spoliation. He was equally unscrupulous in his shameful treatment of the unfortunate Queen. Recognizing by swift penetration that in her resided the true spirit not alone of Prussian but of German nationality, that hers was the genius of reform, the temperament of the patriot, and the grace of perseverance, he selected her as the target of his spite. He loathed the use of feminine charm in statecraft, resented her endowment of beauty and intellect, and seems to have feared her influence. In bulletin after bulletin he heaped lying abuse on her devoted head. In one he depicted her as having a sufficiently pretty face, but little wit; in another he asked what mystery had led a woman hitherto absorbed in the serious occupations of her toilet to meddle with politics, stir up the King, and kindle everywhere the fire with which she was herself possessed. The answer, he insinuated, was to be found in the Czar's personal visits to Berlin.

On October twenty-seventh Napoleon made his triumphal entry into the Prussian capital with the utmost splendor he could devise, and at the head of the largest military force he could muster. Coignet, one of his soldiers, wrote of the scene: "The Emperor was grand in his plain clothes, with his little hat and a penny cockade. His staff, on the contrary, wore their dress uniform; and for strangers it was a queer sight to see, in the one man most meanly clad of all, the leader of so fine an army." The city of Berlin, populace, burghers, and aristocracy, was strangely apathetic at the approach and presence of the French. Its general aspect seemed to the invaders one of childish curiosity. But the Emperor was about to launch some of his most far-reach-

ing thunderbolts and scorned any appearance of clemency. To "show himself terrible at the first moment," as he had advised Joseph to do at Naples, an order was issued for the seizure of Prince Hatzfeldt, governor of the capital and the most distinguished Prussian nobleman within reach. He was to be tried by a court-martial on the charge of being a traitor and a spy, his crime being that he had written to his King a letter giving an account of the French entry into Berlin. The epistle was so harmless in its nature that its writer had intrusted it to the mail, in which it was seized and then shown to Napoleon. The prince escaped the first blast of the storm by hiding; his life was afterward granted to the personal and tearful solicitations of his wife as an act of great clemency. As in Italy, the galleries, libraries, collections, and public monuments were stripped of their finest treasures to enrich Paris.

The French soldiers needed no example. Lübeck, which, as was claimed, had been taken by storm, was handed over to the men to work their will, just as Pavia had been. Wherever the troops were billeted, they had but to demand from their terrified entertainers what they desired and their behest was done. They were not modest, and before long both rapine and lust worked their will among the angry but helpless populations. The French generals were too much like their men, and, as in Italy and Austria, the gratification of their boundless greed seemed to meet the Emperor's approval. The castles of the nobility and the houses of the wealthy citizens were of course chosen by them as quarters. It would have been hard for their owners to refuse the unbidden guests any object which met with their expressed approval, and the French officers openly admired many valuable things. All these irregularities, the Emperor believed, attached his generals to himself;

and at the same time a threat of examination into their accounts would, he knew, instantly check any manifestations of independence. Masséna was the most avaricious of all; nothing but the love of money could influence him, wrote Napoleon, and "where at first little sums sufficed, now milliards are not sufficient." At another time he said, more generously, that one must bow the knee before Masséna's gifts as a soldier, although he had his faults like another. Bernadotte, on the occasion of a certain surprise, lost the wagon which contained his Lubeck booty. He was inconsolable, and it was considered a delicious joke when he explained that he was so depressed because the loss "prevented him from paying a gratification in money to the men of his corps." Davout before long filled all Poland with the terror of his name. Napoleon's brother Jerome, finding a bin of choice Tokay in a Polish castle, loaded the contents in his baggage-train, and carried them away.

With Prussia thus shattered, disintegrated, and almost annihilated, Napoleon proceeded without the loss of a moment to use his new vantage against both Russia and England. In the Oriental question he could strike both with a single blow. As a result of the thorough knowledge of the East obtained in 1803 through Sebastiani, he had virtually determined to assert his supremacy over Turkey. To this end, however, he must for the present spare the sensibilities of Austria, which, though humbled to the dust, was again rising to her feet; her curiously assorted, heterogeneous peoples showed more spirit than the Prussians, displaying resources and courage comparable to those of France. During the summer of 1806, apparently of his own motion, but in reality by French suggestion, the Sultan Selim III had on August twenty-fourth dismissed the viceroys of

Moldavia and Wallachia, both of whom had made themselves conspicuous by their Russian proclivities. At once the Czar Alexander I sent an army to cross the Pruth. The Sultan was terrified when the Russians occupied Bucharest, but on November eleventh, 1806, at the very climax of his peril, he was officially notified that Napoleon now had three hundred thousand men free to attack Russia and save Turkey; the Emperor would himself operate from the Vistula, and a Turkish army must simultaneously appear on the Dniester. The Sultan at once obeyed, and the Czar consequently sent eighty thousand men against the Turks. Two British expeditions were despatched in cooperation, one to Constantinople, one to Egypt: both were failures. Russia was soon fully occupied in her offensive campaign against Napoleon and correspondingly disabled in the East, while the Sultan's janizaries by low intrigue rendered active operations on his part impossible. Austria, mindful, apparently, of Russia's desertion after Austerlitz, displayed neither resentment nor alarm at the course taken by France, and Napoleon, whose material gain was slight, nevertheless won the diplomatic move and felt himself a step nearer both to victory over Russia and to such a protectorate of Turkey as would be a serious menace to England's Eastern empire.

As to Prussia, the ultimate arrangements were held in suspense. Napoleon's first response to a request for peace had been that he would make terms only in Berlin, and shortly after his triumphal entry negotiations were opened. The terms proposed by his ministers at the outset were far in excess of what the Prussian plenipotentiaries thought reasonable; but as one fortress after another opened its gates the demands grew more and more exorbitant. Although other counsels prevailed in the end, there was actually a moment when Napoleon

contemplated the extinction of the Hohenzollern power, and the partition among his vassal states of that dynasty's variously acquired and strangely assorted lands, which had so little territorial unity that they extended in two separate parallel lines from northeast to southwest. Voltaire said they stretched over Europe like a pair of garters. The best offer that could be wrung from Napoleon — and, in view of Prussia's absolute prostration, he thought his proposition not ungenerous — was for an armistice, during which the French should occupy all Prussia as far as the Bug, and Frederick William should order the now advancing Russians off his soil. The Prussian minister actually signed this paper, but his sovereign, whose hopes were rising in proportion as the Russian army drew nearer, refused to ratify it. Owing to the general readjustment of the international relations so rudely shattered by the rise of French empire, neither Great Britain nor Russia could settle upon a definite policy, much less Prussia, distracted alike by internal dissensions and the smiting of ruthless foes.

It is not difficult to conceive the desperation of Frederick William as he learned the ominous disposition made of the lands belonging to his allies. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel had remained ostensibly neutral in the war, having requested and been refused membership in the Rhine Confederation. But he had mustered about twenty thousand men on a war footing: his heir was in the Prussian lines. He was rightly suspected of trimming to both currents: his people loathed and despised him. The day after Jena he was informed that the Emperor had been aware of his secret sympathy with the coalition, and that his feelings had been evidenced by the permission granted the Prussian troops to pass through his domain while his own army was

ready for action. This conduct made it necessary to occupy his states. Mortier, the French commander at Mainz, was ordered to seize the prince and imprison him in Metz; on November fourth it was curtly announced that the house of Hesse had ceased to reign. The fact was, the territories of that house were needed for a new subsidiary kingdom, the formation of which had been for some time in contemplation. The Elector of Saxony, whose troops had fought with the Prussians at Jena, was, on the other hand, offered the privilege of neutrality, and, abandoning his former ally, he eagerly accepted. The dukes of Saxe-Gotha and Saxe-Weimar followed his example, and obtained immunity by submission. The Duke of Brunswick had withdrawn to his capital. Thence he appealed to his conqueror for mercy in behalf of his dominions. Napoleon's reply was pitiless, recalling the duke's notorious proclamation of 1792 against the French republic, and declaring that it was he also who had been the real instigator of the present war. The sting of this retort was in its truth and the humbled warrior in mortal agony betook himself to Altona, where he expired. Brunswick, Hanover, Hamburg, and their domains were all occupied by French troops and put under martial law.

In the treatment which Hesse-Cassel received, the Emperor of the French, though with much provocation was simply a despot. In the case of Prussia he could not well pose as a liberator, for as yet there was no widespread sense of oppression and little national spirit among the people. In his dealings with Saxony and the Saxon duchies he appeared in a better light, for among their inhabitants there was a very extended sympathy with the liberal ideas, both political and ecclesiastical, which he was still supposed to represent. But there was a nation of Eastern Europe which longed

for him as for a savior, and to whom he was far more than a representative liberal. Unhappy in her constitution, feeble in her political life, assassinated by a conspiracy of her neighbors, Poland was nevertheless still alive, and in her longing for a deliverer the majority of her people had fixed their eyes on Napoleon. From this fact he was anxious to draw the utmost advantage, and that right speedily, for the Czar with ninety thousand men was steadily marching toward the Prussian frontier. On November nineteenth a deputation of Polish nobility arrived in Berlin, and Napoleon, after treating them with impressive distinction, dismissed them with the statement that as France had never acknowledged the partition of their country, it was his interest as Emperor of the French to restore their independence and reconstruct a kingdom which, since it originated with him, would be permanent. A week later he proceeded to Posen, and, entering the city under an arch erected to "the liberator of Poland," awakened such enthusiasm that it far outran his own progress; a volunteer movement was almost instantly set on foot in Warsaw, which resulted in the enlistment of sixty thousand men as a national guard. It is idle to discuss whether Napoleon could or would have resuscitated Poland. Kosciusko and the more enlightened Poles believed not. Some of the Polish nobles demanded an immediate and formal recognition of their country's independence as the antecedent condition of their support. But among the masses the old ideals were revived, and the old spasmodic, misdirected energy was awakened in the service of the new Western Empire.

Such proceedings could not but arouse anxiety in Austria concerning the stability of her authority in the Polish lands under her crown. Andréossy, the French ambassador at Vienna, was instructed to say that such

insurgent movements were a necessary consequence of the Emperor's presence in Posen, and that he had no intention of meddling with Austrian Poland; but that, nevertheless, if the Emperor of Austria felt uneasy, he might perhaps be willing to consider the acceptance of a part of Silesia as indemnity for the portion of Poland under Austrian rule. By this sly offer Francis was rendered powerless, for he could not accept Silesia, nor even a portion of it, without embroiling himself with England and Russia, and thereby entering into a virtual partnership with France. In spite of the unwearied efforts to stir up strife made by Napoleon's Corsican countryman, Pozzo di Borgo, who now represented the Czar at Vienna, Francis resolved to preserve a strict neutrality. The Poles were hopelessly divided, one party — that of Kosciuszko — holding altogether aloof a second under Poniatowski throwing themselves heartily on Napoleon's good will, a third under Czar toryski preferring to secure their country's resurrection through the Czar, who passed for an enlightened idealist. Here, as so often before, Napoleon concealed his intentions and movements behind the cloud of contradictory sentiments which he inspired in different classes of men by the assumption of a colorless magnanimity, just as the octopus blinds all alike, the indifferent as well as the hostile, in the inky fluid with which it darkens the clear waters round about.

Perplexity as to continental policies was, however, in marked contrast to the directness of his attack on England. This was in the form of a paper fulmination, a proclamation and a decree; mere print, but for all that a bolt, forged, to be sure, from the substance of French policies, yet novel in the daring with which it was now launched.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM AS A WHOLE ¹

The Berlin Decree — Retort to Trafalgar — High Protection in France — A Weapon of Bonaparte — Fichte's Commercial State — Protectionist Doctrine in Germany and France — The Orders in Council — Responsibility for the Napoleonic Wars — British Opinion — The System and the Invasion of England — The System on the Continent — Napoleon's Explanation — Origin of the Idea — Paper Blockade and the System — The Orders in Council of 1807 — Their Justification — State of British Trade — New Concepts in Public Law — The Licensing System — Its Use by Napoleon — Effects in France.

THIS was the Berlin Decree, which Napoleon issued on November twenty-first. It was the capstone to that structure of continental embargo which for four years had occupied the attention of its author. England was the soul of every continental coalition; France could answer only by continued continental conquest. As England could be reached only through her trade, with continental Europe in his hands, Napoleon determined that he would strike his implacable enemy where she was vulnerable. "The British Islands," ran the decree, "are henceforth blockaded; all commerce with them is prohibited; letters and packages with an English address will be confiscated, as also every store of Eng-

¹ References. Luders: *Das Continental System*, etc., Kiesselbach *Die Continentalsperre*; Rocke *Die Kontinentalsperre*; Rose: *Napoleonic Studies*, Lumbroso *Napoleone e l'Inghilterra*. This volume is the most complete treatment of

the subject and contains an excellent bibliography. The most of this chapter was published in the *Pol Sci Quarterly*, Vol XIII, in connection with the appearance of Lumbroso's book.

lish goods on the Continent within the borders of France and her allies; every piece of English goods, all English vessels, and those laden with staples from English colonies, will be excluded from all European harbors, including those of neutral states."

As early as 1795 the Committee of Public Safety had considered the possibility of excluding English goods from the Continent. The idea of the Berlin Decree was therefore not original with Napoleon, but the time and form of its application were; in particular, the final clause was thoroughly his own. These last words speak volumes. In reply to the principle of Great Britain that on the sea "enemy's ships make enemy's goods," he thereby retorted with "enemy's lands make enemy's goods," ordering all English wares found in countries occupied by his troops to be seized. But he went much farther in his suicidal logic, and virtually declared war to the knife by commanding that every British subject found within the same limits should be held as a prisoner of war, and that all property of individual Englishmen should be regarded as lawful prize. These drastic measures, considered together, were intended as a reply to Trafalgar, and to England's Orders in Council issued on May sixteenth, 1806, which announced a blockade of the Continent from Brest to the Elbe for the purpose of utterly destroying French commerce. The Berlin Decree was also intended to be in the nature of reprisals for the English practice of searching French ships and impressing French sailors. Napoleon had himself been guilty of that discourtesy both to warships and to merchantmen, but he had never been strong enough seriously to annoy or cripple England as England had both annoyed and crippled him by the practice. During the year 1806 three more French agents were despatched into the Orient, and Joseph declared to the

Prussian envoy that his brother was contemplating an expedition to India. Many years later the Emperor himself confirmed this statement in a conversation with Dr. O'Meara.

No single scheme of Napoleon's contributed in the end so much to his discredit as the Berlin Decree. Colonial wares had become a necessity of life to the populations of Europe, and to be deprived of them brought irritation into every household, even the poorest; it was an attempt to coerce Russia into adhesion to this ruinous policy which directly initiated his fall. Reviving the commercial policy of the old régime, the republic outran the zeal of the monarchy. Such, according to our best authority, Mollien, was the condition of public opinion when Bonaparte took charge in 1800. It is needless to say that a man like the First Consul, who was a suitor for public favor, made the universal jealousy of England's commercial supremacy in a special and peculiar sense his foremost care. But that Bonaparte did not originate the high-protection temper of France is proved by the remarkable enactment known as the *Loi de 10 Brumaire, An V* (October thirty-first, 1796). This drastic measure forbade the importation of all manufactured articles, either made in England or passing through the channels of English trade by land or sea, except under certain stringent and exceptional regulations as to transshipment; and ordered the confiscation of such articles, if found in a French port on any vessel whatsoever. The carefully prepared list of the articles of English manufacture thus to be shut out included absolutely everything in the production of which the splendid expansion of English manufactures at the close of the eighteenth century made Great Britain supereminent — products of the loom, the forge, the tannery, the glass house, the sugar refinery, and the potter's kiln. Fourteen conclud-

ing articles of the law enacted a system of trade control whereby, to all appearance, the evasion of either the letter or the spirit of the statute was made impossible. Yet for a time the disintegration of the public powers under the Directory was such that, in spite of the exasperation of the national hatred against the English government, the law was simply ignored. On December fourth, 1798, however, there was a sudden change; without warning, strong military detachments were placed at all the gates of Paris and every vehicle was carefully searched; domiciliary visits were commenced by the customs authorities and were continued until all English wares were removed from commerce; and French public opinion supported these proceedings, which the English stigmatized as "legal robbery."

The fact was that Napoleon Bonaparte had temporarily taken up the task of administration, and, having correctly read the public temper, was beginning the policy of "thorough." The treaty of Campo Formio had been concluded; and, though he was only commander-in-chief of the French army — and that by construction rather than in form — he was really the arbiter of the government. Whatever the masses thought, the Directory knew that the fate of France was in his hands; and nothing confirmed that opinion more strongly than the ease with which the law enacted two years before was now enforced. Having made what he considered easy terms with Austria, he had determined to destroy the credit of Pitt's government by attacking English industries and commerce, and to defy, if necessary, the neutral carriers of the world. It appears to have been at this time that his mind formed the "Chimera," as a French historian calls it, which in the end proved his ruin — the conception that, if only the conservative administration of Great Britain could

be discredited, the Whigs would adhere to "the republican peace."

The time was not ripe for any attack on England more direct than this; and to occupy the interval until it might become so, the well-worn scheme of harassing her at her extremities was revived. The uneasy Bonaparte was temporarily removed from the scene of administration by the Egyptian expedition, intended at least to menace English commerce in those distant parts of the earth, if not to work the complete ruin of her Oriental empire. But if the time was not ripe to engage in active hostilities for the enforcement of an economic doctrine, this fact was not due to the absence of such a doctrine, formulated and avowed. The theory of a closed jural state, which had been evolved in defense of the final stage in the formation of European nationality, was itself undergoing an expansion in the direction of expounding the international relations of states in commercial affairs. In 1801 Fichte published his famous treatise entitled "The Closed Commercial State," his contribution to the literature of Utopias. Defining the jural state as a limited body of men subject to the same laws and to the same coactive sovereignty, he declared that the same body of men ought to be stringently limited to like reciprocity of commerce and industry, and that any one not under the same legislative power and the same coactive force should be excluded from participation in this relation; thus would be formed a closed commercial state parallel to the closed jural state. His treatise was divided into three books, entitled respectively, "Philosophy," "Contemporary History," and "Politics," preceded by an introduction discussing the relation of the rational state to the real, and of pure public law to politics. The first book was merely an elaboration of his idea as to what is just and right within the rational

state, in view of trade relations as they are; in the second book he proceeded to discuss the actual condition of commercial intercourse in existing states, and in the third book he considered how the theory of a closed commercial state was to be realized. The vital portion of his argument lay in the statement¹ that if all Christian Europe, with its colonies and factories in other quarters of the globe, was to be considered as a whole, trade must remain free as it once was; if, however, it was to be divided into several wholes, each under its own government, it must likewise be divided into several entirely closed commercial states. Said he: "Those systems which demand free trade, those claims to the right to buy and sell freely in the whole known world, have been handed down to us from among the ideas of our ancestors, for whom they were suited; we took them without examination and adopted them, and it is with trouble that we substitute others for them."

Seven years later the same philosopher declared, in his better-known Address to the German Nation, that the much-vaunted liberty of the seas was a matter entirely indifferent to the Germans. For the preservation of their peculiar genius, he argued, they should be saved from all participation, direct or indirect, in the wealth of other peoples; otherwise the curse of commercialism would overtake them. Thus the "ideologues" of Europe, German and French, held identical opinions. They appear to have had multitudes of supporters in all lands. At any rate, it is idle to charge Bonaparte with being the inventor of the rigid protectionist doctrines that he endeavored to apply to the dominions which, when acquired by conquest, he intended to incorporate in a

¹ Der geschlossene Handelsstaat. Ein philosophischer Entwurf als Anhang zur Rechtslehre

und Probe einer künftig zu liefernden Politik (Wien, 1801), p. 109.

European empire having its capital and administrative seat at Paris. They were held by the men of the Terror in 1793, by the Directory in 1796, by the overwhelming majority of the French people in 1798, and by a respectable number of Germans and of Americans in the years immediately succeeding; while they are still held by immense numbers of those in whom the idea of nationality is dominant and preponderates over all other political concepts.

The Berlin Decree, which is generally considered to have inaugurated the Continental System in form, is, in fact, antedated by the Orders in Council of Great Britain. During 1801 English commerce was considerably greater than it was during 1802, the year of nominal peace; and this was due, of course, to the fact that the commercial welfare was not even nominally discontinued. The real trouble felt by Lord Whitworth, the British ambassador at Paris, was that the existing commercial situation of his country was intolerable, and that he must find some *casus belli* in order to end it. We have explained how he fixed on a very trivial pretext, the conduct of Bonaparte at a public reception in the Tuileries, and that Great Britain had much difficulty in making the flimsy excuse appear important. The fact was that the First Consul was using the peace to extend the protective system of France over all the lands which he had conquered in northern and central Italy and to force Holland and Switzerland into his customs union. In consequence English commerce was suffering, and the mission of Sebastiani into the Orient made it seem highly probable to English merchants that the process of further diminishing their trade was already under way in those distant parts. The publication of Sebastiani's report was the last straw in the burden of the British merchants, and they refused to carry the load

any longer. Bonaparte said that the independence of a nation carried with it the absolute control of its trade, and that if Great Britain intended to keep both Gibraltar and Malta, she virtually announced by that fact her determination to unite the commerce of the Indies, the Mediterranean, and the Baltic in a single system controlled by herself, which would create a situation intolerable and impossible.

The Peace of Amiens was merely a truce, and the only question as to its duration was one of reciprocal forbearance and endurance. As soon as it became clear that neither England nor France would abandon the idea of commercial supremacy, the vital matter of policy on both sides was how to reopen the war. To do this was to assume a fearful burden of responsibility. History is still striving to determine who gave the immediate impulse; for whoever did give it is held responsible for the appalling bloodshed of the Napoleonic as distinguished from the republican wars. To-day even the English historians of the most enlightened sort admit that France was tricked into the declaration of war. The coalition was in process of formation within a few days after the ink was dry on the treaty of Campo Formio; it was in readiness when hostilities broke out; and the fuel necessary to make the intermittent flickering flames burst forth anew was supplied by the successive Orders in Council.

In 1805 there was printed in London and published anonymously a book which is now believed to have been officially inspired. It was actually written by James Stephen, and the title was "War in Disguise, or the Frauds of the Neutral Flag." Its argument was the need of the destruction of France to prevent the ruin of England. The immediate dilemma considered was the sacrifice of Great Britain's maritime rights or a quarrel with the

funds from the French exactly as the Jacobins and the Directory had done; and the actual fact of the magnificent countermarch toward Vienna and the results of Austerlitz ought to convince us that, while at times he did contemplate invading England, his mind was on the whole directed toward the course he actually pursued — that of striking at the coalition through Austria.

The extension of the protective system beyond France and the countries immediately under her control began in 1803, when Spain was admonished to observe it or to take the consequences; immediately after Austerlitz, Istria and Dalmatia were included in the system. When, thereupon, Prussia was requested to include the North Sea coasts in its operation, as the price for the occupation of Hanover, Great Britain retorted by her Orders in Council, declaring the shore line from the mouth of the Elbe all the way around as far as Brest to be in a state of blockade. Prussia chose to accept neither the terms of Great Britain nor those of France, and struggled to remain neutral — a sheer impossibility; the Czar of Russia then repudiated the treaty into which his ambassador, Oubril, had been drawn by the wiles of Talleyrand; in due course of time followed Jena and Friedland; and at last the way was clear for turning a protective system hitherto more or less local into one which could be more or less continental. The Berlin Decree was the longest step possible after Jena; while the Milan Decree was the natural sequence of the enlarged opportunity which the Peace of Tilsit gave for pursuing the same old economic policy.

In justification of his course, Napoleon pleaded the moderation he had shown in dealing with the enemy after the first three coalitions, and declared in his message to the senate that he desired such a general European peace as would guarantee the prosperity, not of England

alone, but of all the continental powers; but as the attitude of the enemy rendered this impossible, nothing remained but to adopt measures "which were repugnant to his heart." The Berlin Decree set forth in its preamble that England paid no respect to international law; that she considered as enemies, not alone the organized war power of hostile states, but the persons and vessels of their citizens engaged in commerce, taking the persons prisoners of war and the ships as prizes; that she extended the principle of blockade to unfortified towns, harbors, and river mouths, declaring places to be blockaded before which there were no forces sufficient to enforce the blockade, and extending this absurdity to the coast lines of entire empires; that, finally, since this conduct had no other intention than the ruin of all Europe to the advantage of English trade, "We have resolved to apply to England the usages which she has sanctioned in her maritime legislation." The principles of the decree were asserted to be valid just as long as England should not admit the validity in maritime war of the principles which control war by land: the laws of war "cannot be applied either to private property, whatever it may be, or to the persons of those who are not belligerents, and the right of blockade must be confined in its application to strong places really invested by sufficient forces." The British Isles were then declared in a state of blockade and all the rigors of the English system were ordered to be carried out in detail. Finally, notification in due form was given to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to all Napoleon's allies whose citizens were suffering from the "barbarities of English maritime legislation."

The date of the Berlin Decree was November twenty-first, 1806. On July twenty-fifth, 1805, Montgaillard, a clever scoundrel, — of whom, as Napoleon remarked,

something could have been made if he had not been fit for hanging, — wrote a memorial¹ which was presented to Napoleon and is claimed to have been the basis of the Continental System. As expanded on March twenty-fourth, 1806, this paper represents that England has in view the sole object of destroying the French marine in order to destroy French commerce, and that, consequently, the imperial idea of Europe is one to which she can never accede even by a temporary peace; that she will never renounce her claim to Hanover or permit the occupation of Holland, her ultimate intention being to establish in Egypt a station to protect her commerce by the Red Sea with India. Portugal, which will always side with England, must, therefore, be incorporated with Spain; while Crete and Egypt must be occupied by both military and commercial posts. The influence of England's deep, fierce hostility, it continues, is seen in the refusal of both Austria and Russia to recognize the newly created vassal kingdom of Italy. England arrogated the tyranny of the seas in 1651 by the Navigation Act passed under the Protector; her very existence is founded in traffic and commerce, and without it there is no movement in her body politic. She is forced to disregard all provisions of international law which tend to diminish her commercial strength. William of Orange created her national debt; and successive sovereigns have in their various continental and American wars increased it to its present dimensions — estimated at about six hundred millions sterling. To carry this enormous obligation and emit the new loans necessary to sustain the respective coalitions, it is essential that her commerce should continuously expand. "It is through her commerce that England must be attacked," says Montgai-

¹ Only discovered and edited by C. La Croix in 1896 Montgaillard, *Mémoires diplomatiques*, 1805-19.

lard; "to leave her all her gains in Europe, Asia, and America is to leave her all her arms, to render conflicts and wars eternal. To destroy British commerce is to strike England to the heart." He then advances the idea which appears to be the germ of the Continental System: Since Russia seems to favor the plans of England, and since Sweden is destitute of both independence and dignity, France must begin the attack on the maritime legislation of the enemy. She has only to make the navigation acts her own, modify them in favor of the powers which accept them, and adopt a policy of reciprocity.

How far these counsels influenced Napoleon it is impossible to say; but the chronological coincidence has some value in support of the claim that Montgaillard at least gave the final impulse to the Emperor. There seems, however, to have been a fatal flaw in the reasoning of both. There was no symptom in either executive or counselor of any grasp upon the fact that by the amazing development of industry in England the wealth of the entire world had been enormously increased — so enormously that without a corresponding increase in other nations no international rivalry in prosperity and influence was at all possible. This is a new discovery: then and until very recently it was supposed that England had reached her eminence in commerce by a series of flagrant wrongs; and when the successive steps of aggression and reprisal are chronologically arranged, there is a superficial appearance of truth in the charge. The Orders in Council were iniquitous anachronisms, and they gave a color of justification to the equally barbarous decrees of France — decrees in themselves preposterous, and supported, moreover, by a blockade which was as purely fictitious as that by which Great Britain supported her Orders in Council. The original sketch of the Berlin Decree has been recently discovered

in the National Archives at Paris, and it is very important to note that it does not contemplate that portion of the completed document which covers the lands either allied to or under the influence of France; this provision seems to have been added after long reflection. The natural complement of a fictitious blockade was a fictitious protective system; the one was as absurd as the other.

In her puzzled uncertainty, and under the stress of necessity for immediate action of some kind, England took the next false step in the same direction and issued the Orders of January seventh, 1807, declaring all the ports, not only of France, but of her colonies, in a state of blockade, and throwing down the gauntlet to the neutral states by forbidding any ship to trade between the ports of France, of her colonies, and of the countries in the French system; while on November eleventh a new decree extended the inhibition to all ports whatsoever from which the English flag was excluded. This extreme position was pronounced by Lord Erskine to be unconstitutional and contrary to the law of nations. That it was not intended to be enforced, but was to be used as a pretext to secure maritime monopoly, is proved by the fact that already, in the month before, Great Britain had inaugurated the policy of evading her own decrees, raising the blockade of both the Elbe and the Weser and winking at the contraband trade which immediately sprang up in consequence. Napoleon was therefore untiring in the system of reprisals; on November twenty-third of the same year he issued the Milan Decree as a retort both to the scheme of contraband trade put into operation at Bremen and Hamburg and to the Orders of November eleventh; and to supplement this, a second and more rigorous decree was promulgated on December

twenty-sixth, 1807. Any vessel which had suffered the visitation of English cruisers or had put in at any English port was declared thereby to have become English and consequently subject to confiscation; an embargo was also placed on all neutral ships at that time in French harbors. Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark adhered promptly to the new Continental System. England was terrified at the consequences of its own temerity, and on April twenty-sixth, 1809, modified her orders by limiting the blockade to "all the ports of the so-called Kingdom of Holland, of France and her colonies, and of Southern Italy, from Orbitello to Pesaro inclusive." Yet, for all this, Austria and Switzerland gave in their adhesion somewhat later; while America stuck to the principle of non-intercourse and finally obtained the revocation in her favor of both the Berlin and the Milan Decrees and, in the end, of the Orders in Council. As is well known, public necessity proved to be stronger than theory; Napoleon's very energy in depriving continental Europe of colonial and English-made articles which, once regarded as luxuries, had in time become necessities, together with the consequent exasperation of Great Britain at the diminution of her trade, was one of the influences which combined the most discordant political elements into a union for the destruction of French empire.

The English side of the secular controversy which has raged over the right and wrong of the Continental System has been presented by various writers with great ingenuity and acumen. The seizure of private persons and property on the high seas, runs their argument, was simply the retort to the French decree of 1798 which ordered the execution of all neutral sailors found on English ships; the French had been the first to disregard the law of nations in seizing the property of English

merchants on *terra firma* at Leghorn, and from times immemorial the usage of Europe had authorized the seizure of private property on the high seas; the paper blockade, though illegal and absurd, was resorted to under great provocation, because Prussia had occupied Hanover, a territory which belonged, if not to England, at least to the holder of the English crown. It follows, therefore, that every measure taken by England was strictly in the nature of a reprisal. This legal plea is a question to be considered by jurisprudence, partly in the light of the changing identity of France and partly in that of variations of obligation due to the incidents of warfare — such, for example, as the conduct of England at Copenhagen, which was only the culmination of a series of similar acts in the treatment of all neutrals. It seems very doubtful whether any legal argument can avail much in explaining the inconsistencies incident to such struggles as the wars which were waged during the Napoleonic epoch. The real and paramount plea of England is self-defense; the arguments based on the political and economic emergencies in which she was involved, in consequence of her amazing constitutional and industrial preëminence, have a validity far beyond any which inheres in pleas that are purely technical — and confined, at that, to the field of international law.

Certain facts recently noted throw a flood of light on the miraculous development of English and Scotch industry during the Napoleonic epoch. Robert Owen stated, and in all sobriety, that in 1816 his two thousand operatives at New Lanark accomplished with the aid of the new machinery as much as had been accomplished by all the operatives in Scotland without it! In his autobiography Owen further emphasizes the extent of the industrial revolution by estimating — and the estimate

is conservative — that the work done by the manufacturing population of Great Britain with machinery could not be done without it by a people numbering less than two hundred millions. There was no corresponding development of manufactures on the Continent — not even in France; thus, it was not until 1812 that steam spinning was introduced into Mulhouse, the great industrial capital of Alsace. Similar comparisons could be drawn in many other respects between Great Britain and her continental neighbors, but this single contrast is enough to render very striking the fact that no other power could vie with her in supplying the world with cheap and useful wares of such a sort as to become after a first trial indispensable to the masses of mankind. She found herself, therefore, in the position of being required for the sake of peace to discard all her commercial advantages, all that she had gained in her industrial evolution — all the preëminence, in short, which she held by exertions and sacrifices that had been unexampled elsewhere and continuous for centuries.

Does such a situation create no moral obligation? Is it supposable that a nation could consider for an instant the possibility of destroying itself and its inheritance, for the sake of a peace which would surrender all its advantages to an active and irreconcilable enemy? If there were no alternative except war or suicide, is Great Britain to be blamed for choosing war, however desperate? Moreover, there is another consideration of the first importance, which has a moral quality universally recognized in other spheres. By common consent no occupation of discovered land holds good if it be not permanent and beneficent; and likewise the closed economic state cannot be permanent unless it prove to be universally beneficent. Such a state now appears to be as uncertain in its operations as the closed jural state

has proved to be under the operation of international agreements which assist one nation to enforce its municipal law by the sanction of another. Extradition treaties and other equally pregnant innovations in international law are now generally admitted to have a jural validity, in many of the most important relations of men, that is both higher and stronger than that of the municipal law of the various states which compose the present federation of civilized powers. In the same way — tacitly, perhaps, but none the less really — it is coming to be widely conceded that the markets of the world cannot be closed to wares so good and so cheap as to be necessary for the ever-rising standard of comfortable living demanded by wage-earners in every land, except on condition that such wares can be produced sooner or later as well and as cheaply in the land which protects itself against others of its own class.

The effort of Great Britain to establish a monopoly of ocean commerce was accompanied by one immoral incident of the most far-reaching importance — the inauguration of a licensing system whereby, with simulated papers, vessels of any origin successfully evaded the provisions of both the British orders and the French decrees. This procedure for a time debauched the commerce of the world, and was a fit supplement to the acts of violence severely reprobated both then and since. In the main, fraud and violence brought greater profit to France than to Great Britain. The relaxation in 1798 of the rule of 1756 had accrued to the advantage of the only strictly neutral power of the world, viz., the United States; the orders and the decrees so hampered and exasperated our merchants that we first passed the Embargo Act and then took refuge in non-intercourse. By that time English commerce had so seriously declined under the working of the Continental System that

violent agitation against the orders was inaugurated in Great Britain itself. Almost at that very moment, however, Napoleon drove the reigning house of Portugal to Brazil, and thus opened the most important ports of South America to British importations. The glut of the English storehouses was thus momentarily relieved; and, while the merchants suffered serious loss from the low prices they received, they were saved from absolute bankruptcy. For two years longer the struggle on both sides was continued with desperation; and would probably have resulted in the despair of Great Britain, had not the improved methods of agriculture, introduced along with the improved methods in manufacturing, made it possible to feed for some time longer the still comparatively small population by means of home production.

This was the interval which brought matters to a crisis on the Continent. Great Britain could get on very well without the silks and other luxuries produced in France, substituting for them woolens and cottons; but English cruisers made almost impossible the importation into Europe, not only of colonial necessities, but also of the raw materials necessary for indispensable manufactures. By the system of licenses alone was it possible to maintain the French army; cloth and leather wherewith to outfit Napoleon's soldiers were brought from England into the Hanseatic ports in open contempt of the Continental System. Since Great Britain also held the monopoly of coffee, tea, and sugar, without which the not more than half-hearted Germans of the Rhine Confederation would not live, and which Napoleon did not dare to cut off entirely from even the French and Italians, it was thought that the only possible reprisals against her not already instituted would be in the line of further restrictions on her manufactures. During

the late summer and early autumn of 1810 were promulgated the three decrees of Trianon, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau; and not only were enormous duties imposed on all colonial products, wherever found, but all English goods discovered in the lands of the French system were to be burned. Neutral ships, including those of the United States, were at the same time utterly shut out from all the harbors of these lands.

This was the beginning of the end; for in the effort to destroy the English sea power by condemning it to inanition, Napoleon deprived the manufacturers in his own lands of all their raw materials. Even if this had not been a sufficient cause, their manufacturing plants were not modern enough to supply the markets open to them. Russia endured the miseries of privation for but a single year, and in 1811 opened her ports; while smuggling on her boundary lines at once assumed dimensions which rendered anything approaching an administration of the Continental System the work of an army of customs officers, so that after 1812 the effort to enforce it was necessarily abandoned. Our declaration of war with England came too late to exert any influence, one way or the other, on the final solution of the question whether sea power or land power was the stronger in the civilized world at the opening of the nineteenth century. The death throes of Napoleon's imperial system were primarily caused by the exhaustion of France and of himself; when he made himself a dynastic ruler, his prestige and his inherent strength were dissipated as rapidly as were those of the popes when they joined the ranks of the petty princes of Italy. Possibly an empire of United Europe based on the liberal ideas of the day might have had some chance for life, but a single dynastic power pitted against all the dynasties of the Continent, and also against the moral

strength of British preëminence in politics and industry, had none at all. It is a mistake to regard the Continental System as an influential cause of Napoleon's overthrow, except in so far as it displayed the folly of attempting to apply what is at best a temporary national expedient as a permanent principle in a world system. The effort did cripple the resources of France and alienate much Continental sympathy from the Emperor, and it embittered Great Britain to the point of desperation; but the result of the struggle to found a Napoleonic hierarchy of two degrees on the states of the Continent was otherwise determined.